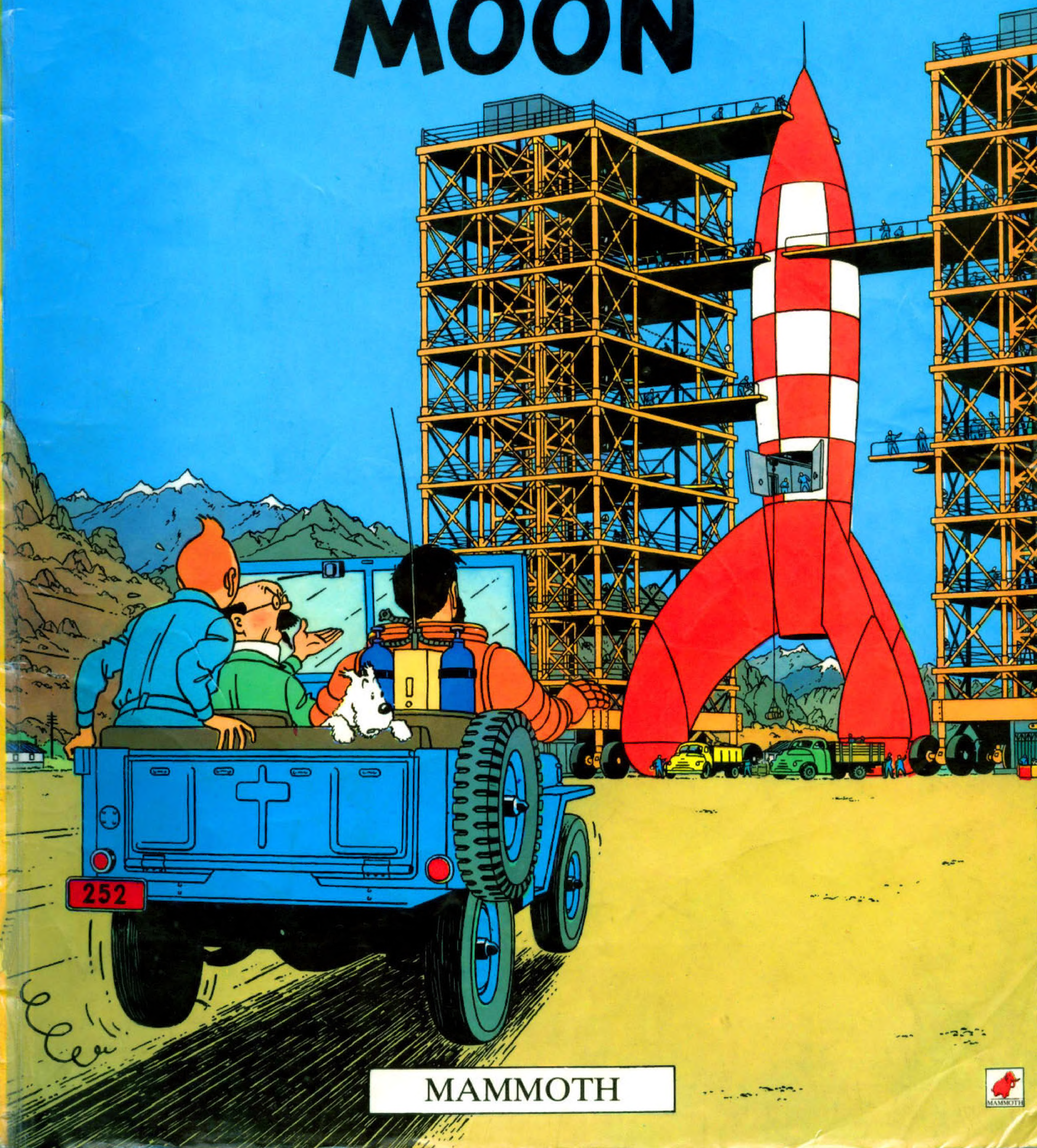


HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
**DESTINATION
MOON**



HERGÉ

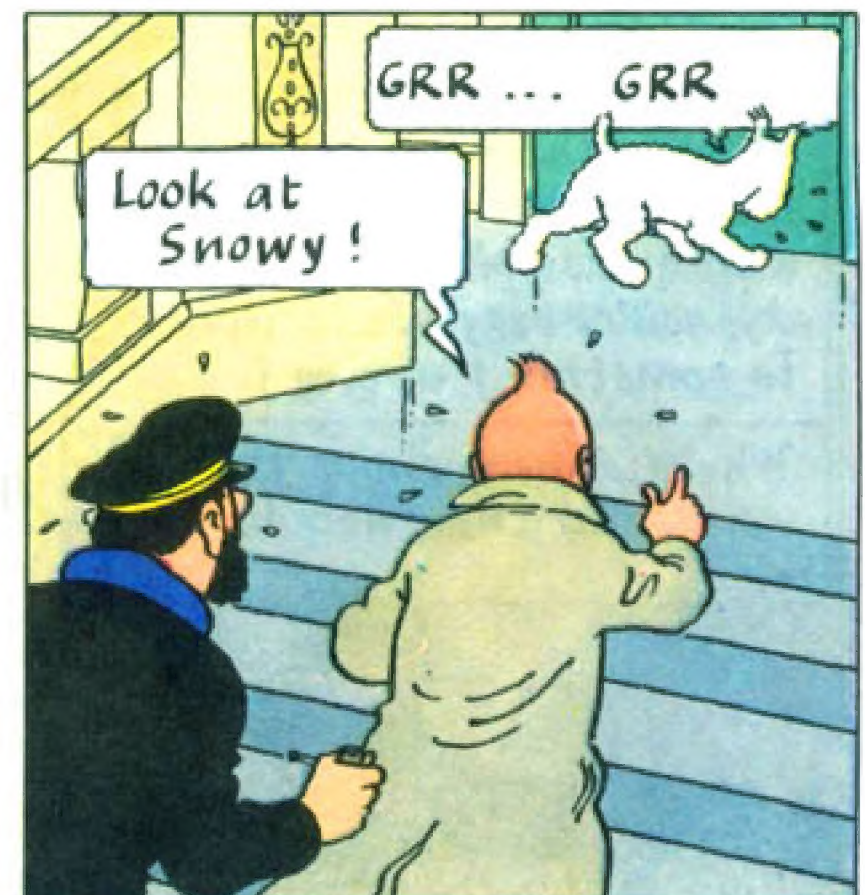
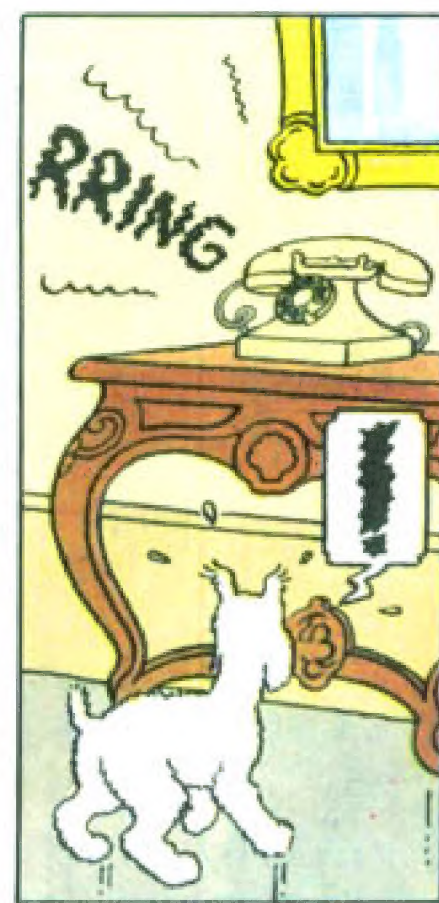
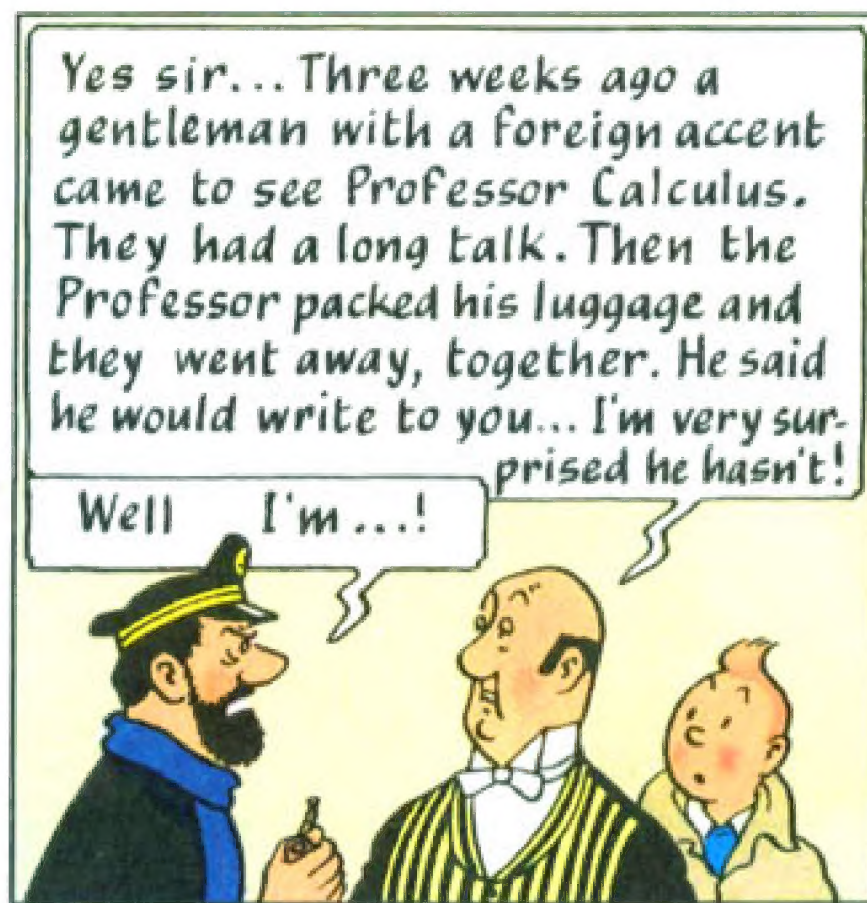
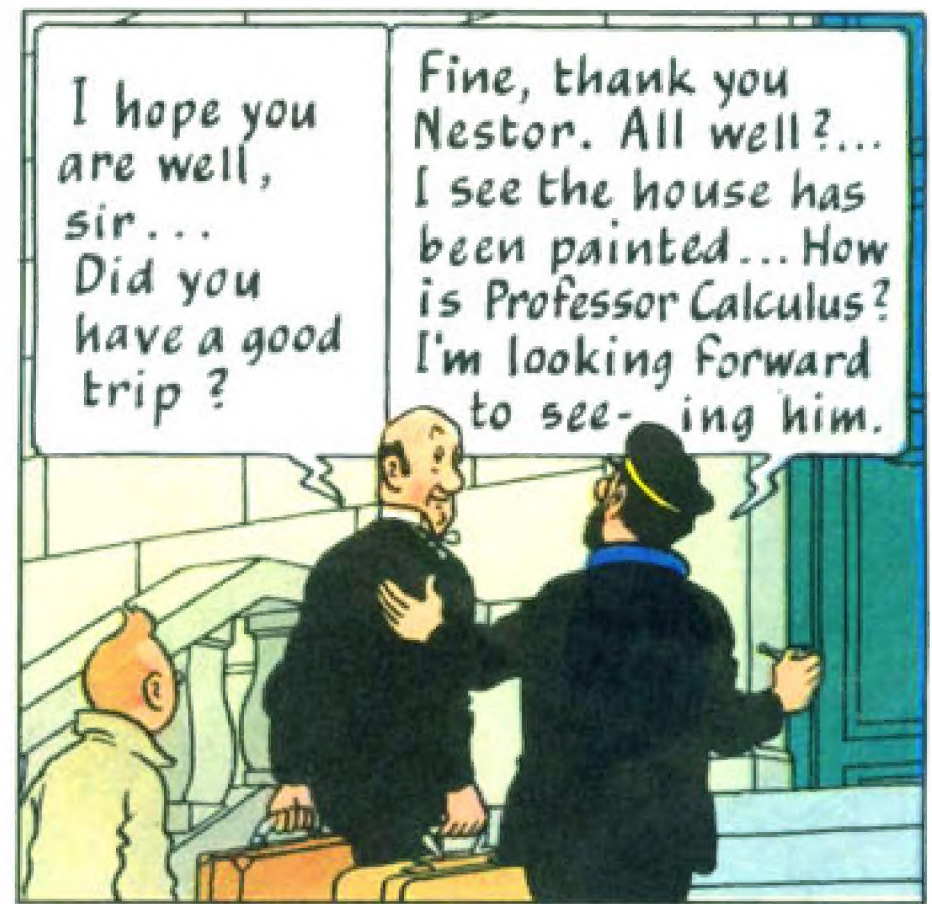
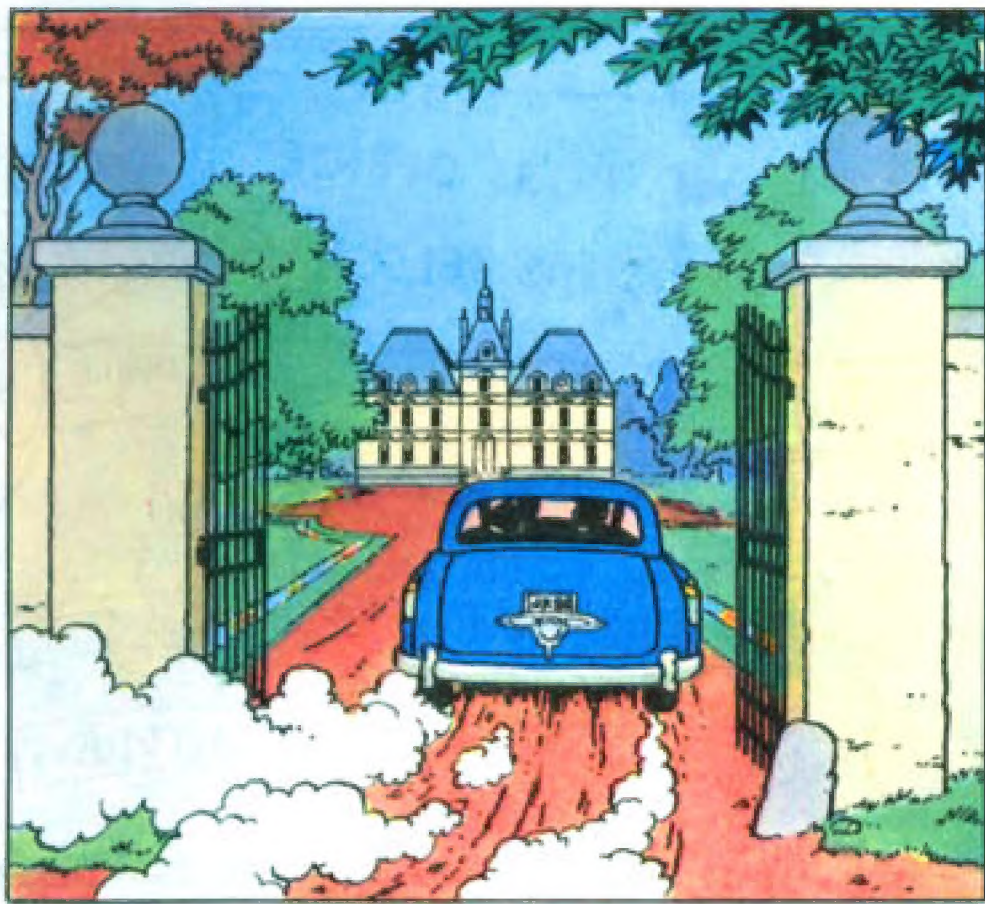
THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

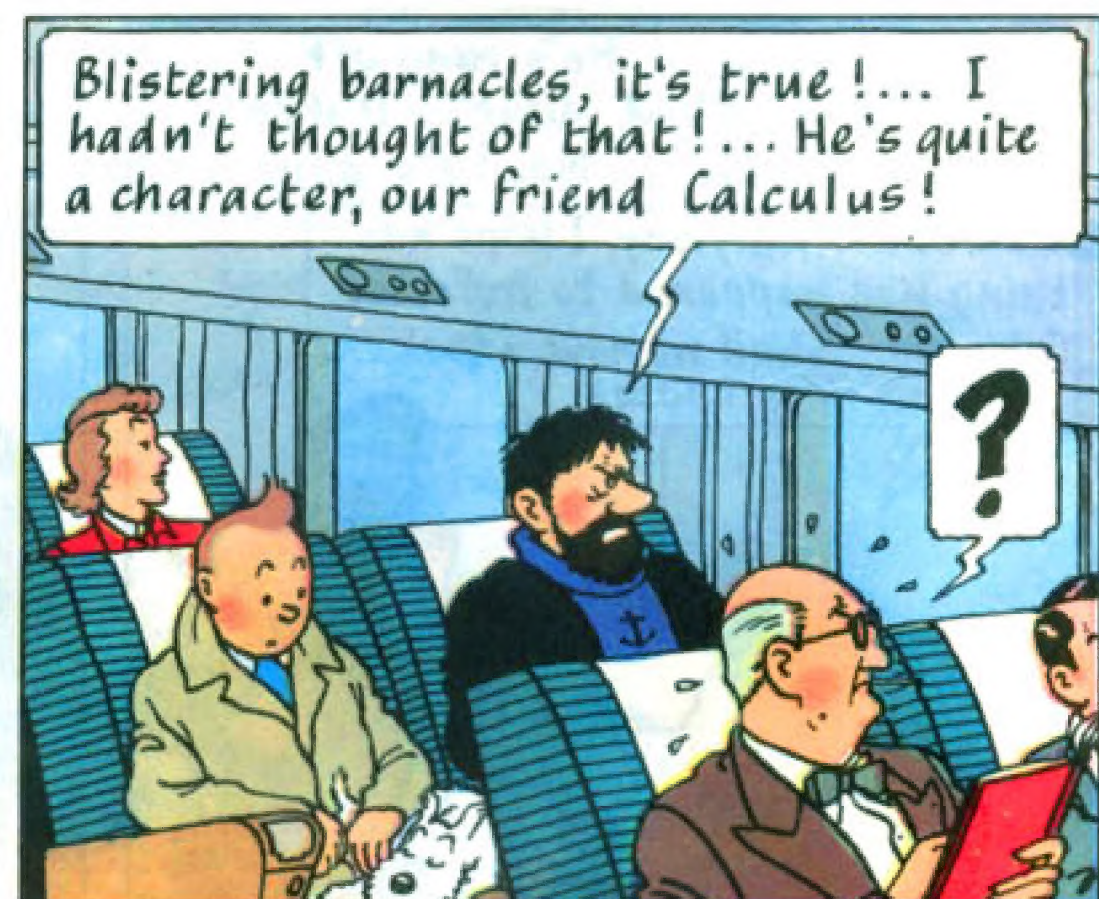
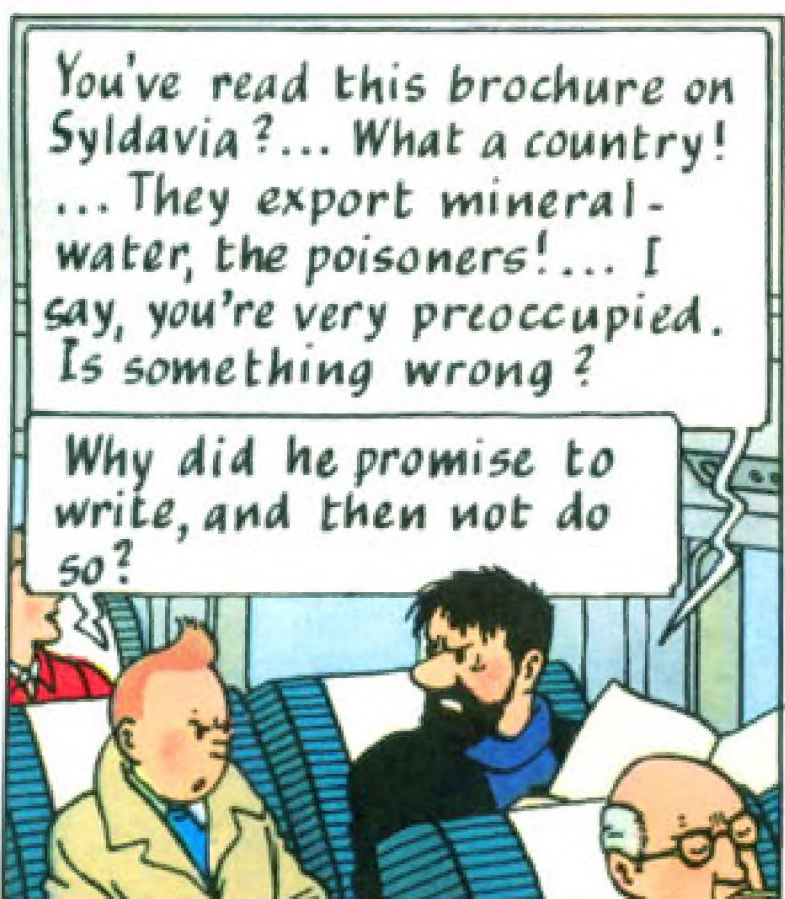
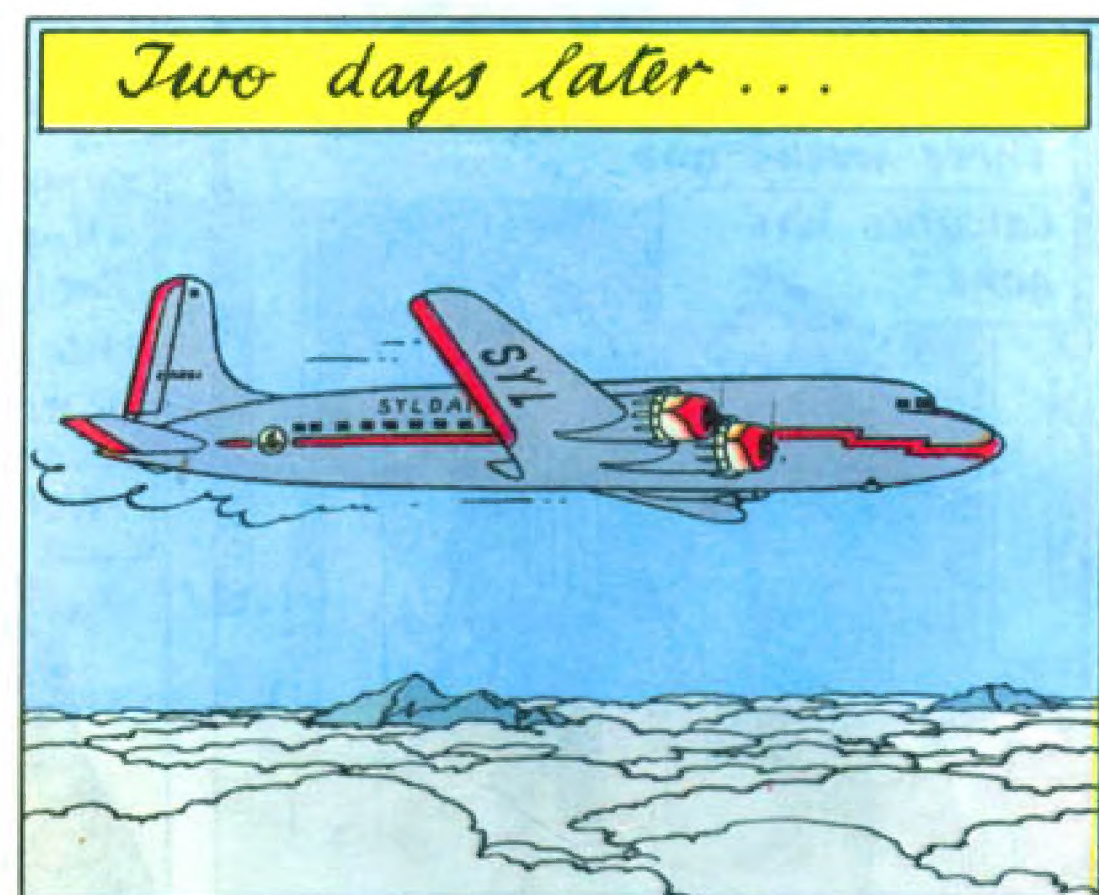
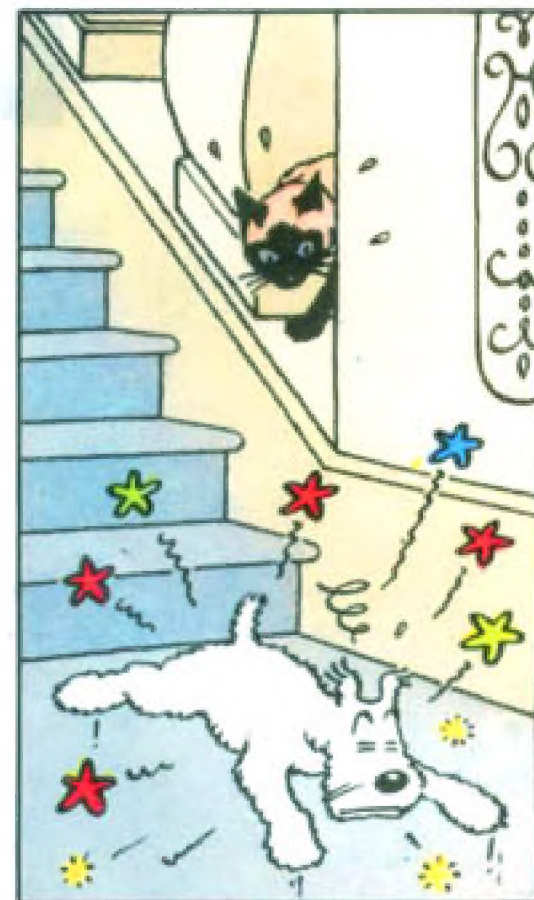
DESTINATION MOON

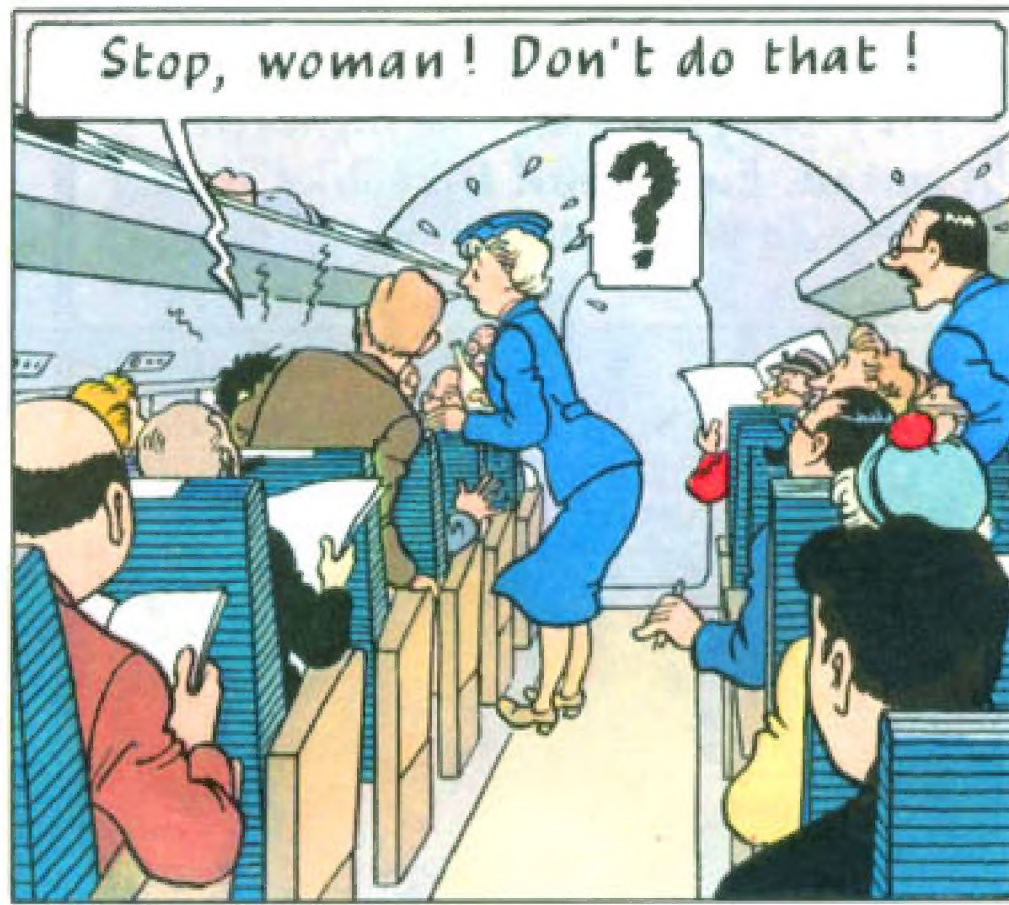


MAMMOTH

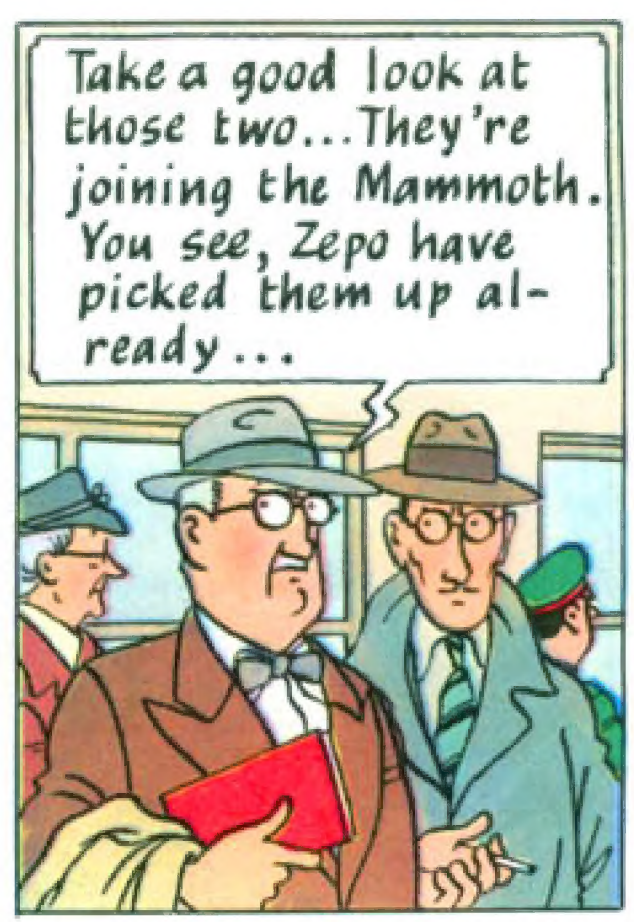
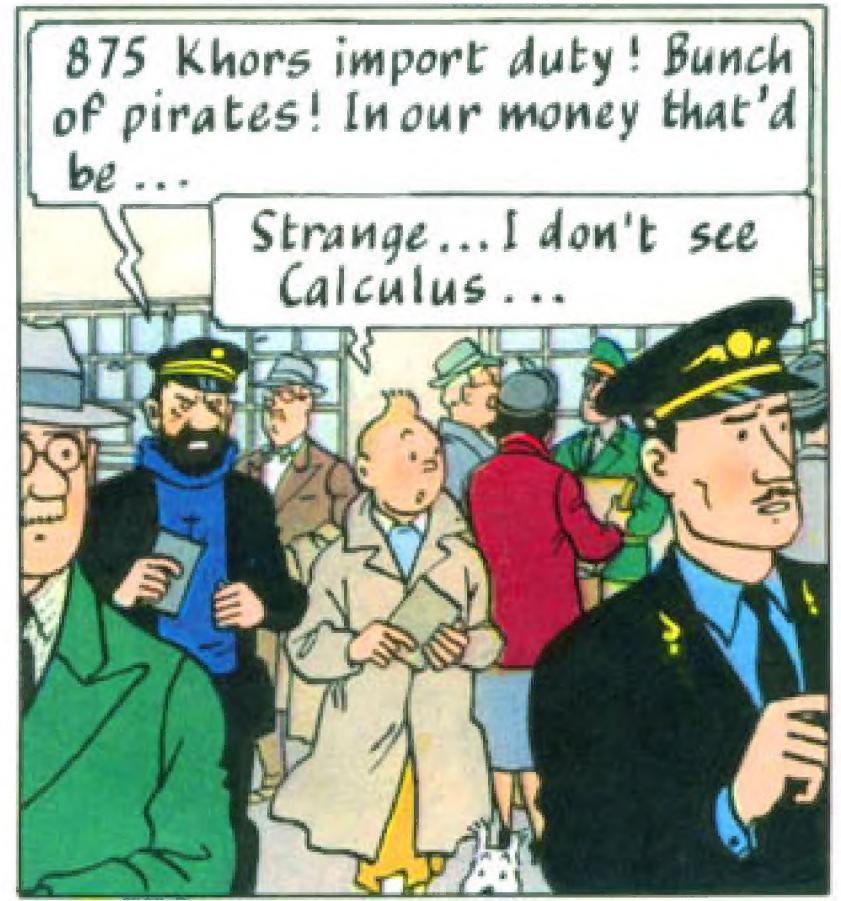
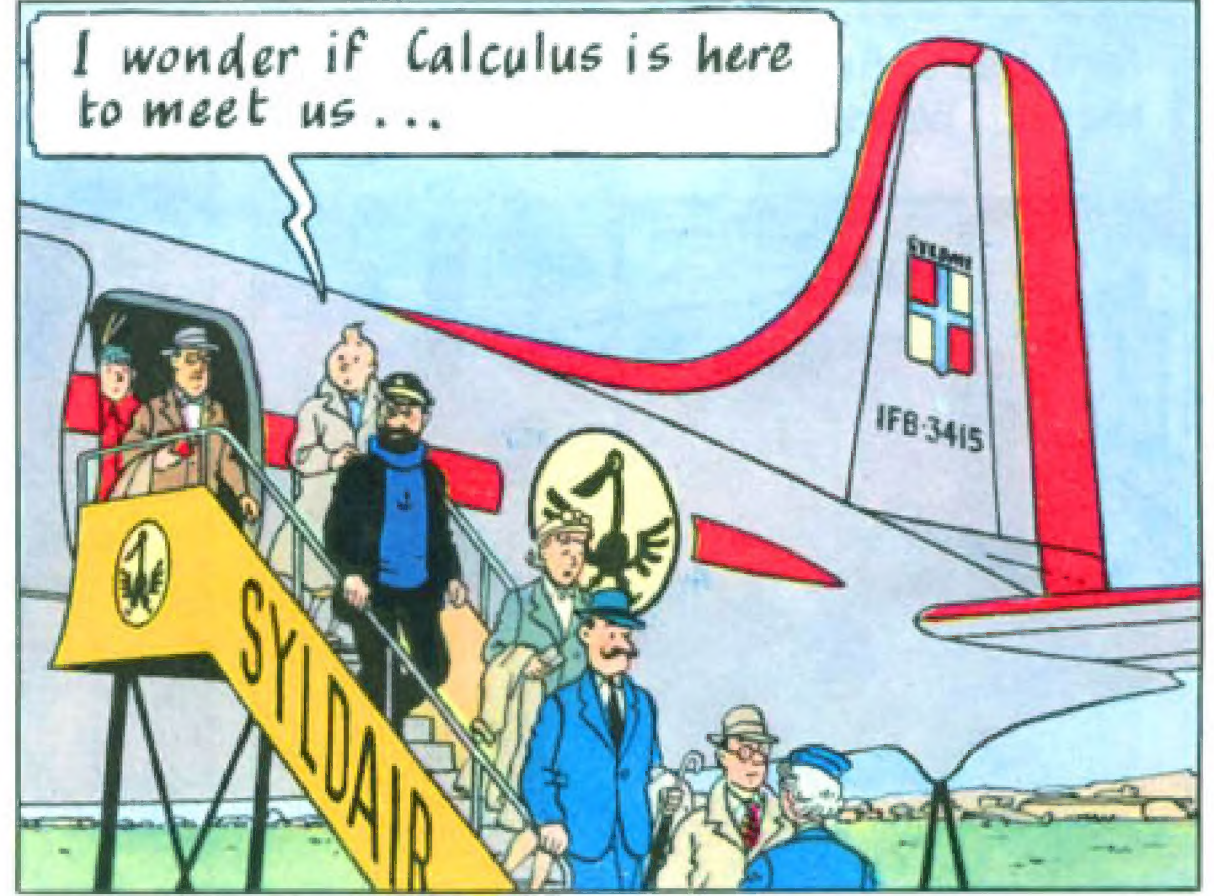
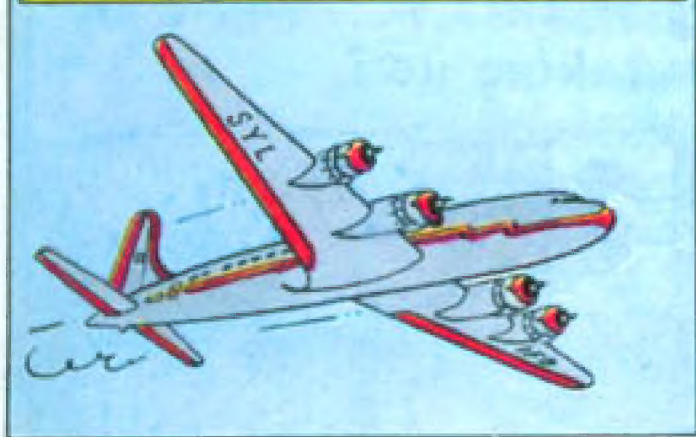
DESTINATION MOON







Two hours later...





Calculus is doing things in style, eh?... With a chauffeur and a flunkey, by thunder!

Maybe...



What lovely country... It's a pity they only drink mineral-water. Eugh! and they like it. Why do you keep turning round? ...

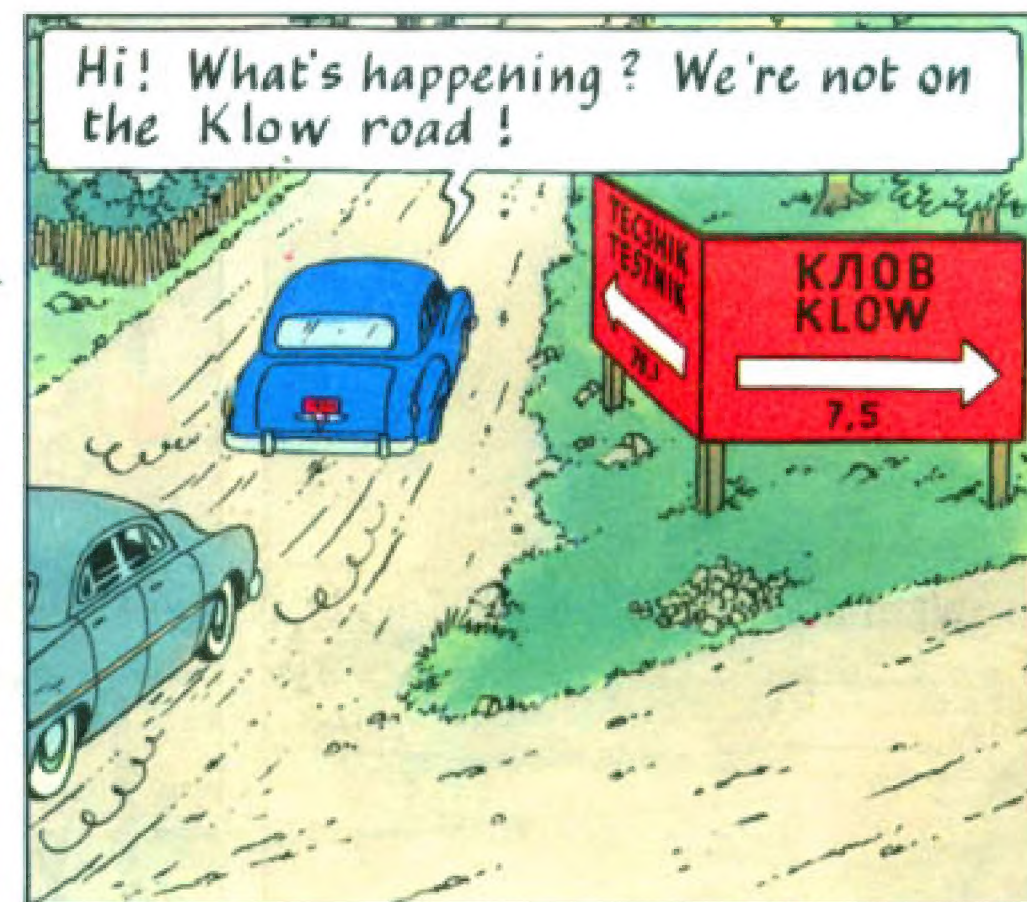


I'm watching that car... It's been following us from the airport ...

I expect it's going to Klow, like us.



Perhaps... Anyway we'll soon be there... We're coming to a town.



Hi! What's happening? We're not on the Klow road!



Hey, driver what's the meaning of this?... Where are you taking us?

?

Sprodj!



Sprodj yourself, you Bashi-bazouk! You were asked where we're going. Tell us!

Sprodj, zir. Your friend there...



СЛОУ SLOW
ROAD WORKS



?



Billions of blistering barnacles! Why didn't you slow down, ectoplasm!

You speak me, zir?
... I not see...
we go...



Two hours later...

That other car is still following us...

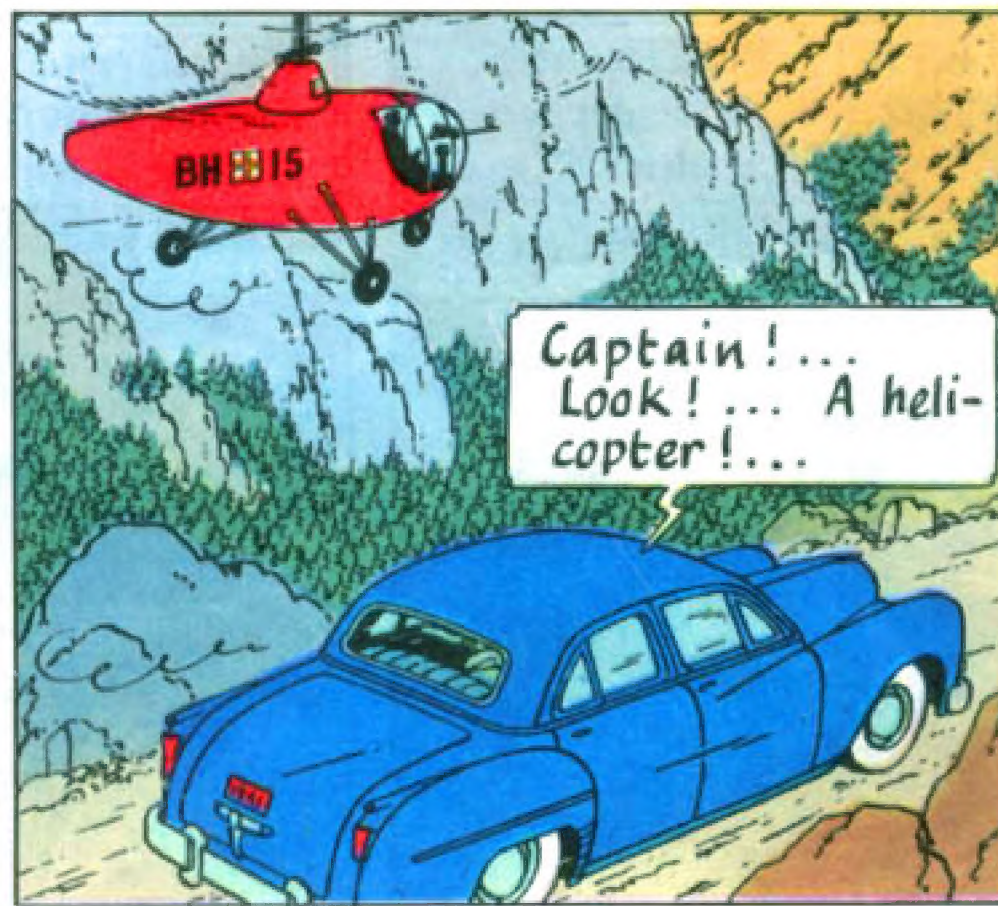
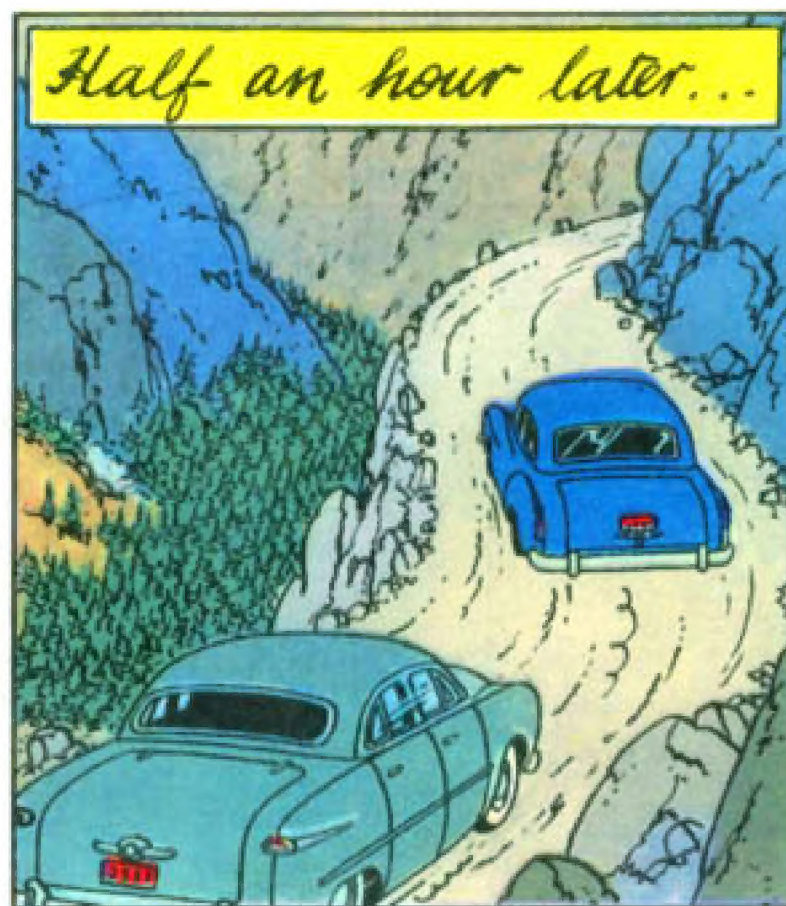
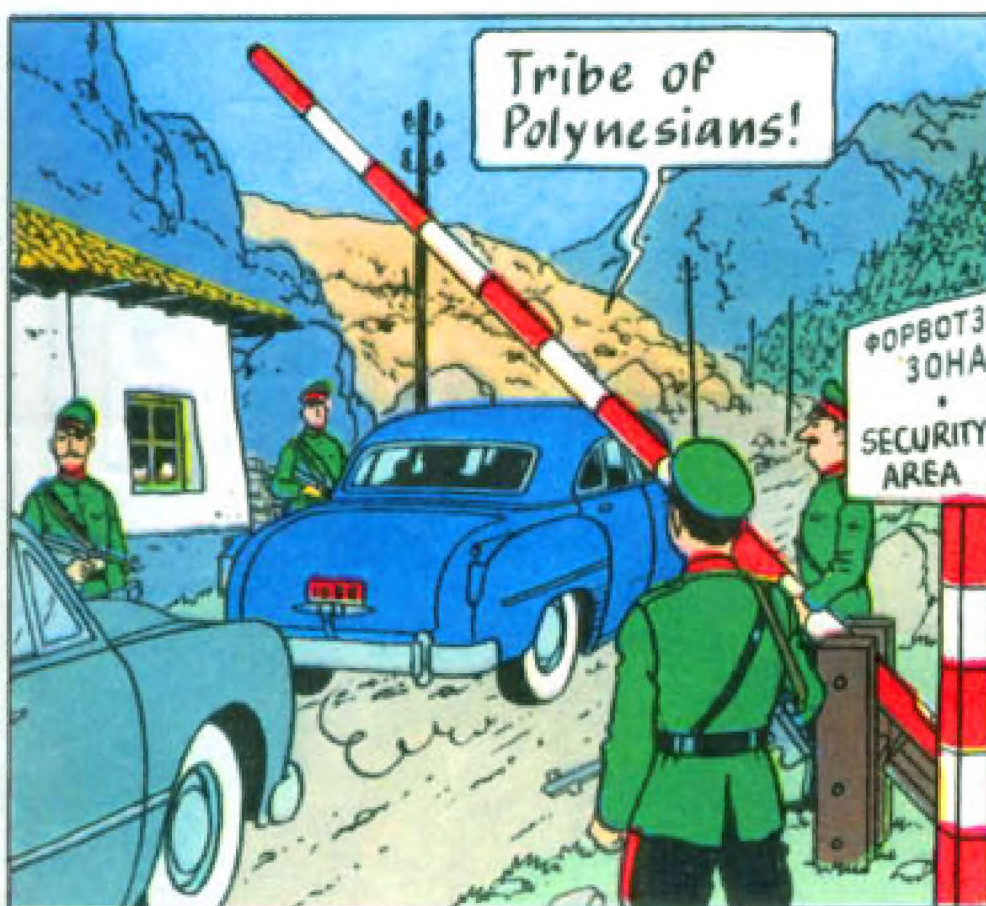


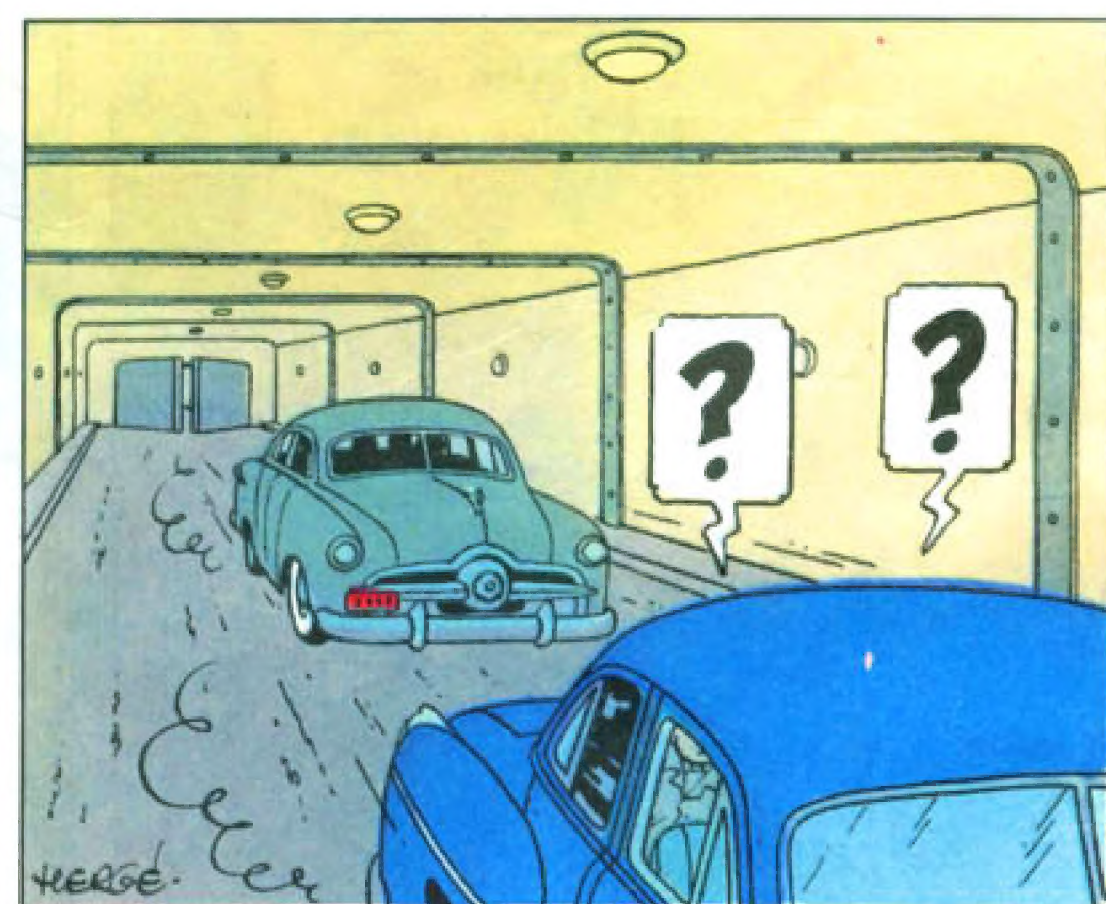
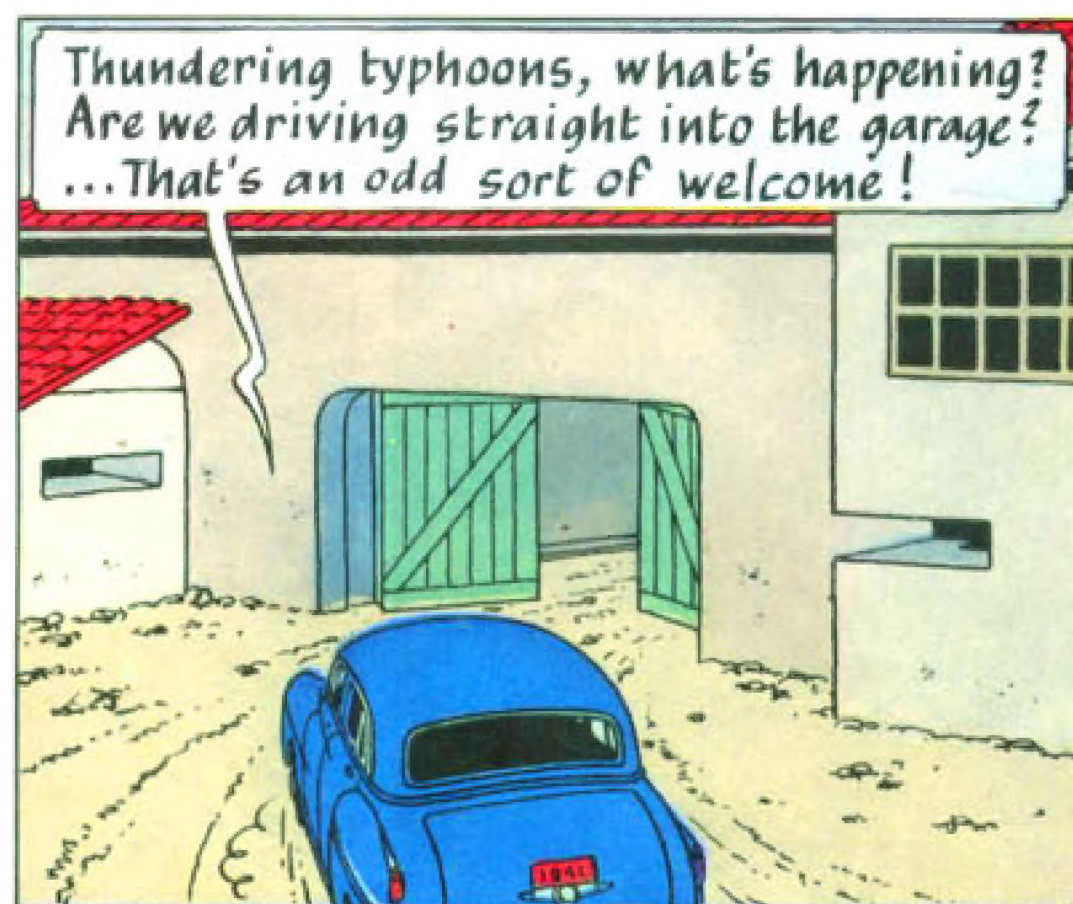
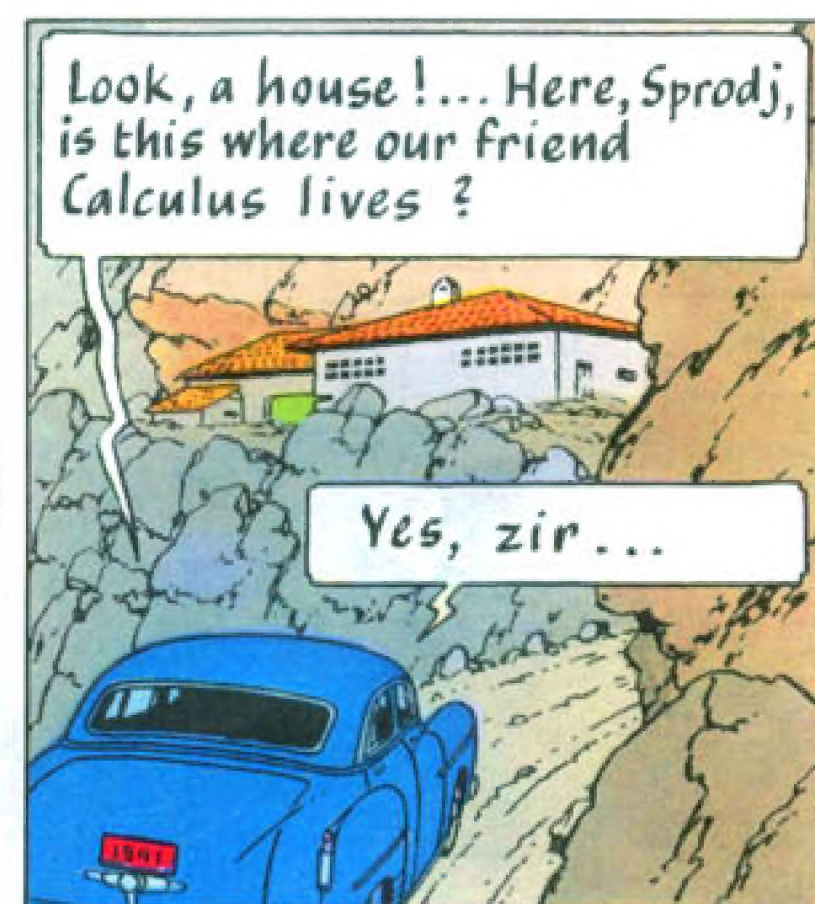
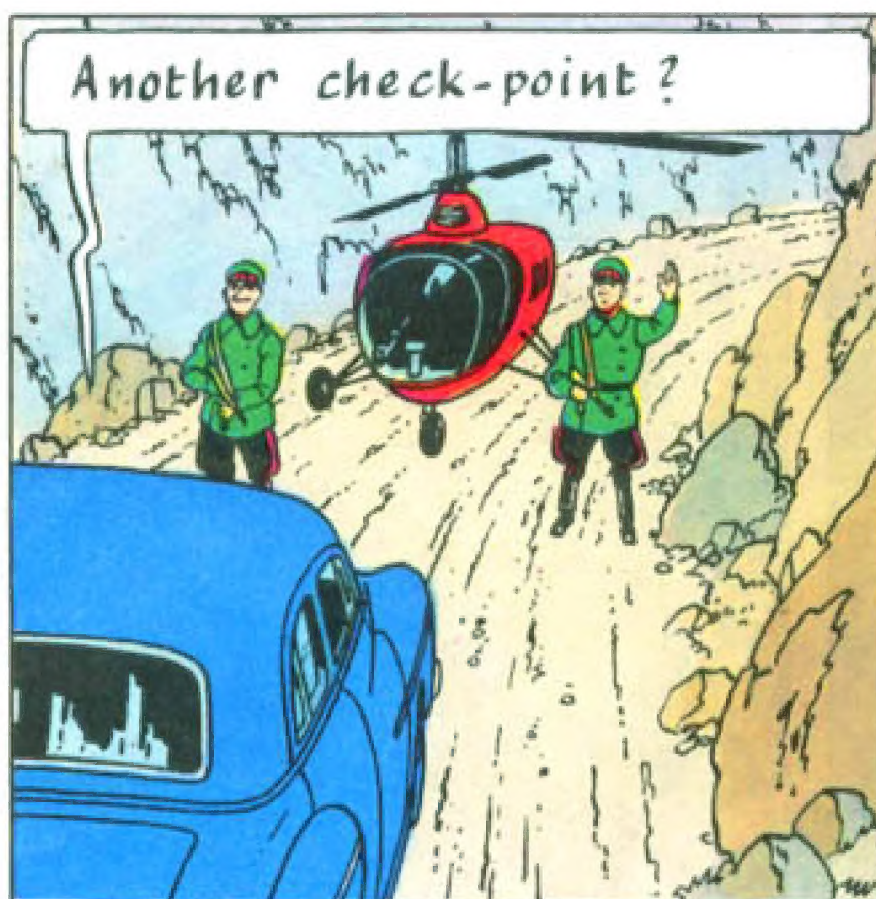
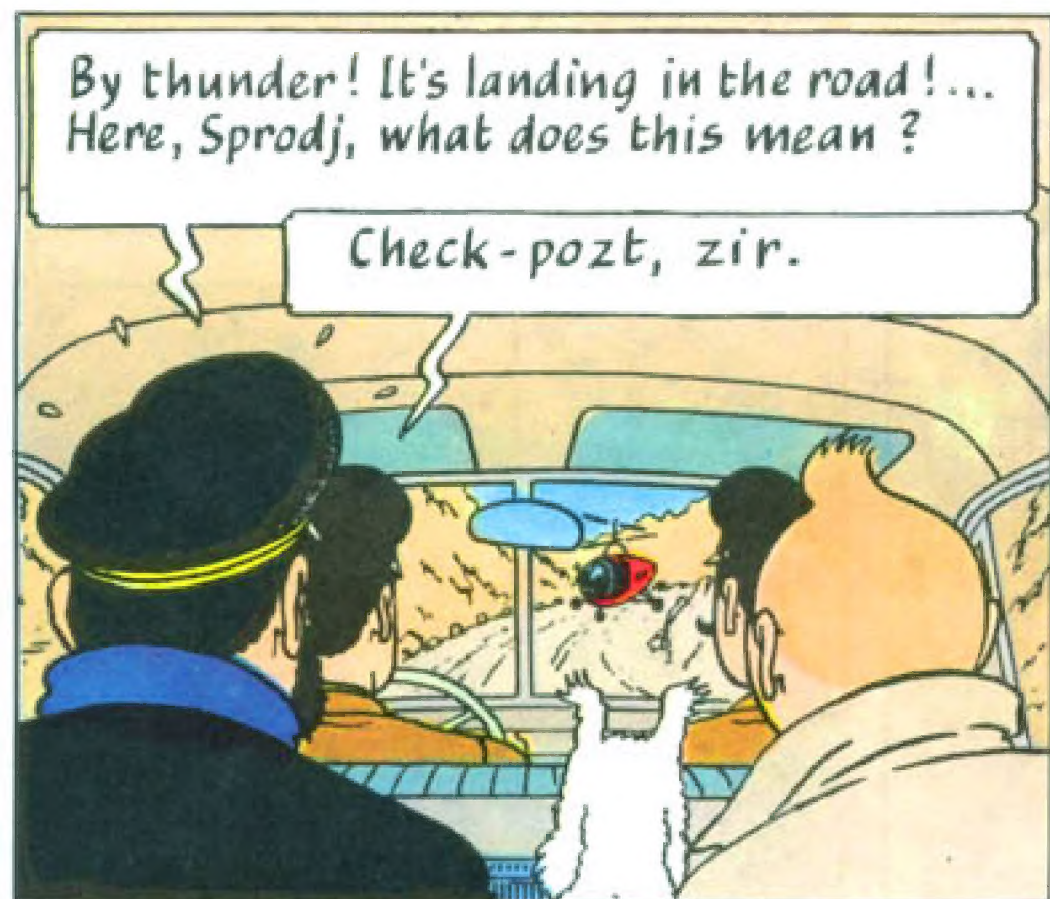
The country is getting wilder and wilder. I wonder... Why, whatever's this?



Captain, just look at that signboard.

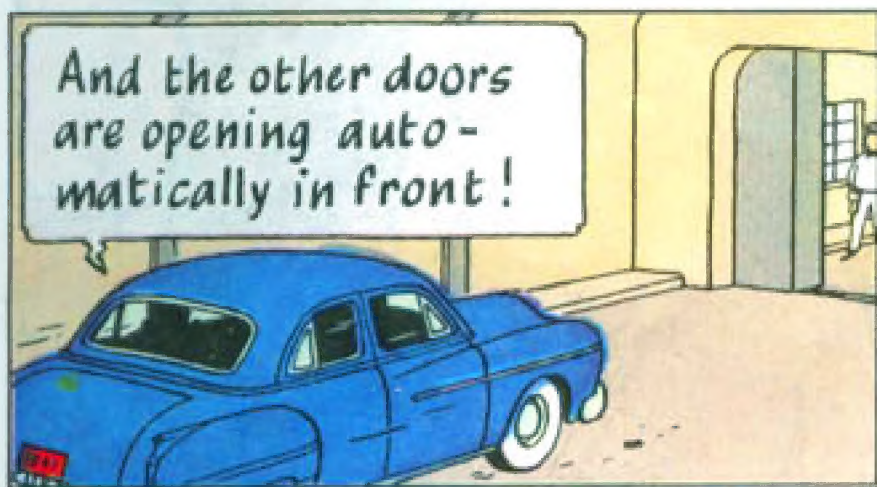
ФОРБОТЗЕН
ЗОНА
SECURITY
AREA



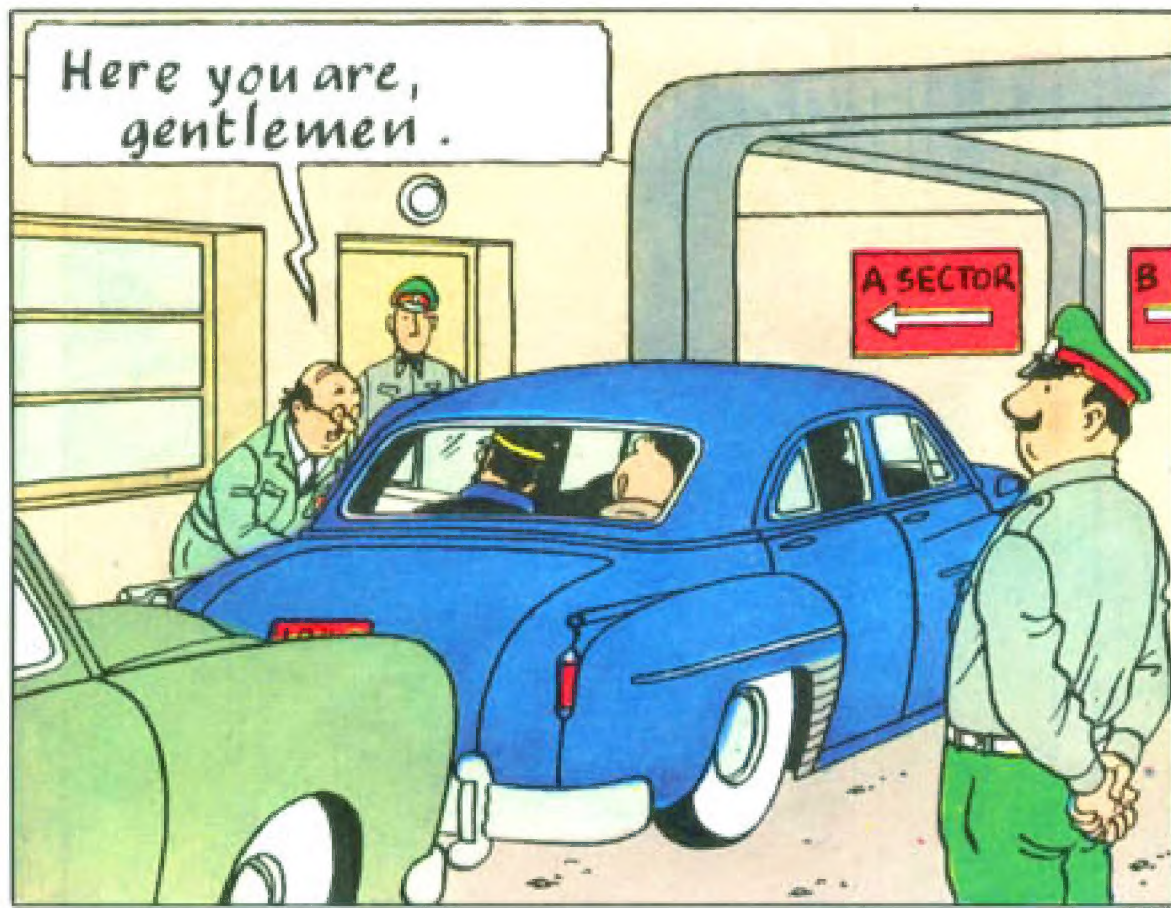




The doors have closed automatically behind us!



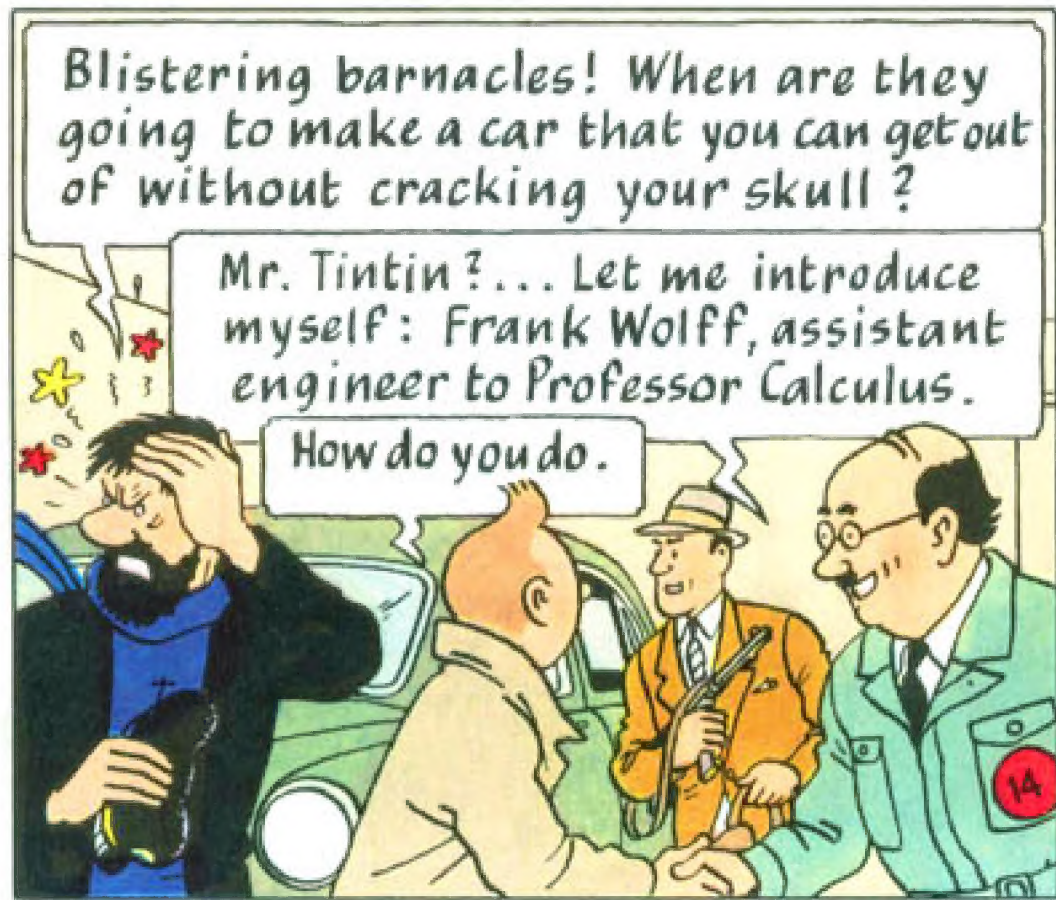
And the other doors are opening automatically in front!



Here you are, gentlemen.



At last! And it's about time too!



Blistering barnacles! When are they going to make a car that you can get out of without cracking your skull?

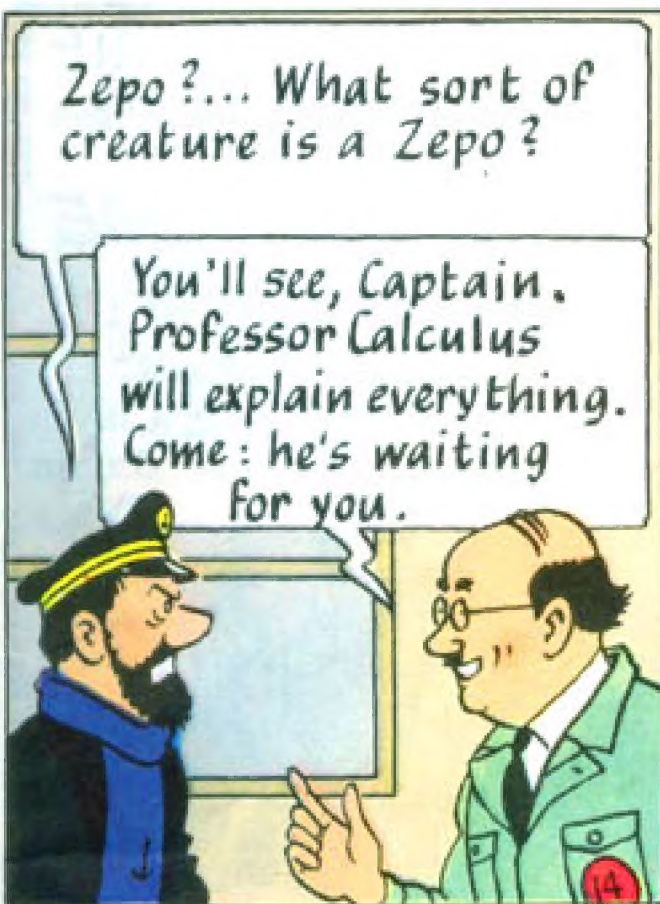
Mr. Tintin?... Let me introduce myself: Frank Wolff, assistant engineer to Professor Calculus.

How do you do.



How do you do... But I'd like to know where we are... And what these gangsters are who followed us from the airport...

Gangsters, Captain? These are ZEPO men!



Zepo?... What sort of creature is a Zepo?

You'll see, Captain. Professor Calculus will explain everything. Come: he's waiting for you.



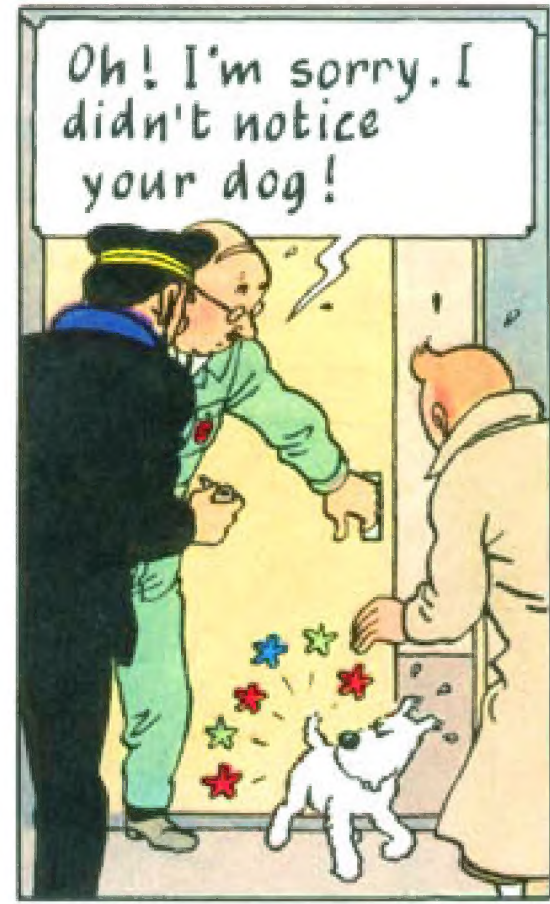
Fifth floor. We'll take the lift.



After you, gentlemen...



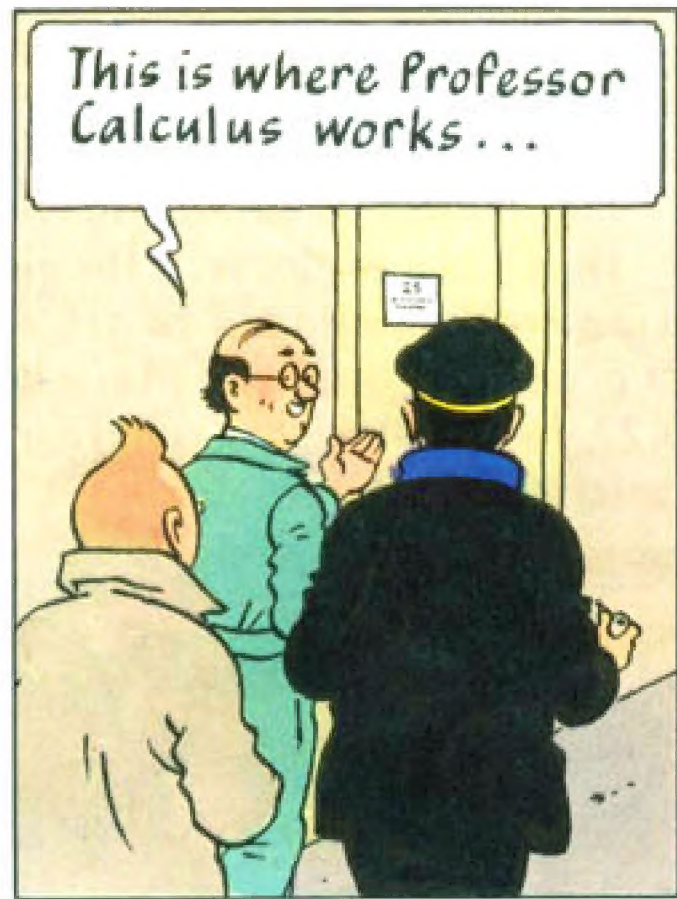
WOOAH!



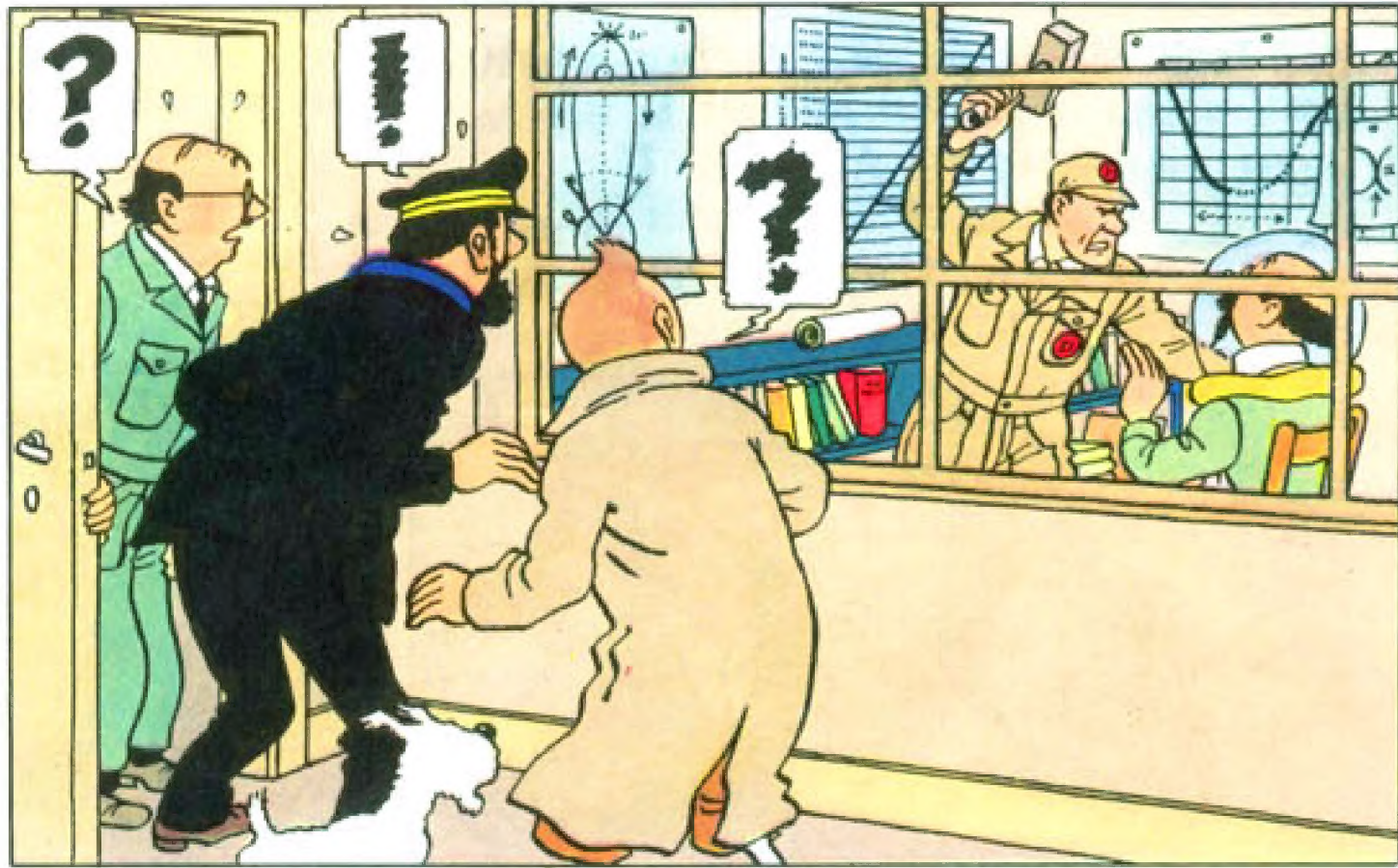
Oh! I'm sorry. I didn't notice your dog!



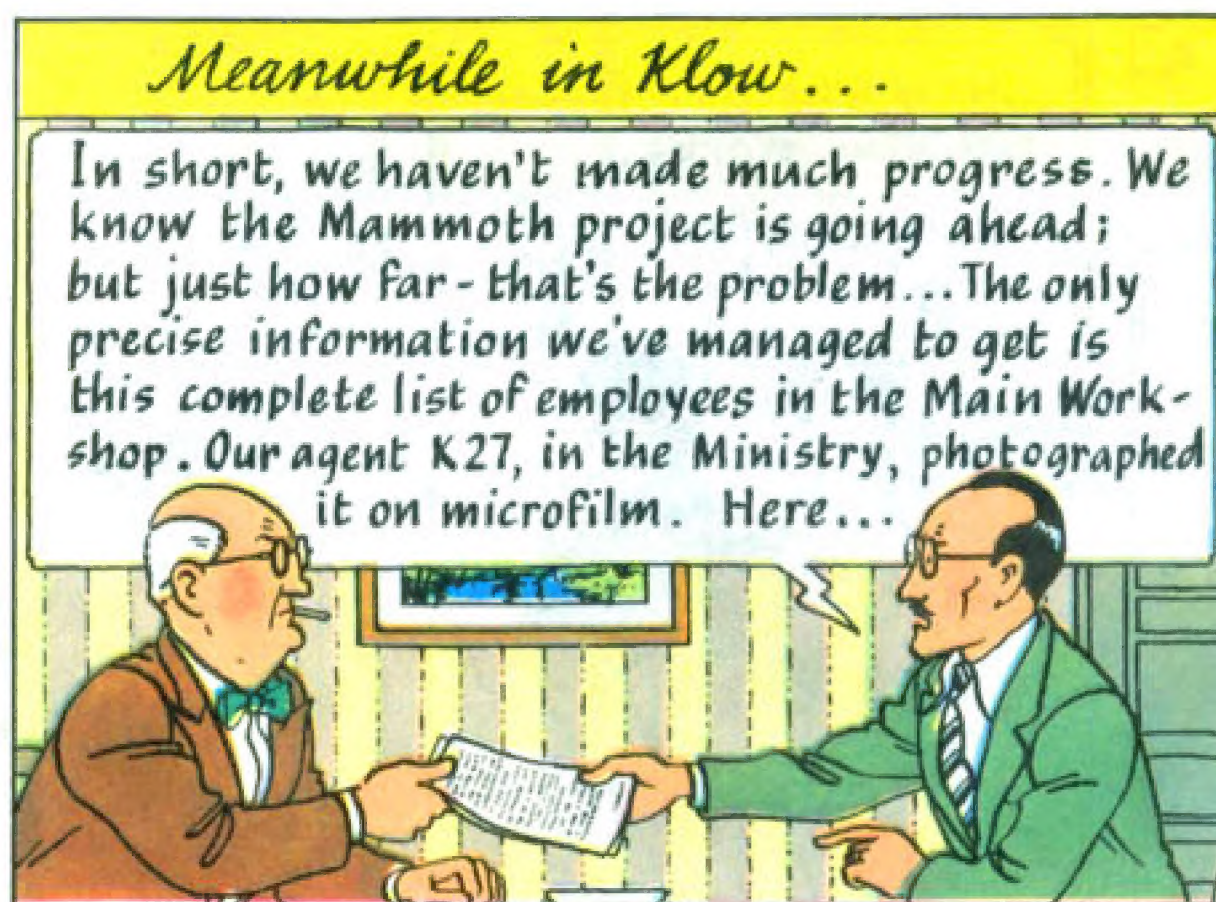
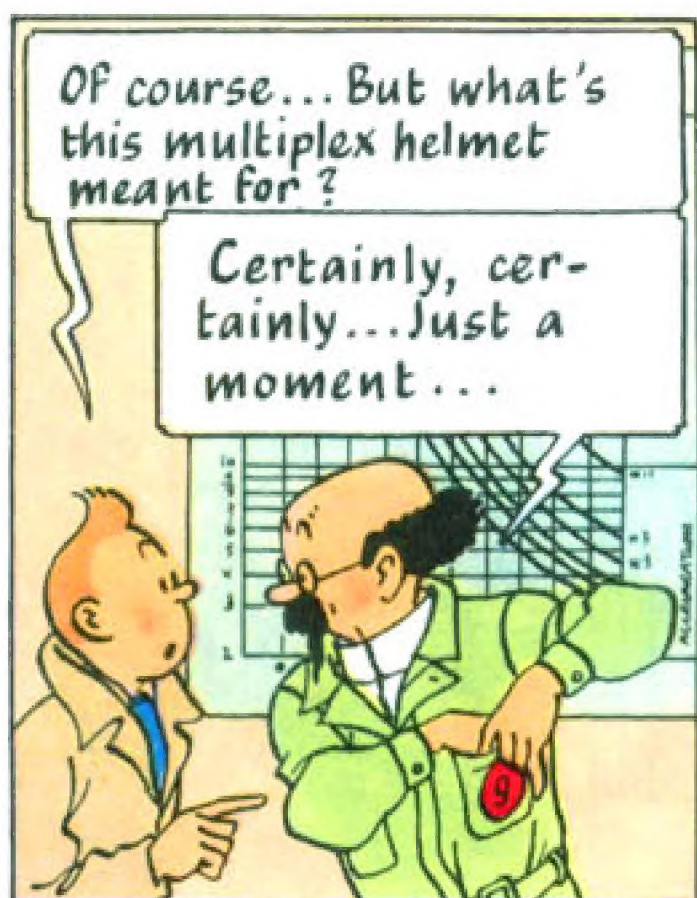
Here we are...



This is where Professor Calculus works...

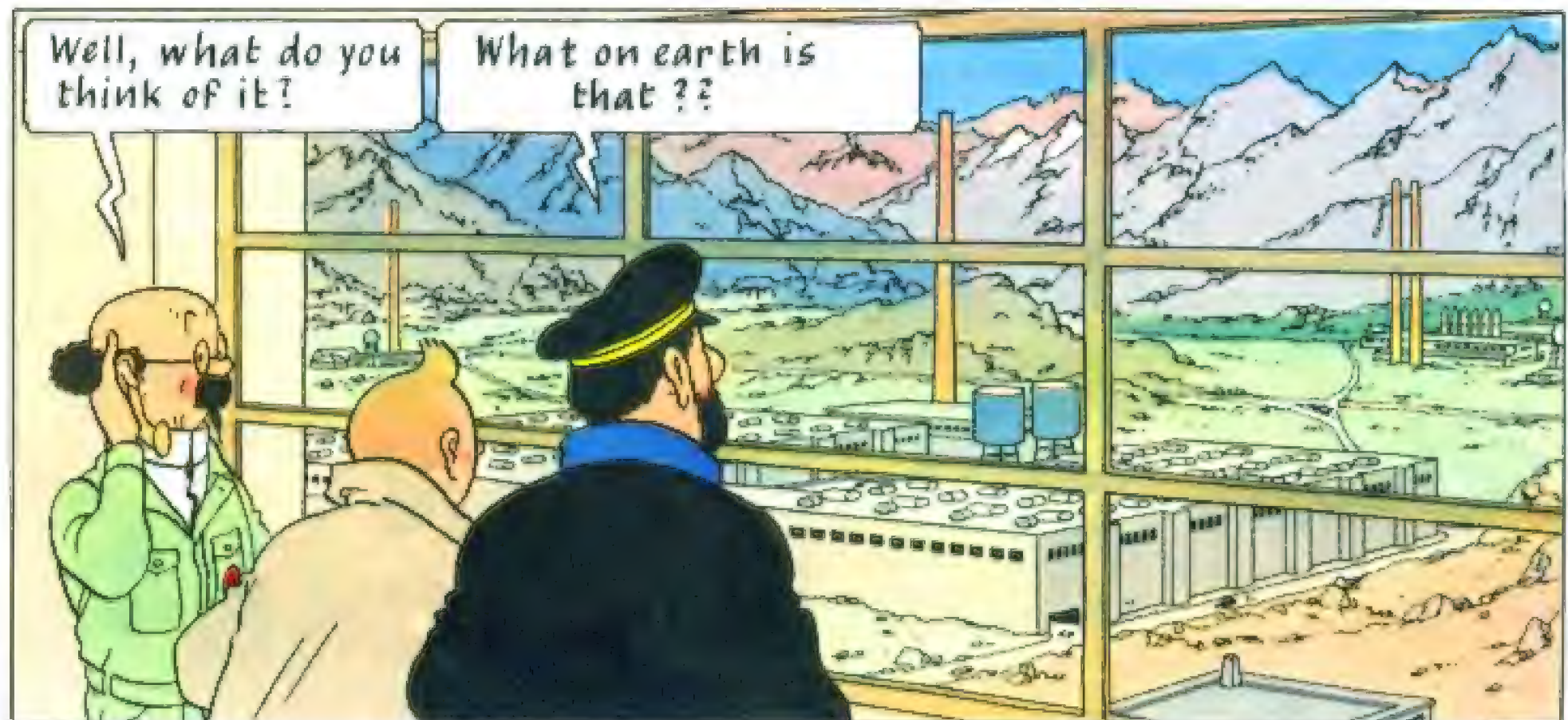


?





Come in here: I want to show you something...



Well, what do you think of it?

What on earth is that??

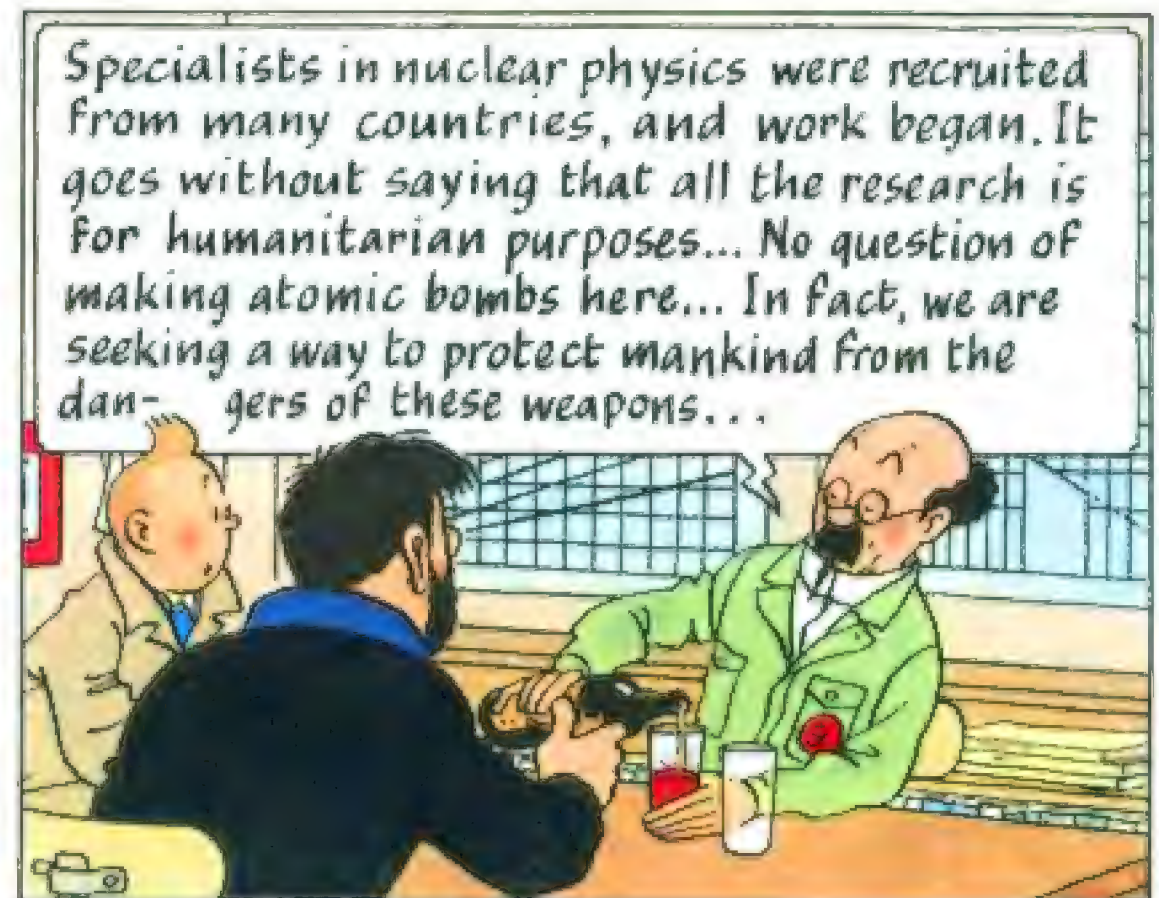


That, Captain, is a part - and only a part - of the Sprodj Atomic Research Centre.

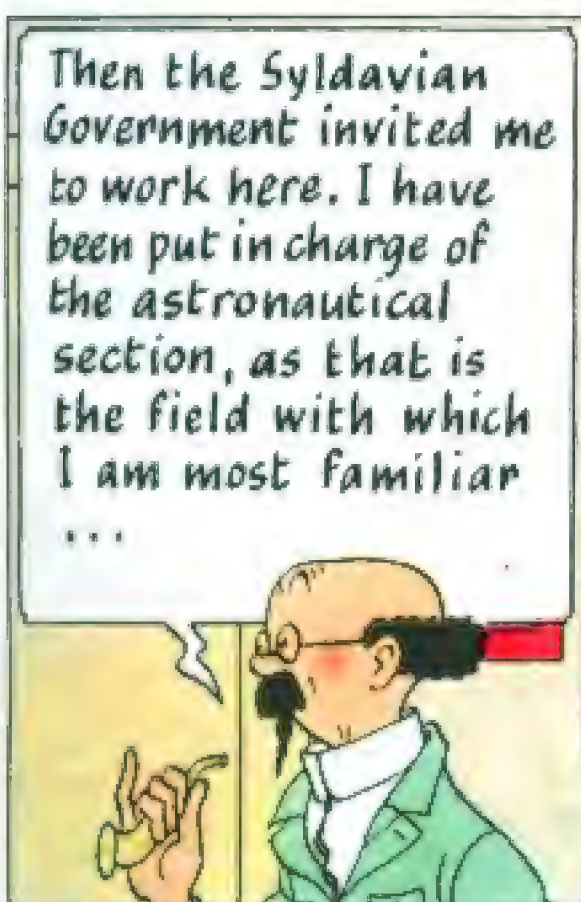
An atomic research centre in this land of savages?



Certainly!... Four years ago rich uranium deposits were found in the heart of the Zmyhpathian mountains - that is, here... The Syldavian Government immediately embarked on the building of an atomic research centre... But let's sit down. Will you have a drink, Captain?



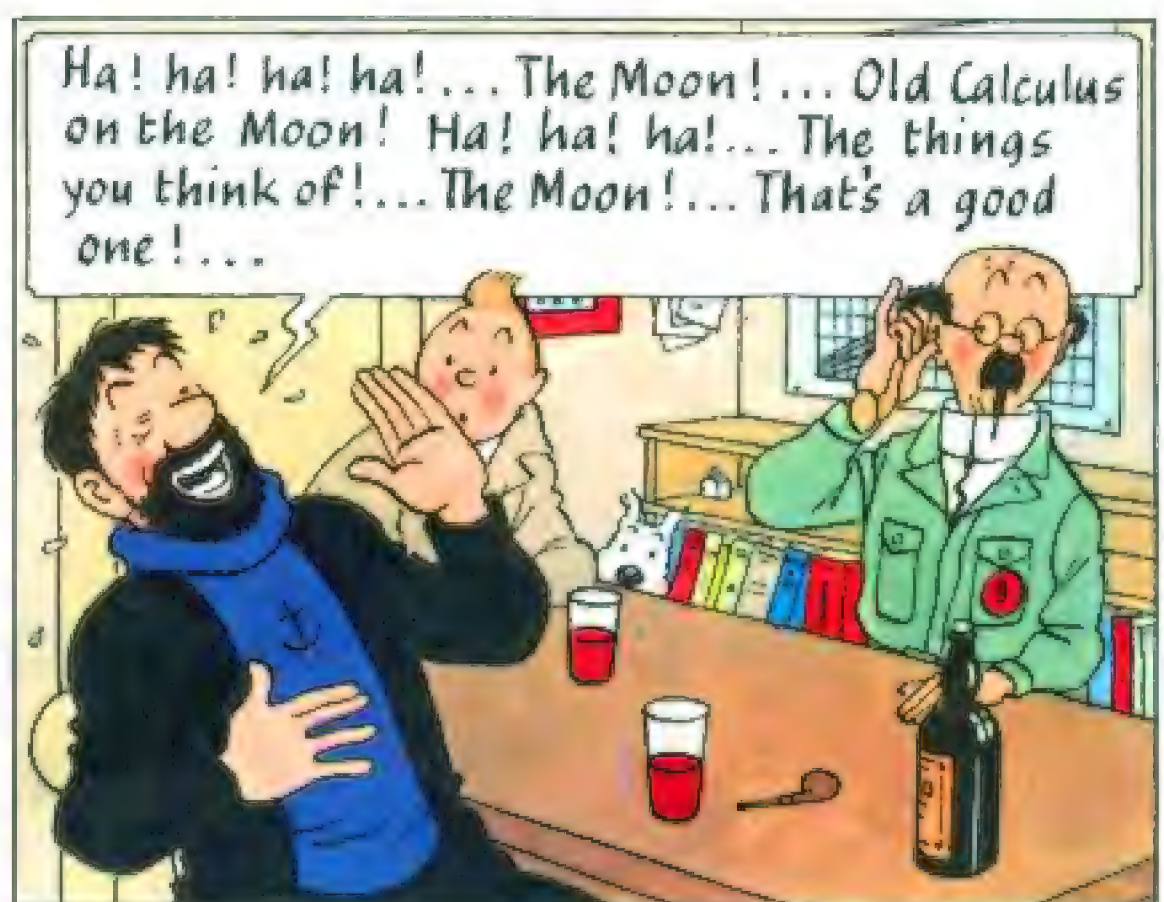
Specialists in nuclear physics were recruited from many countries, and work began. It goes without saying that all the research is for humanitarian purposes... No question of making atomic bombs here... In fact, we are seeking a way to protect mankind from the dangers of these weapons...



Then the Syldavian Government invited me to work here. I have been put in charge of the astronautical section, as that is the field with which I am most familiar...



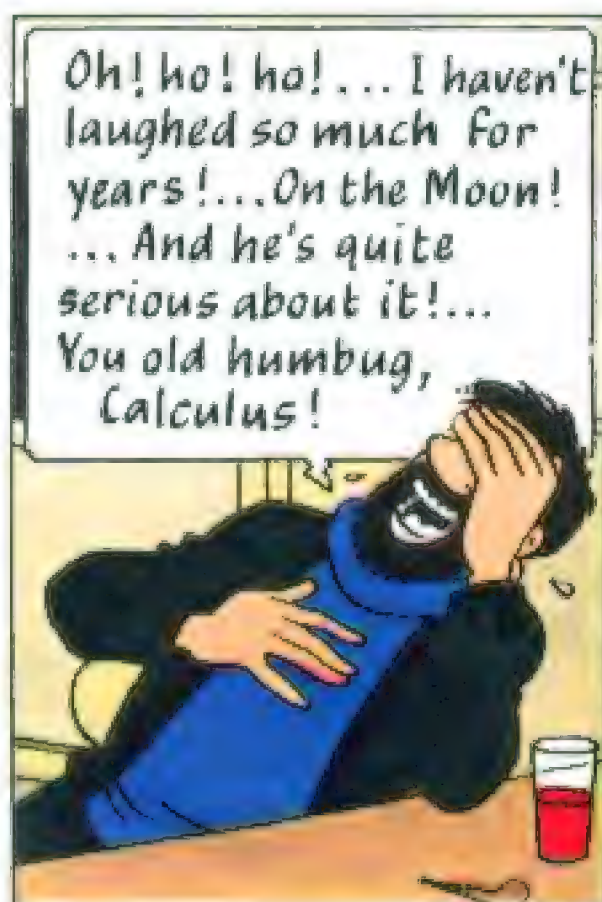
I have been very ably supported by my engineer, Frank Wolff. You met him earlier. And I'm just completing plans for a nuclear-powered rocket in which I propose to land ON THE MOON...



Ha! ha! ha! ha!... The Moon!... Old Calculus on the Moon! Ha! ha! ha!... The things you think of!... The Moon!... That's a good one!...



Ha! ha! ha!... The Moon!... As easy as pie!... A man on the Moon!... You'll be the man in the Moon!... Ha! ha! ha!



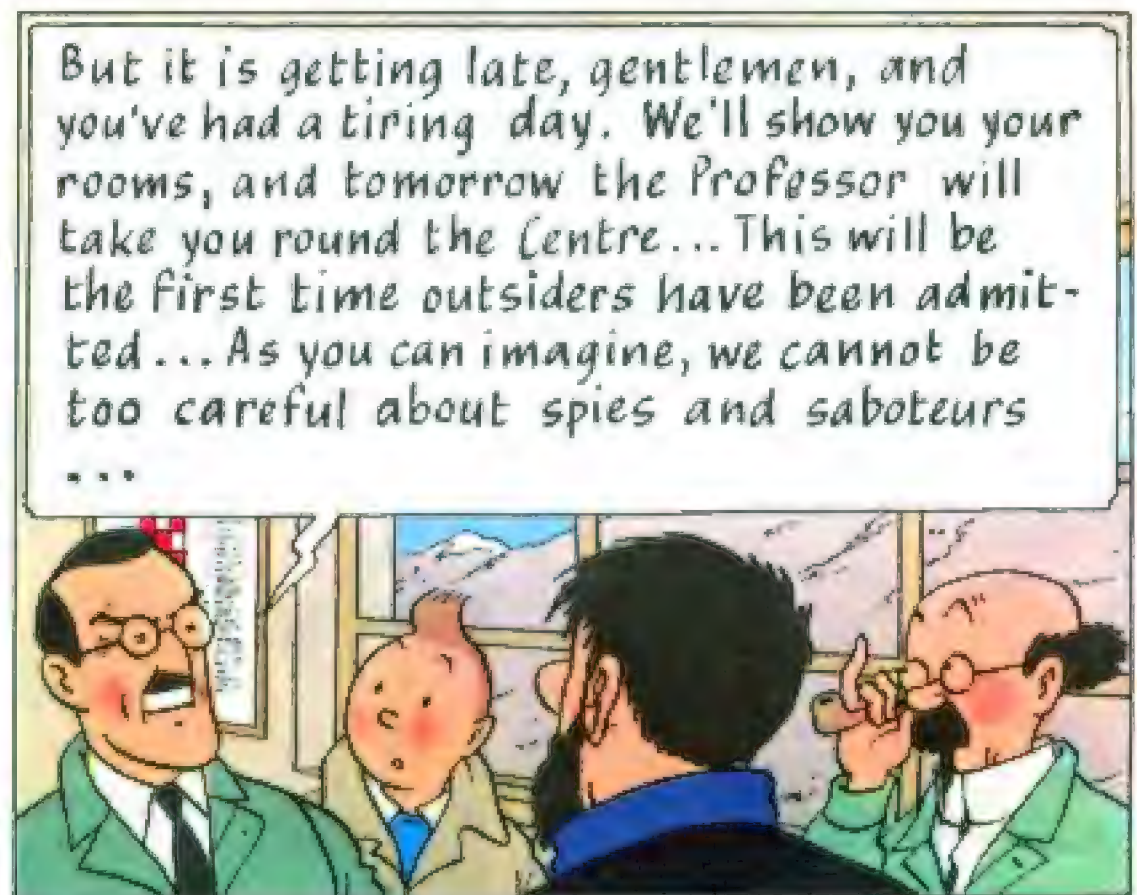
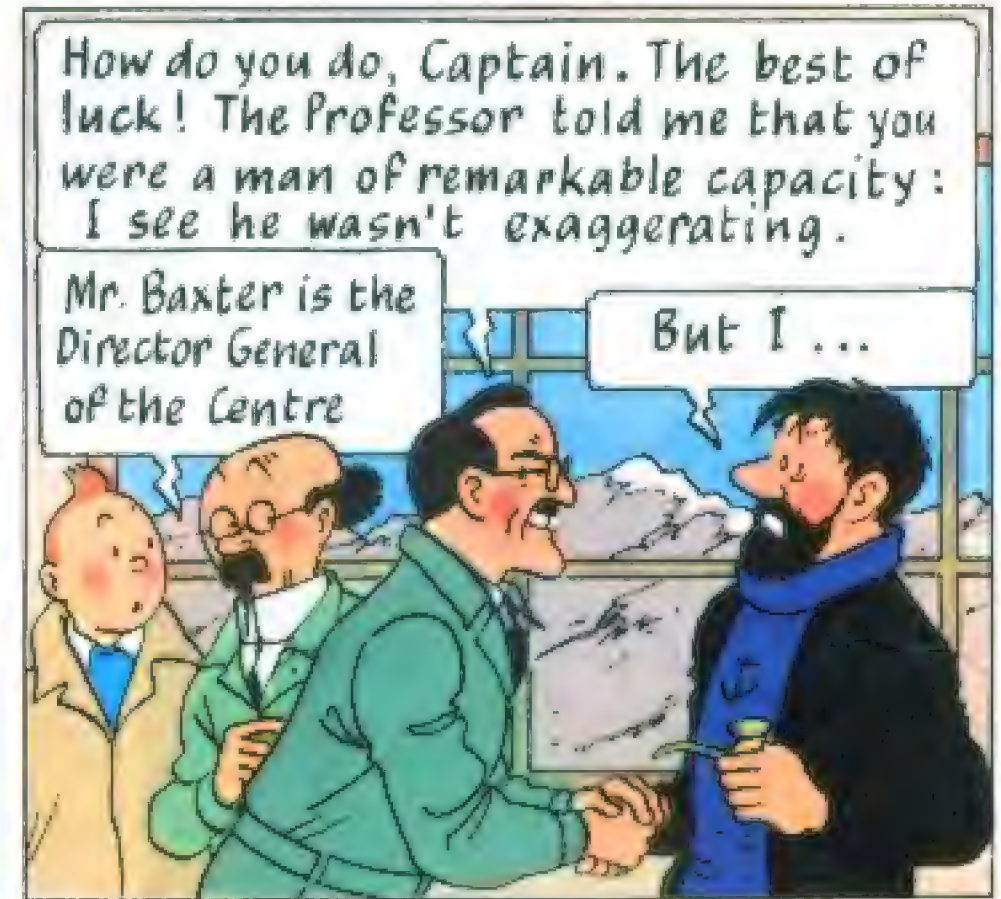
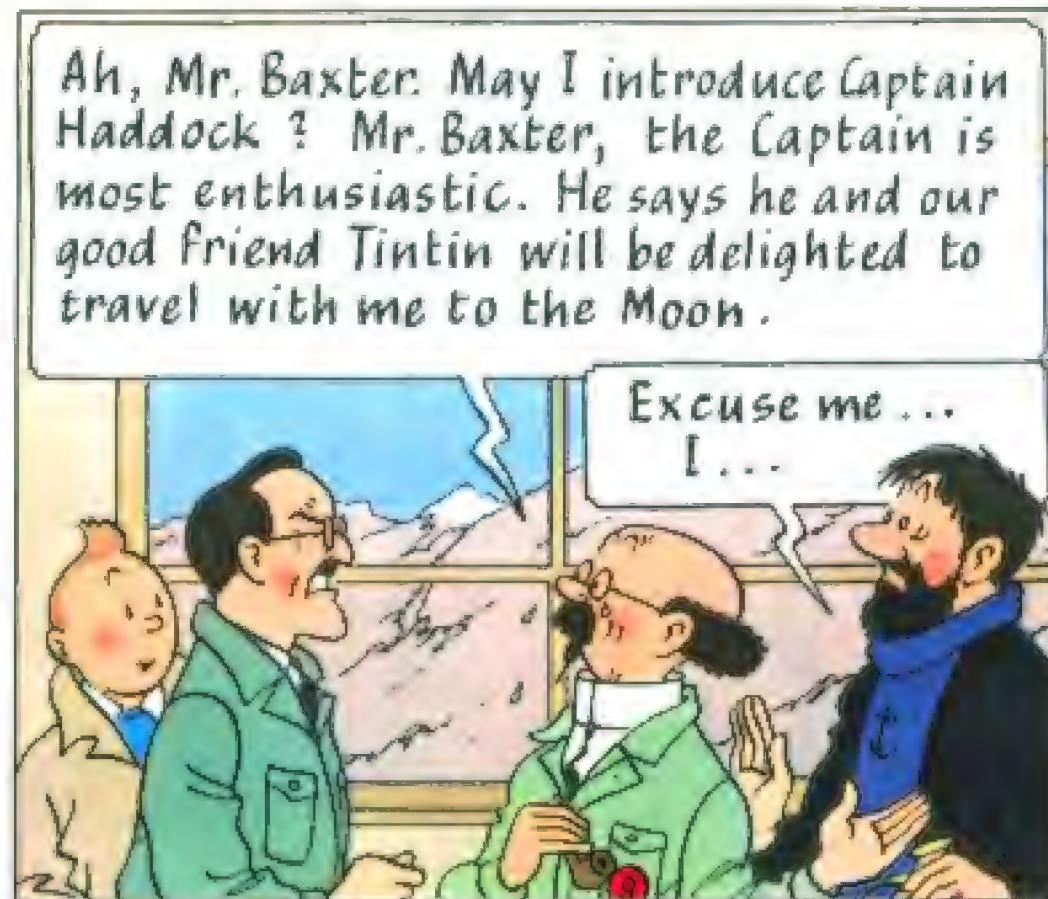
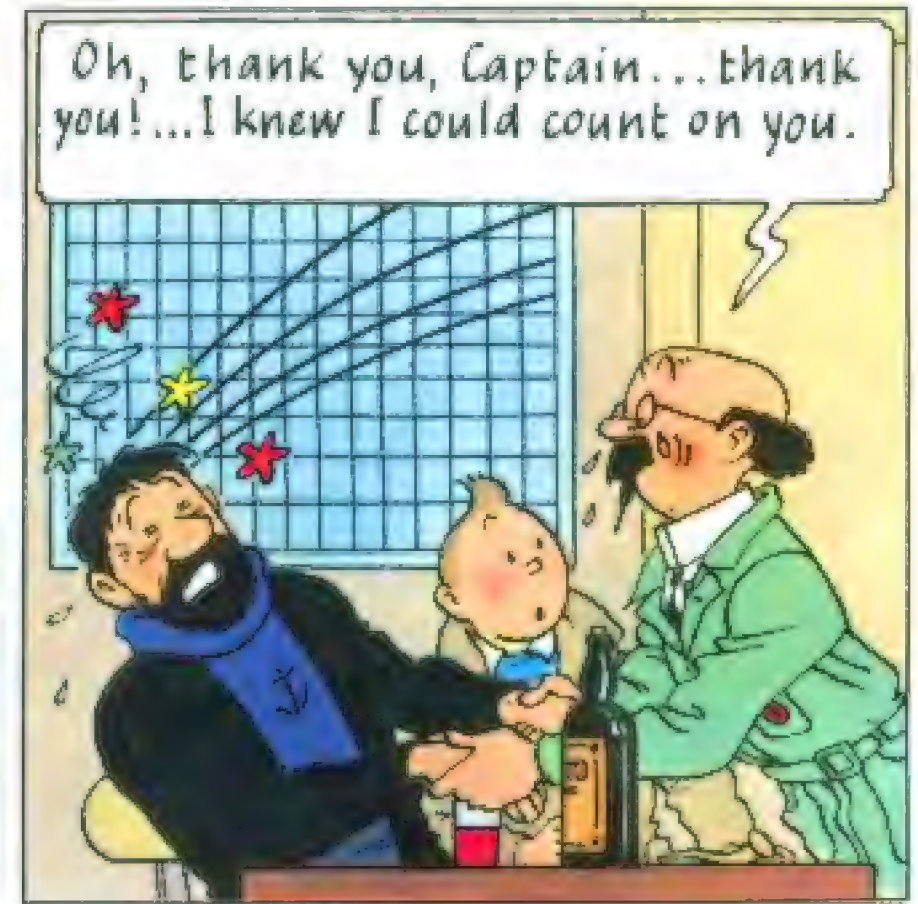
Oh! ho! ho!... I haven't laughed so much for years!... On the Moon!... And he's quite serious about it!... You old humbug, Calculus!

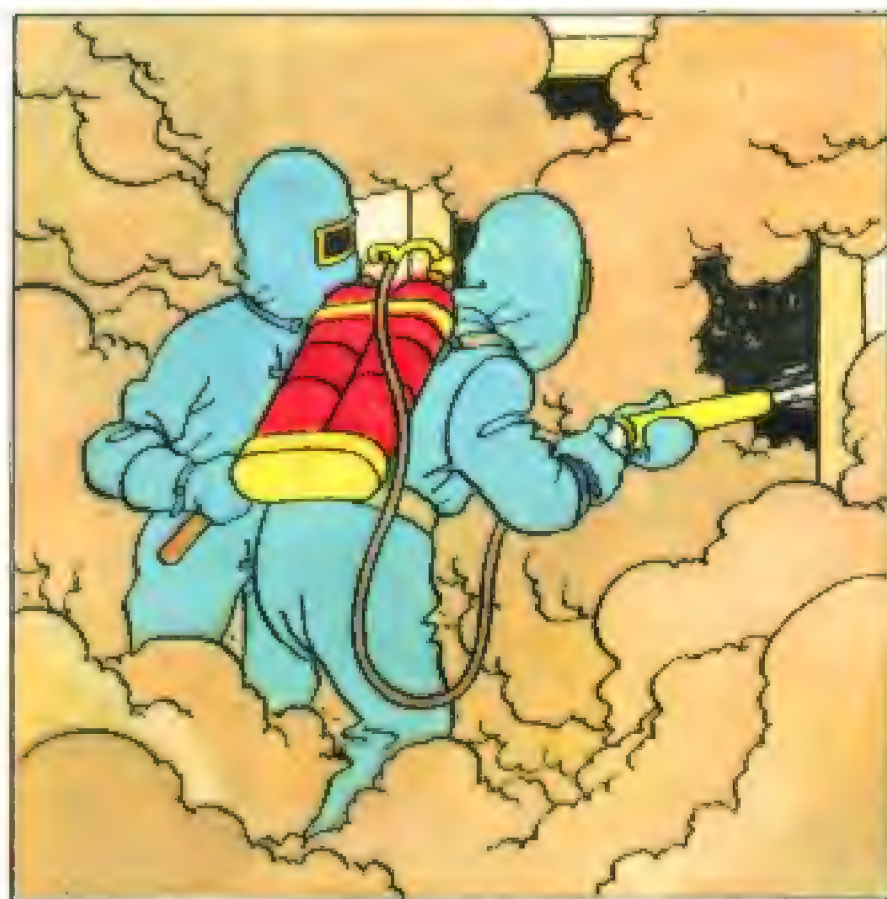
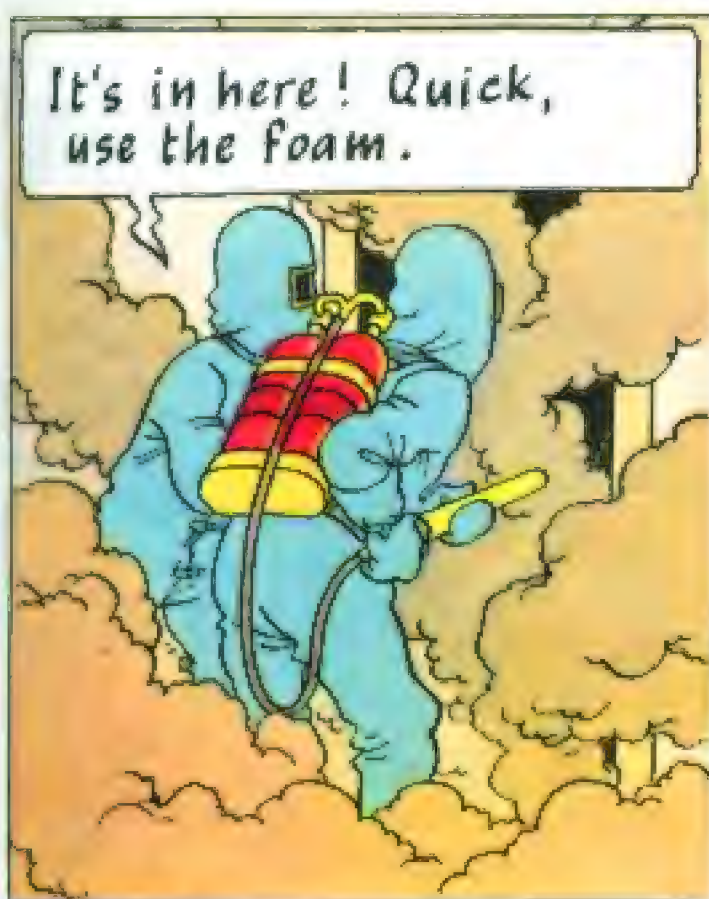
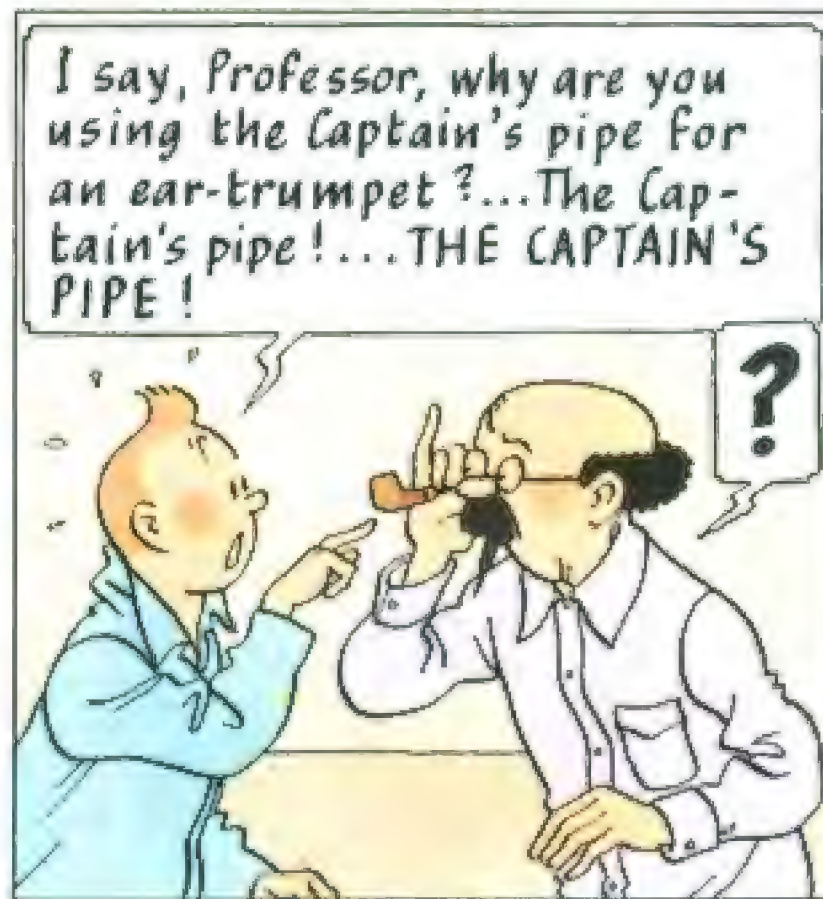
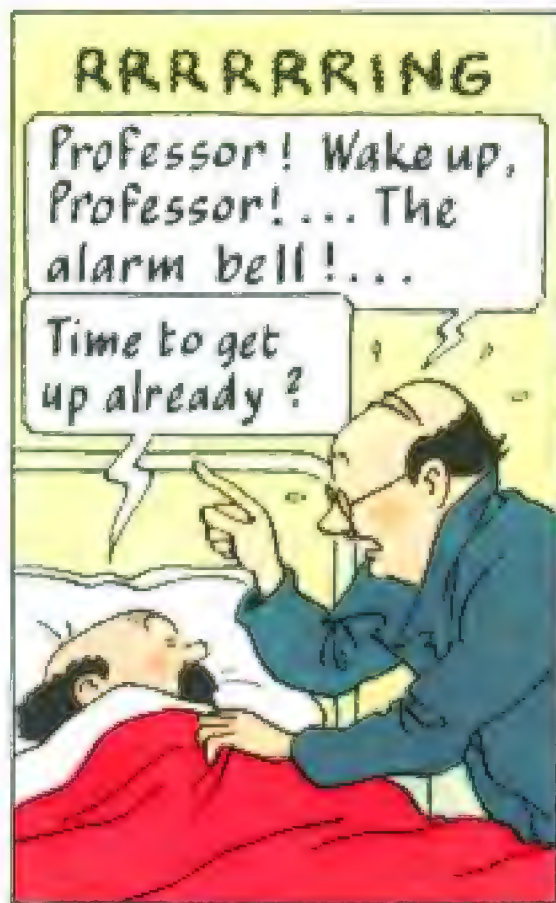
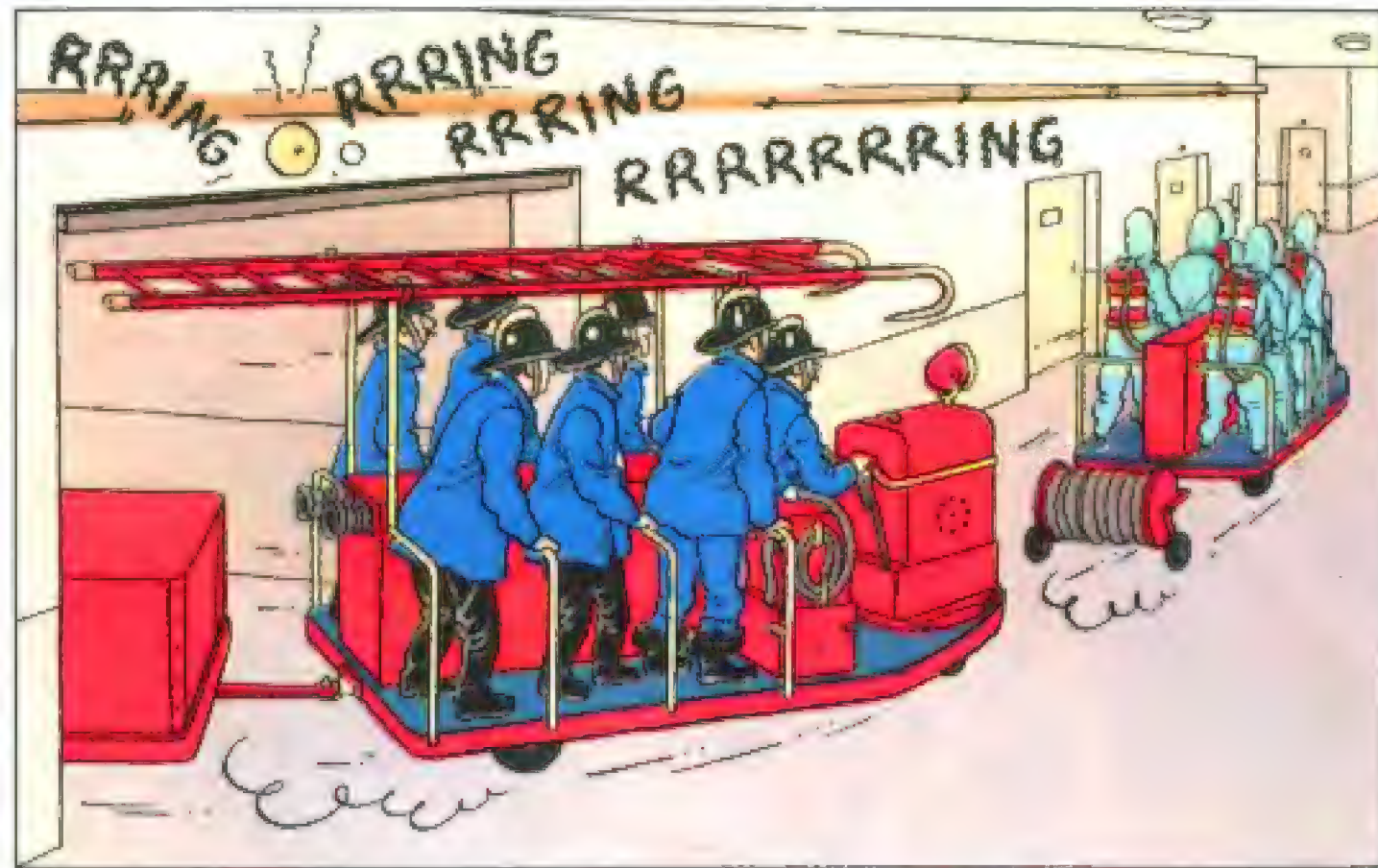


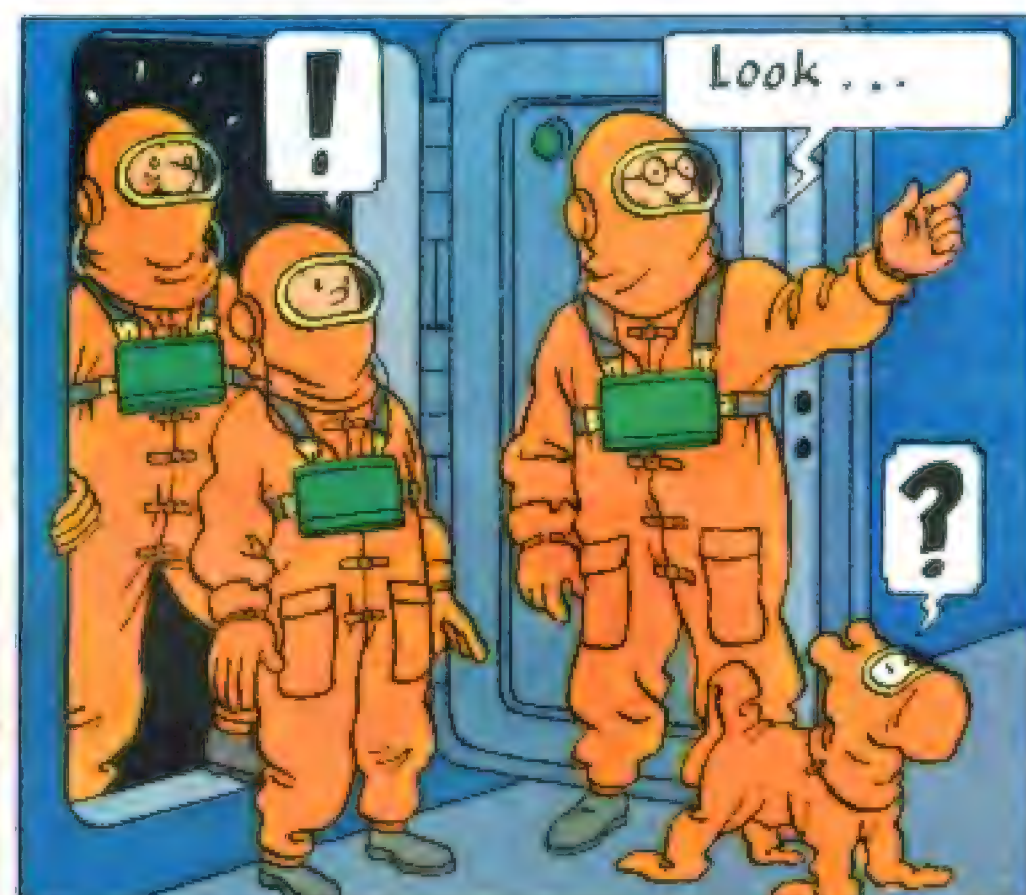
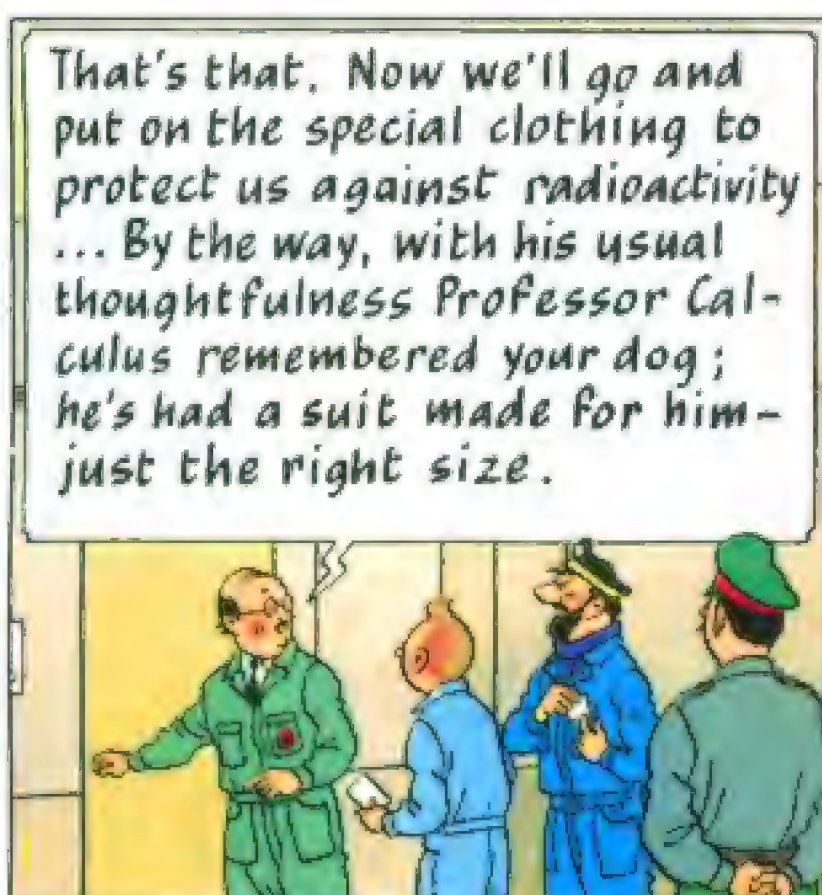
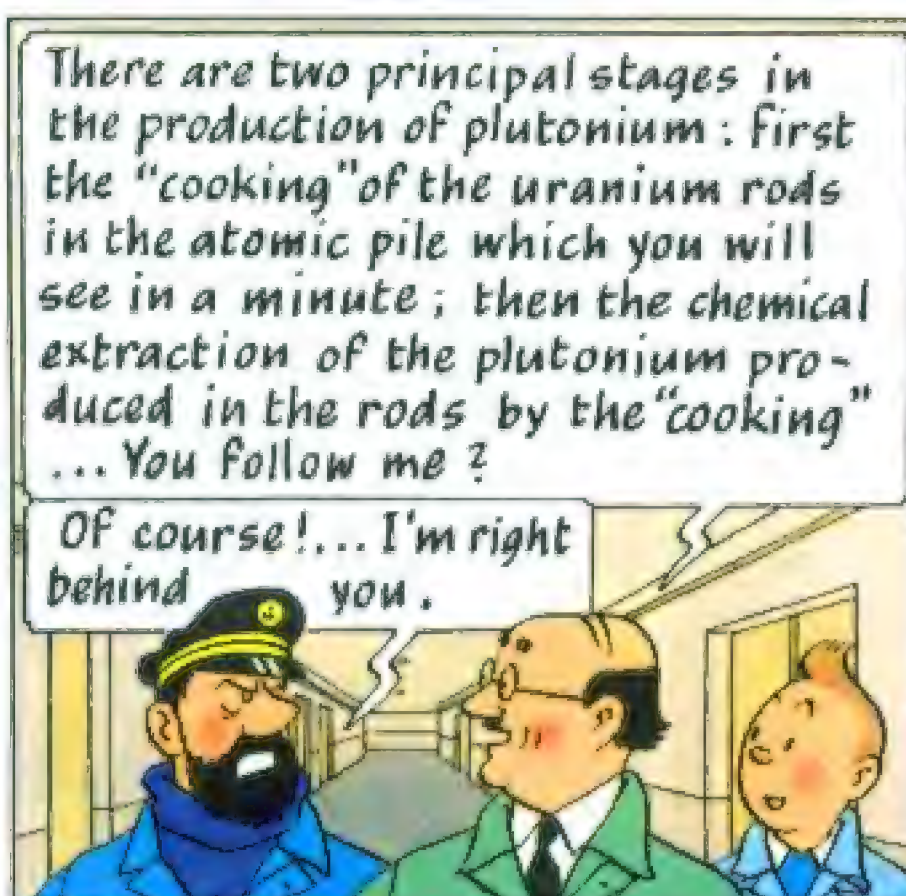
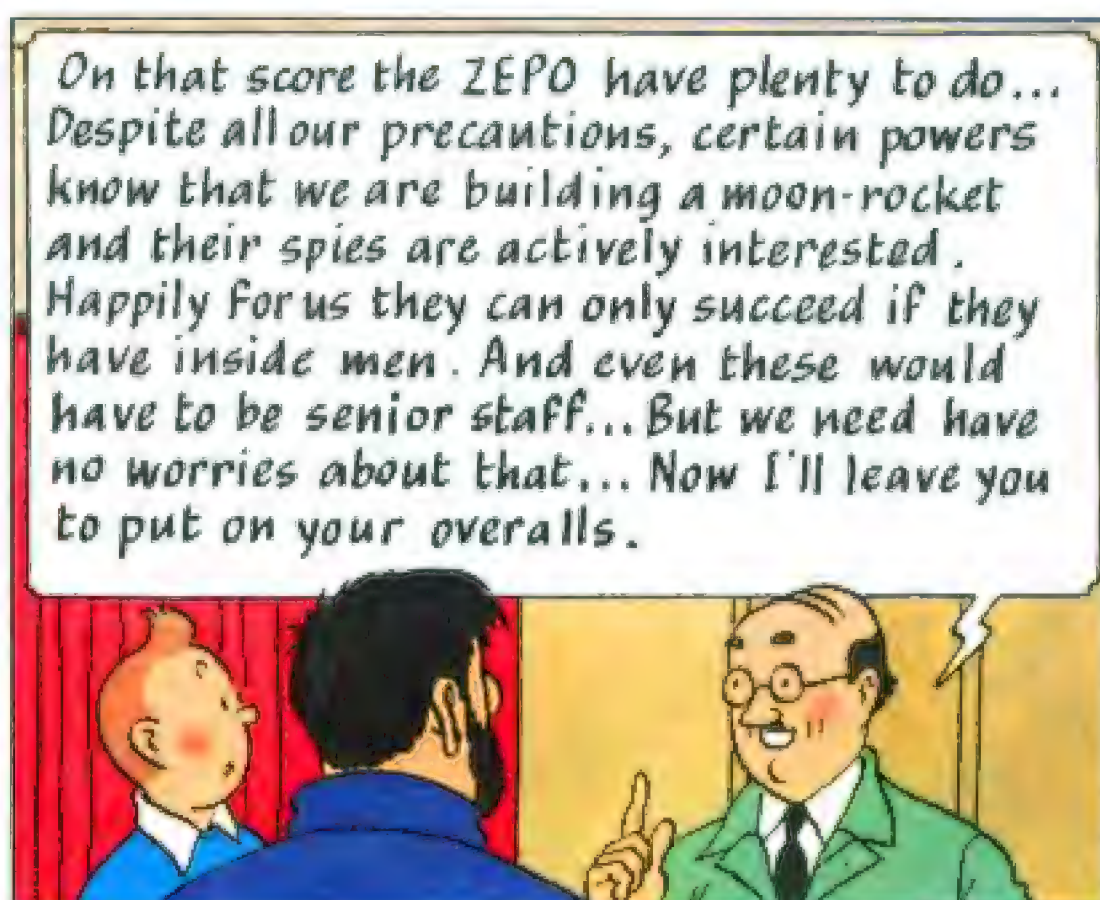
Here's to you!... Ha! ha! ha! Passengers for the Moon, all aboard the bus!... Sorry, the rocket!... You are taking passengers, I hope?

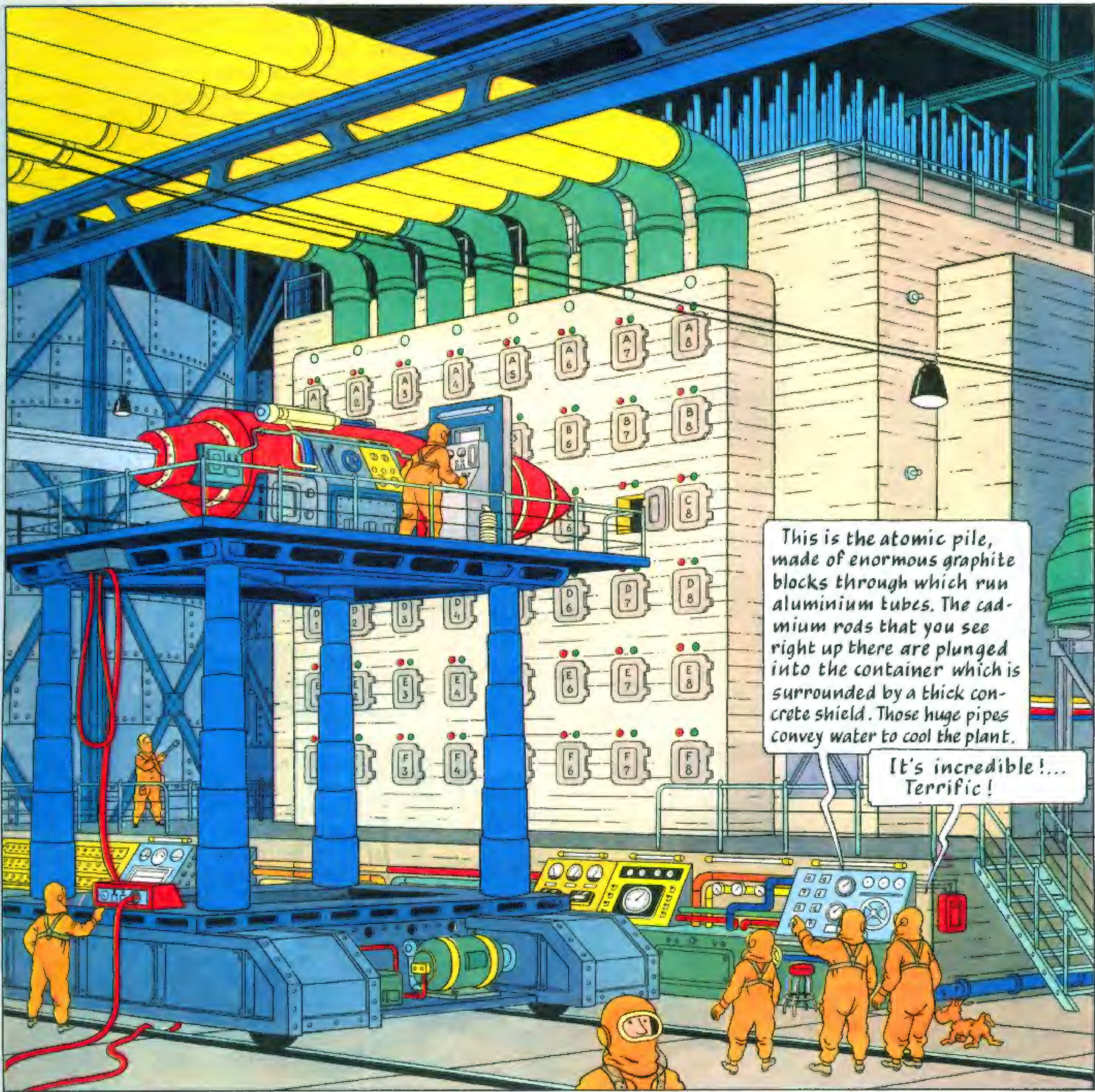


Of course!... Why else do you think I asked you to join me?...



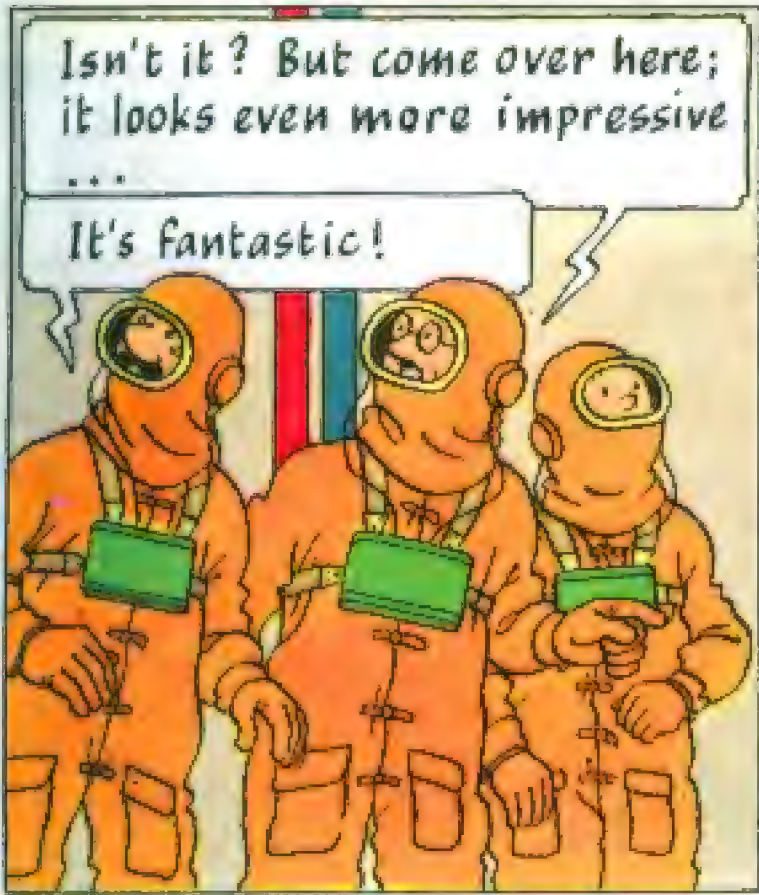






This is the atomic pile, made of enormous graphite blocks through which run aluminium tubes. The cadmium rods that you see right up there are plunged into the container which is surrounded by a thick concrete shield. Those huge pipes convey water to cool the plant.

It's incredible!... Terrific!

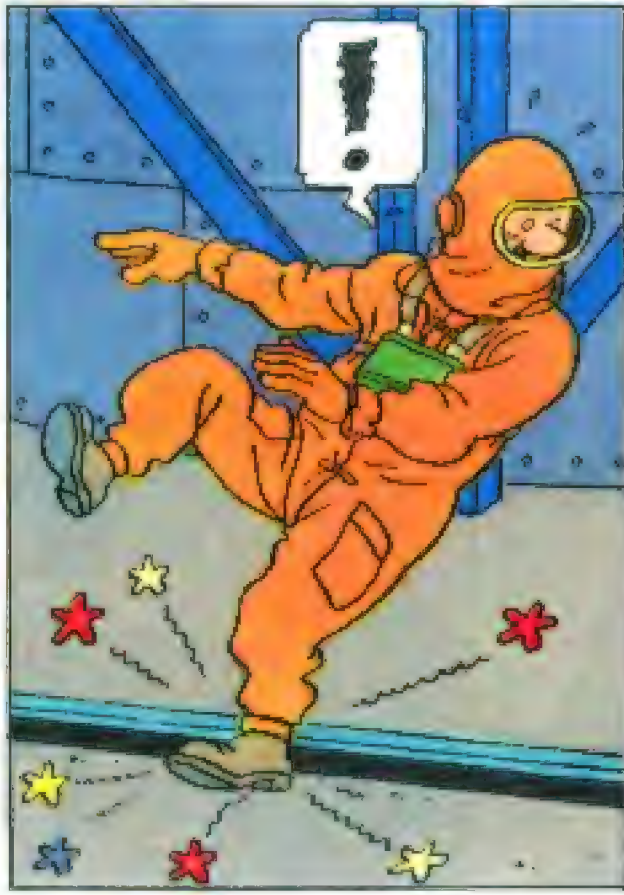


Isn't it? But come over here; it looks even more impressive ...

It's fantastic!



Stupendous! ... Fabulous! ... It... er...



!

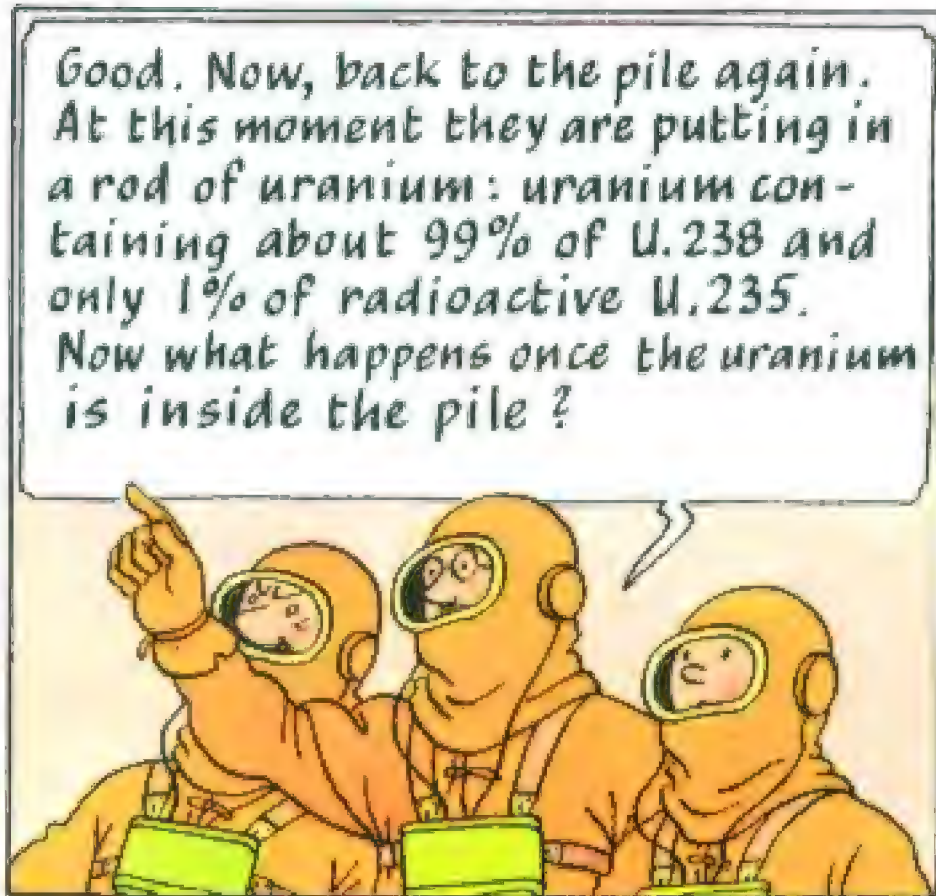


Bowls you over! That's what you were going to say, wasn't it, Captain?

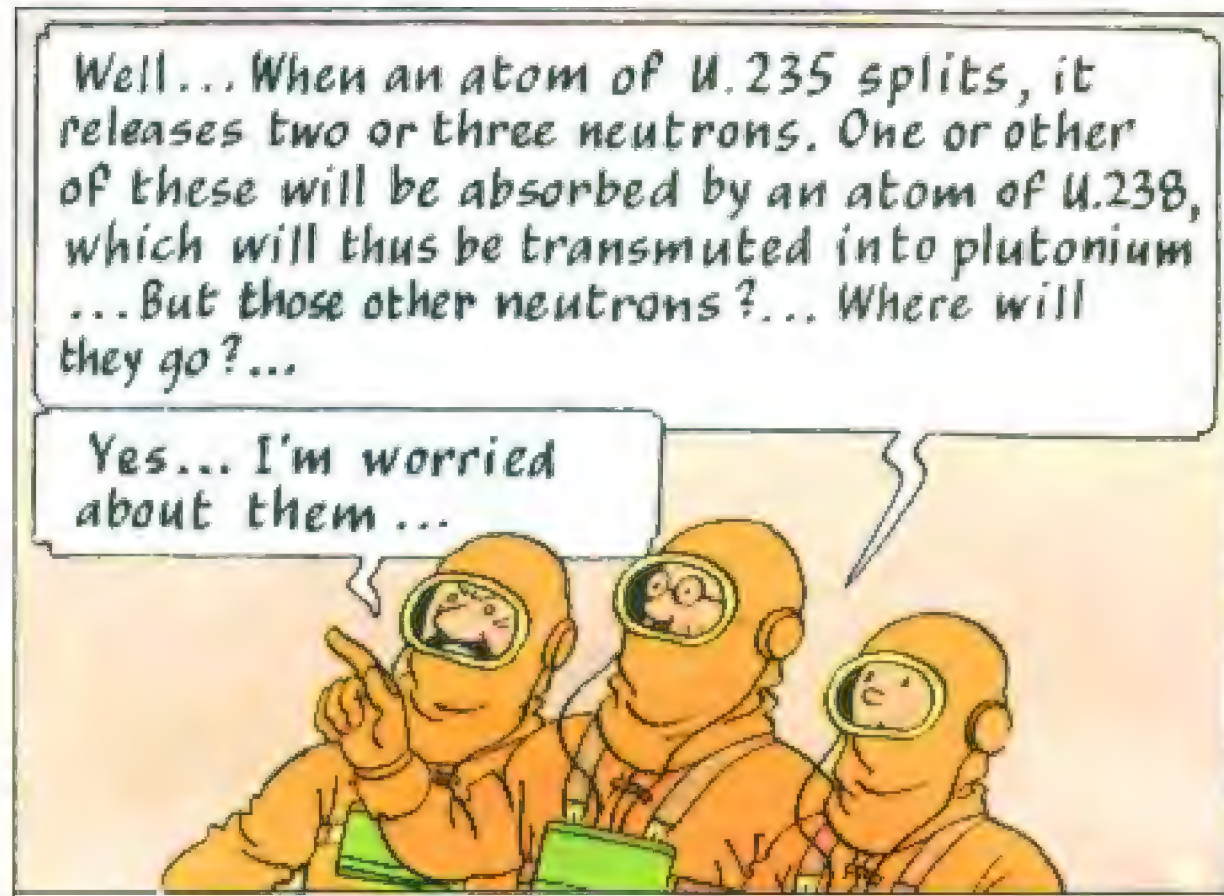


I hope you aren't hurt? ...

Hurt?... Oh no! ... Nothing at all!

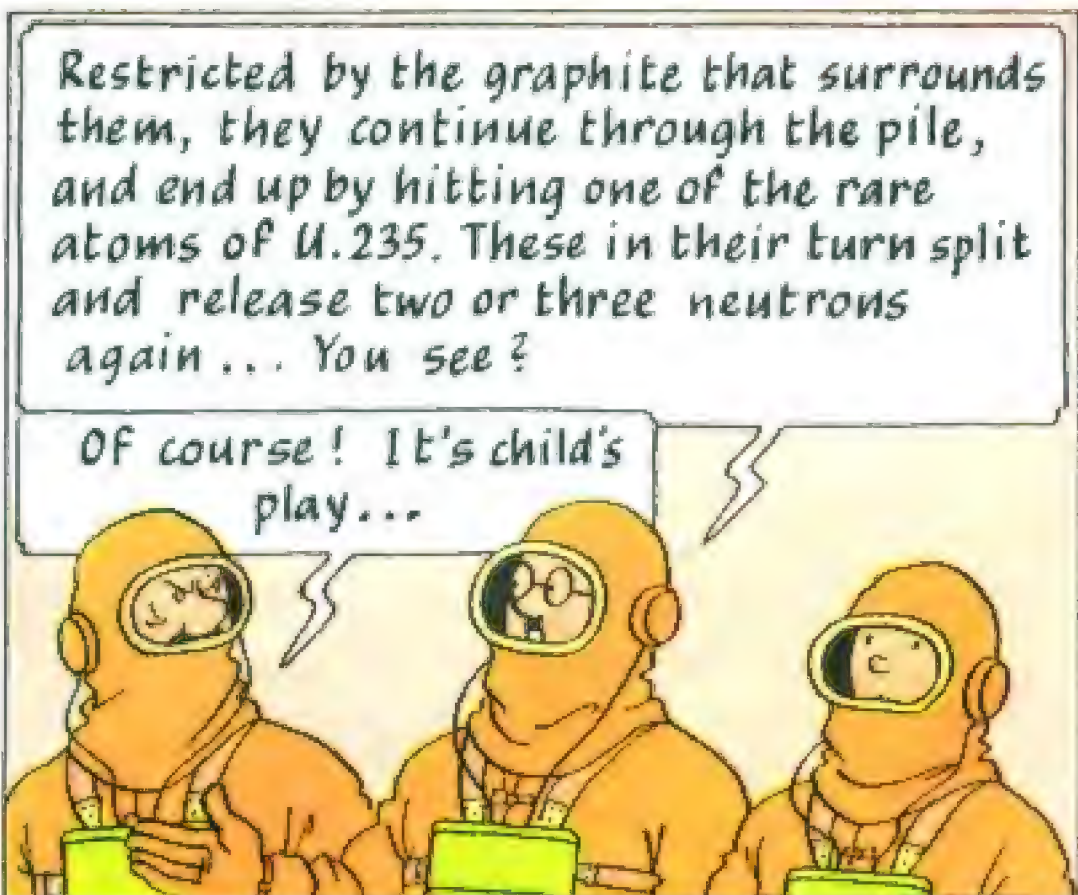


Good. Now, back to the pile again. At this moment they are putting in a rod of uranium: uranium containing about 99% of U.238 and only 1% of radioactive U.235. Now what happens once the uranium is inside the pile?



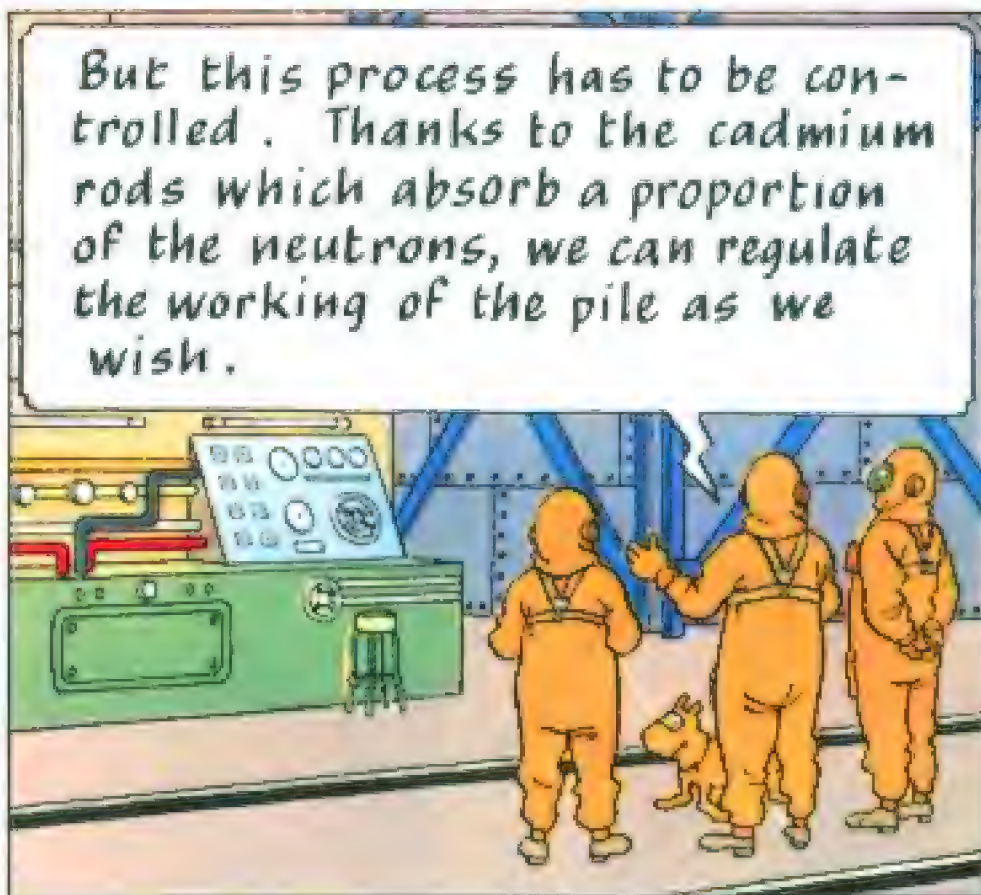
Well... When an atom of U.235 splits, it releases two or three neutrons. One or other of these will be absorbed by an atom of U.238, which will thus be transmuted into plutonium ... But those other neutrons?... Where will they go?...

Yes... I'm worried about them ...

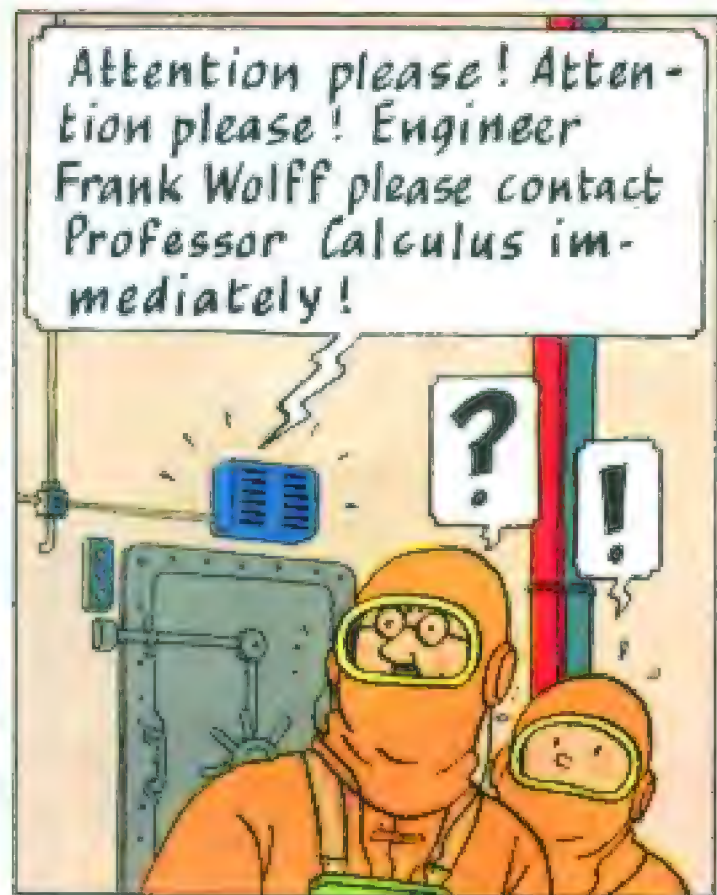


Restricted by the graphite that surrounds them, they continue through the pile, and end up by hitting one of the rare atoms of U.235. These in their turn split and release two or three neutrons again ... You see?

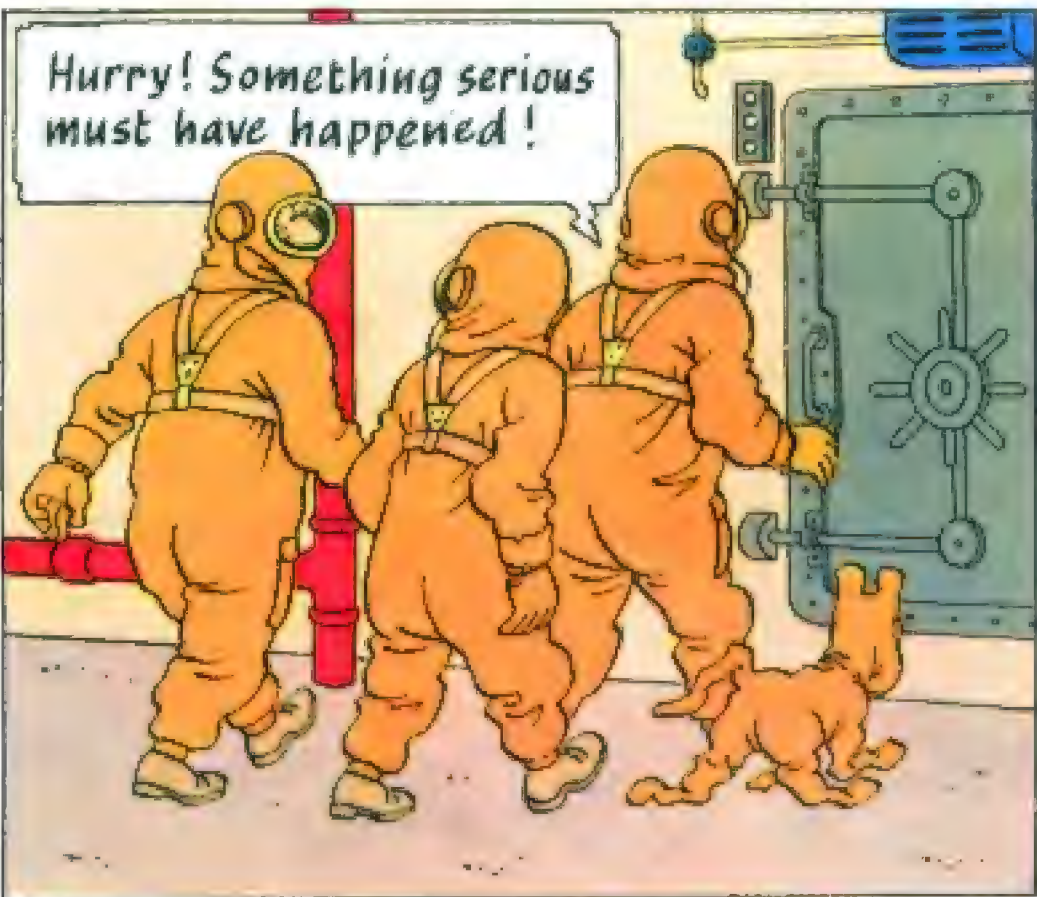
Of course! It's child's play...



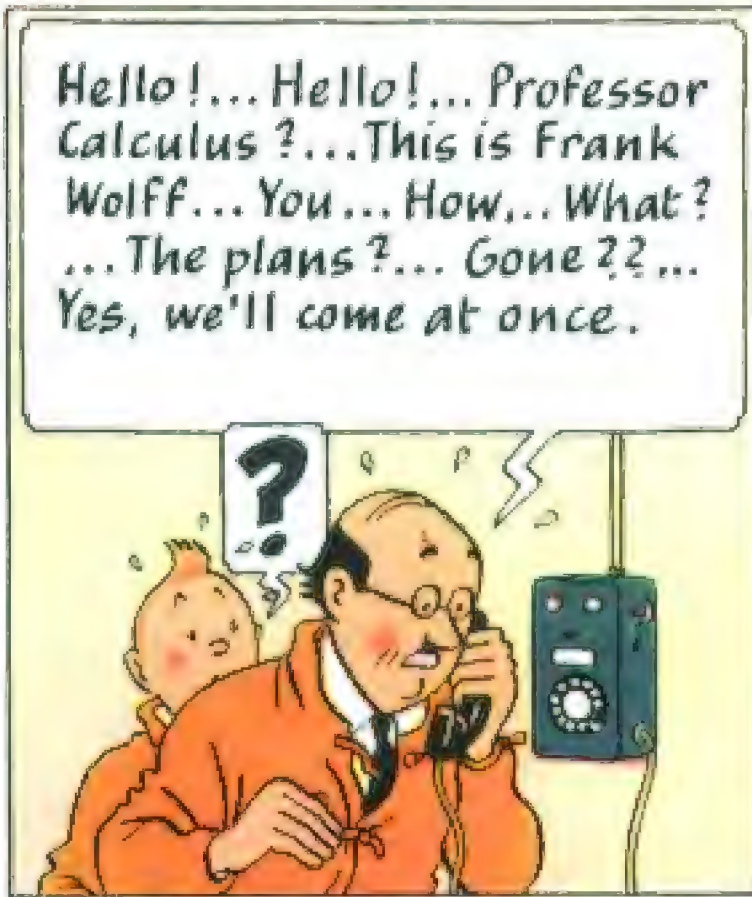
But this process has to be controlled. Thanks to the cadmium rods which absorb a proportion of the neutrons, we can regulate the working of the pile as we wish.



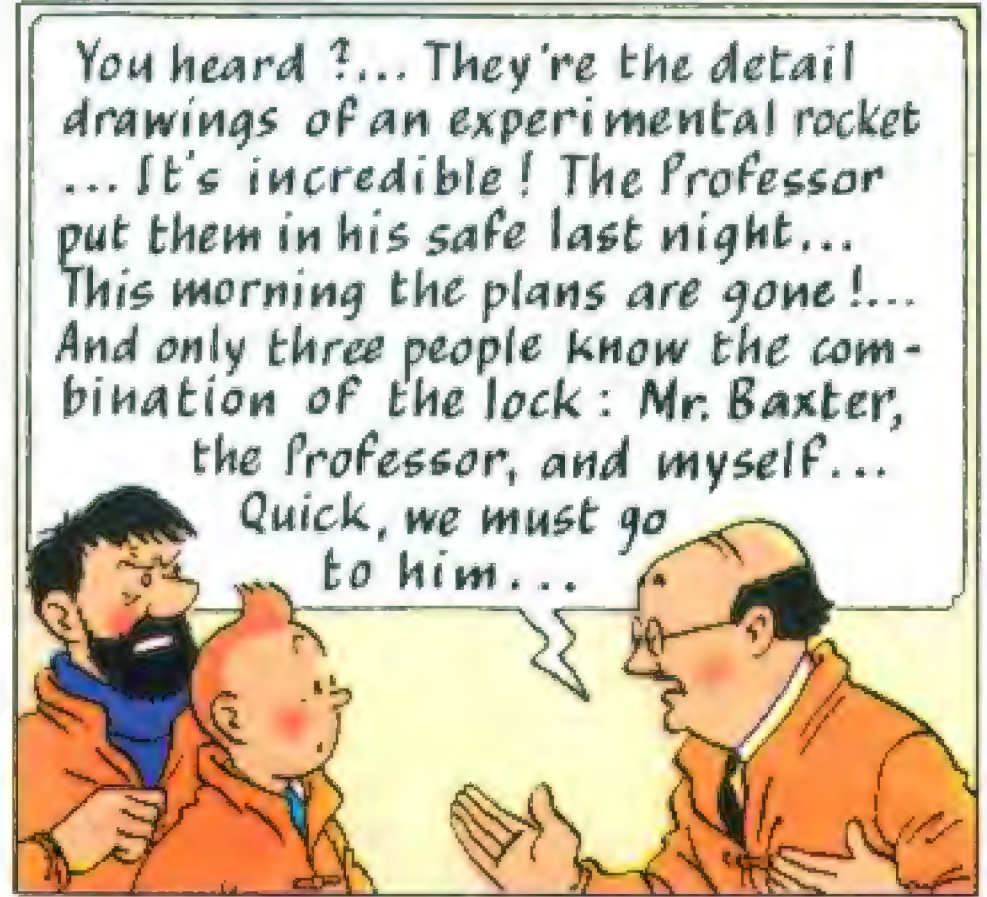
Attention please! Attention please! Engineer Frank Wolff please contact Professor Calculus immediately!



Hurry! Something serious must have happened!



Hello!... Hello!... Professor Calculus?... This is Frank Wolff... You... How... What?... The plans?... Gone??... Yes, we'll come at once.



You heard?... They're the detail drawings of an experimental rocket ... It's incredible! The Professor put them in his safe last night... This morning the plans are gone!... And only three people know the combination of the lock: Mr. Baxter, the Professor, and myself... Quick, we must go to him...



Just when is someone going to let me out of this fancy - dress?



A few minutes later...

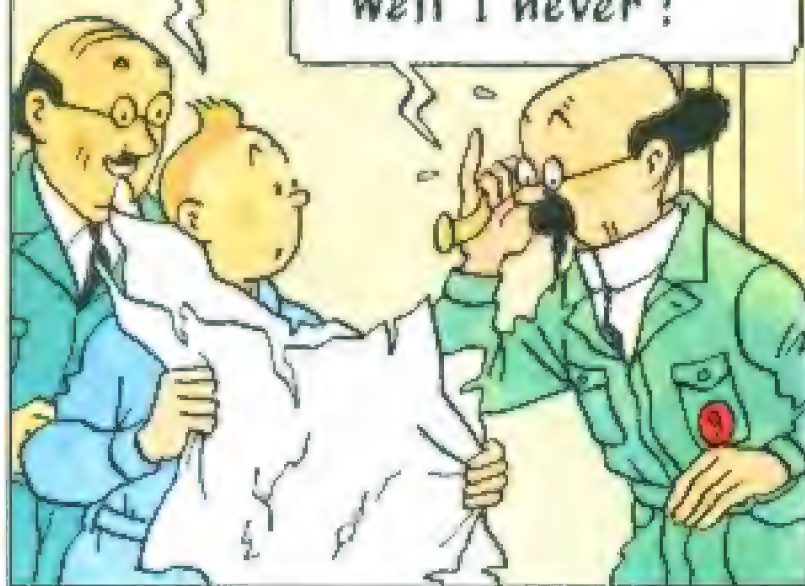
And this morning when I opened the safe, look what I found: old newspapers instead of the plans...

We'd never hear the end of it if I rummaged in a dustbin! You'd do better to let me out of this duffle coat with a windscreen!



Excuse me, Professor, I may be mistaken, but I found these in the waste-paper basket. Aren't they the plans you're looking for?

Well I never!



I... Why, so they are!... But how could I? I'm terribly sorry... In a moment of absent-mindedness last night I must have put the plans in the basket, and locked up these old newspapers...



How lucky to have found them! These are plans of an experimental rocket we are just getting ready. Come, I'll show you... It's a model of the rocket which will, one day, take us to the Moon...



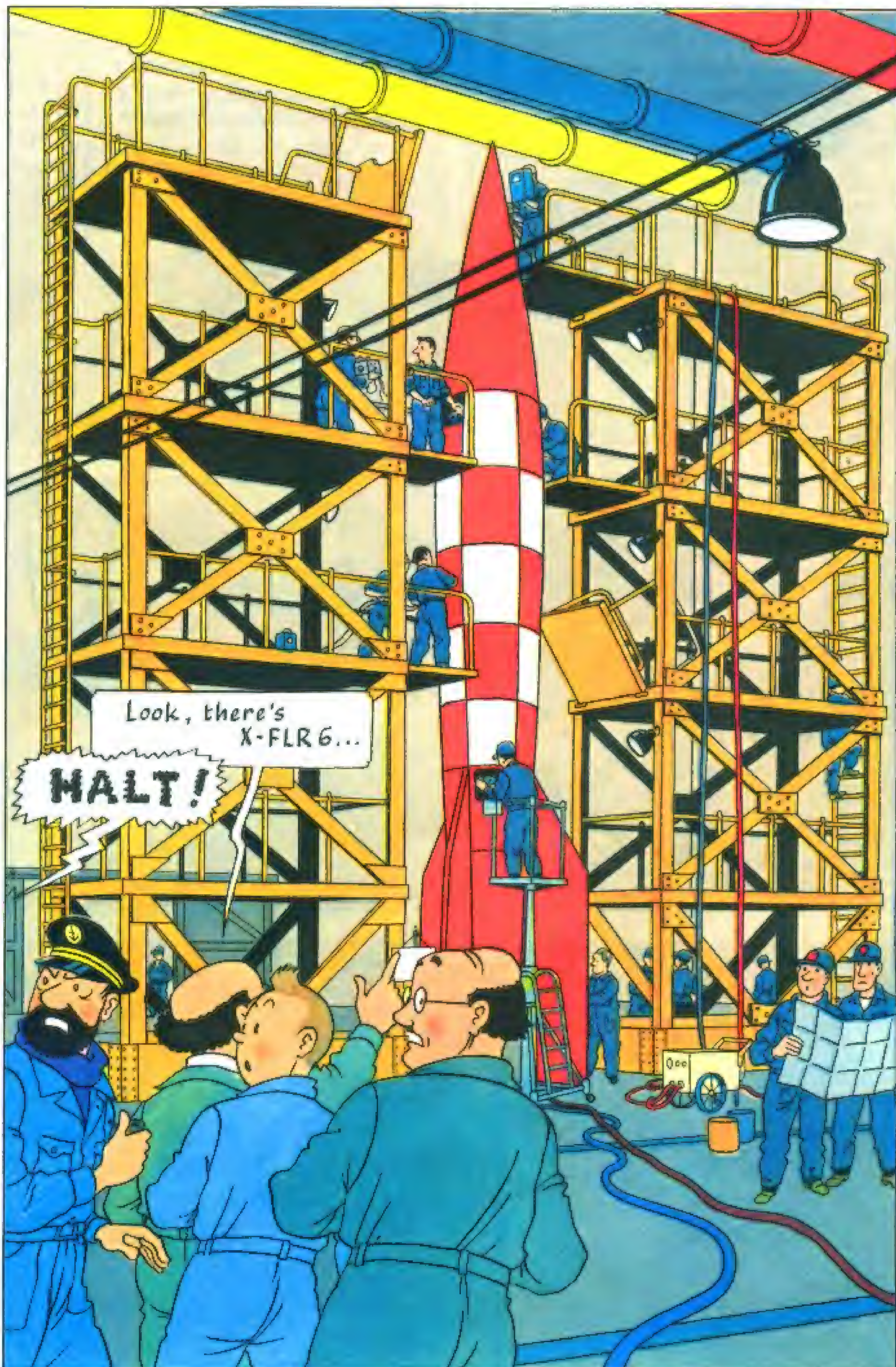
As you know, the Moon travels round the Earth, always showing the one face. The other side is completely unknown. The radio-controlled rocket we are going to launch will circumnavigate the Moon...

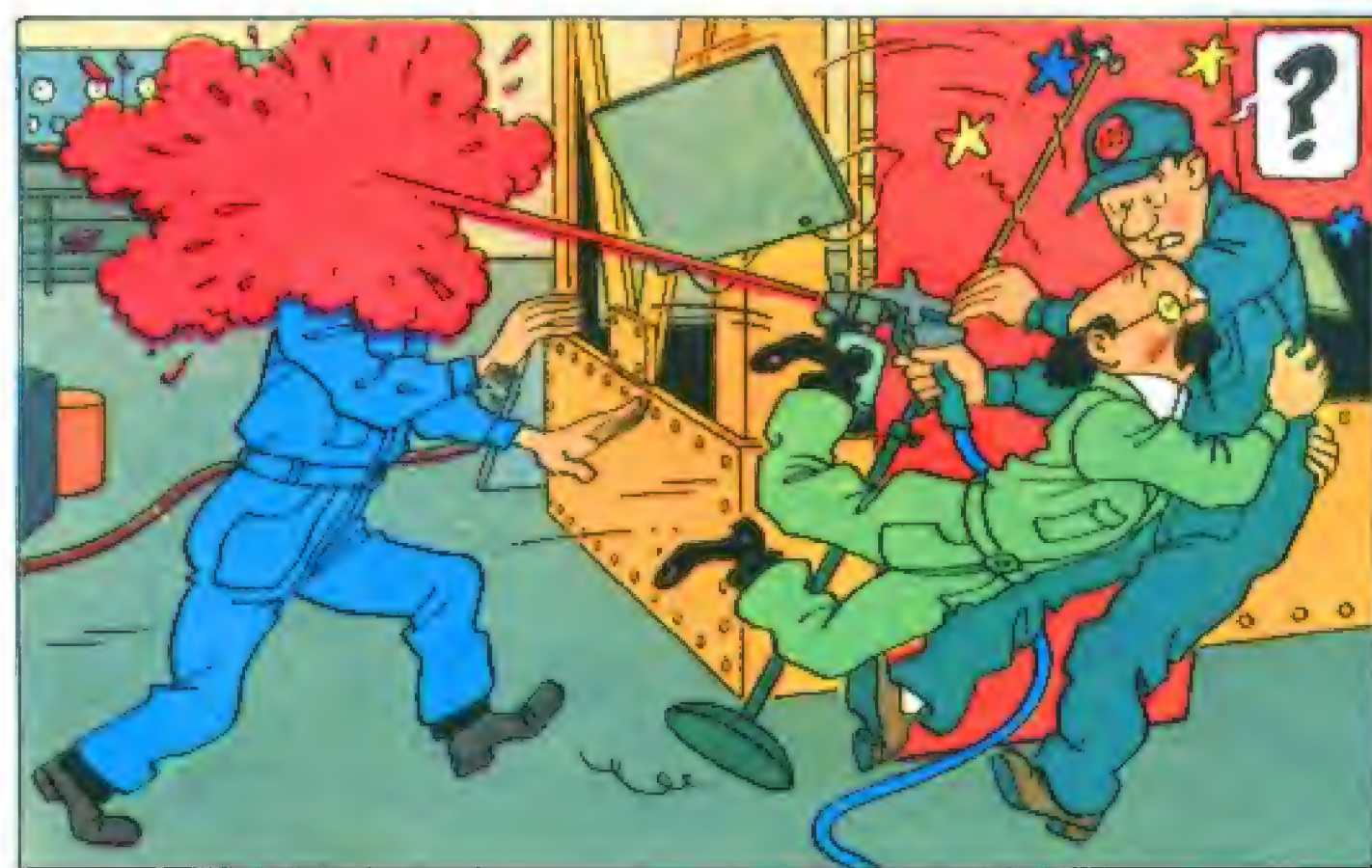
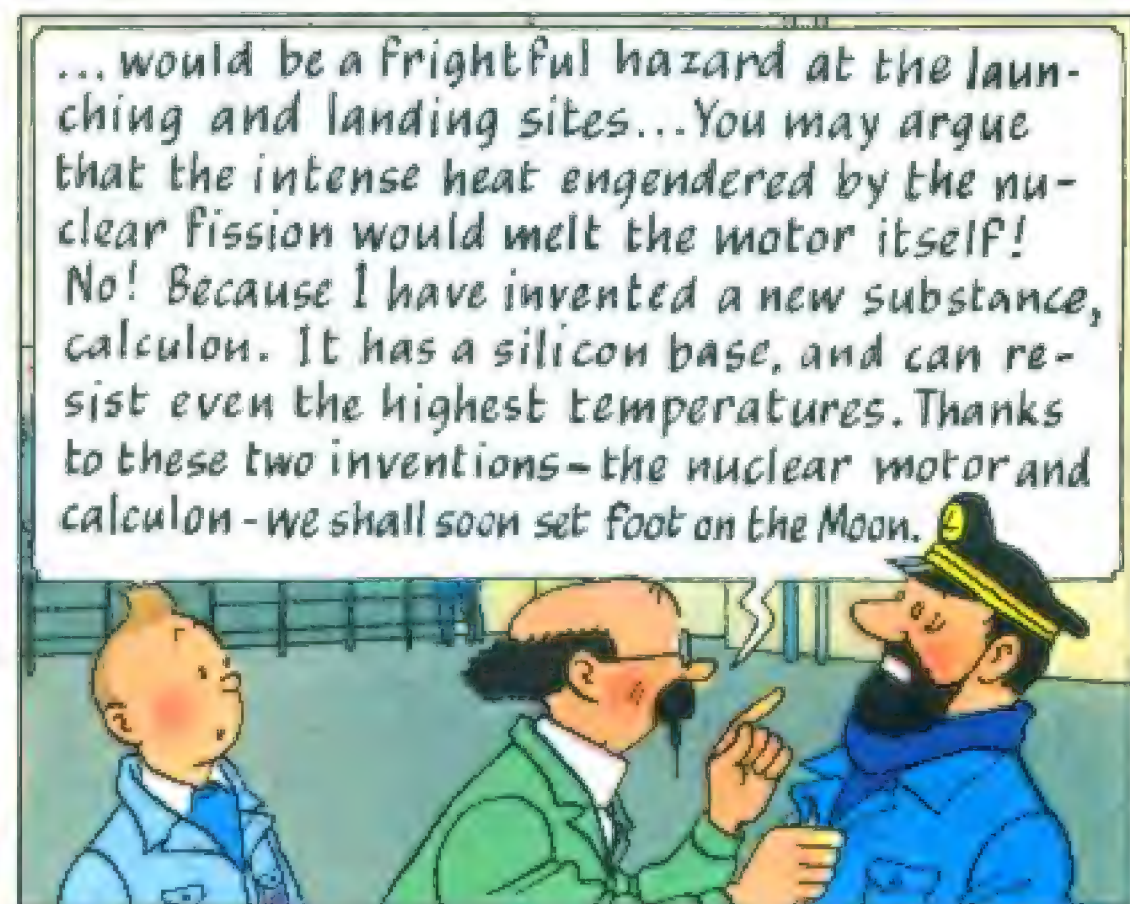
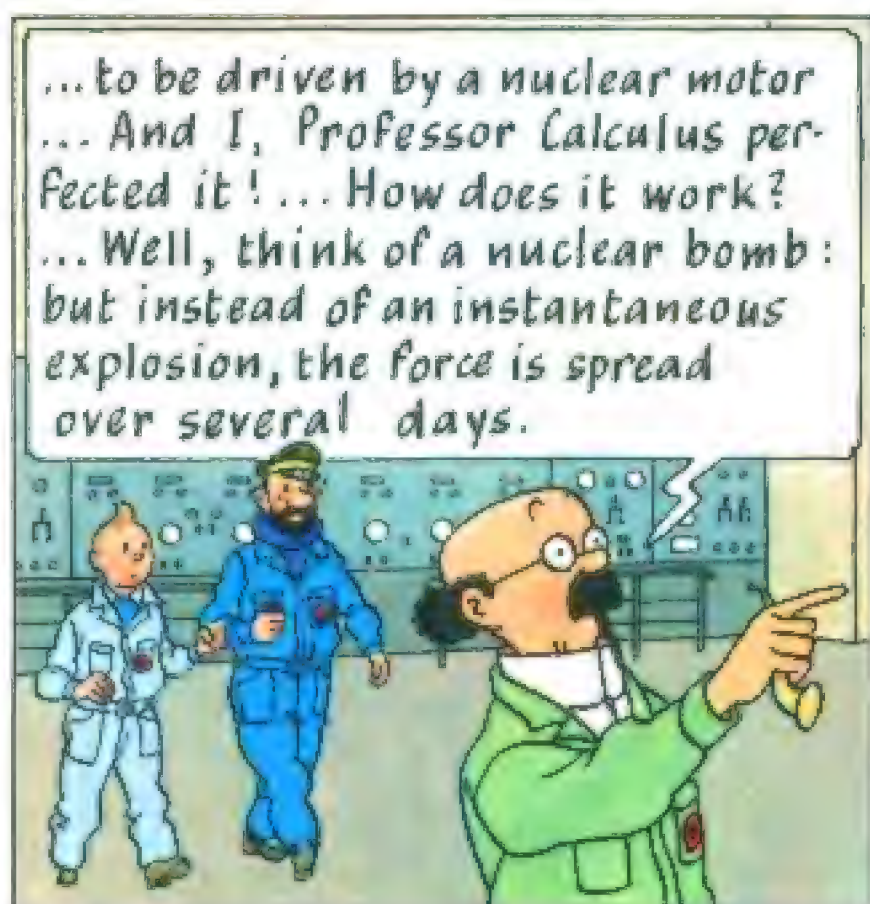
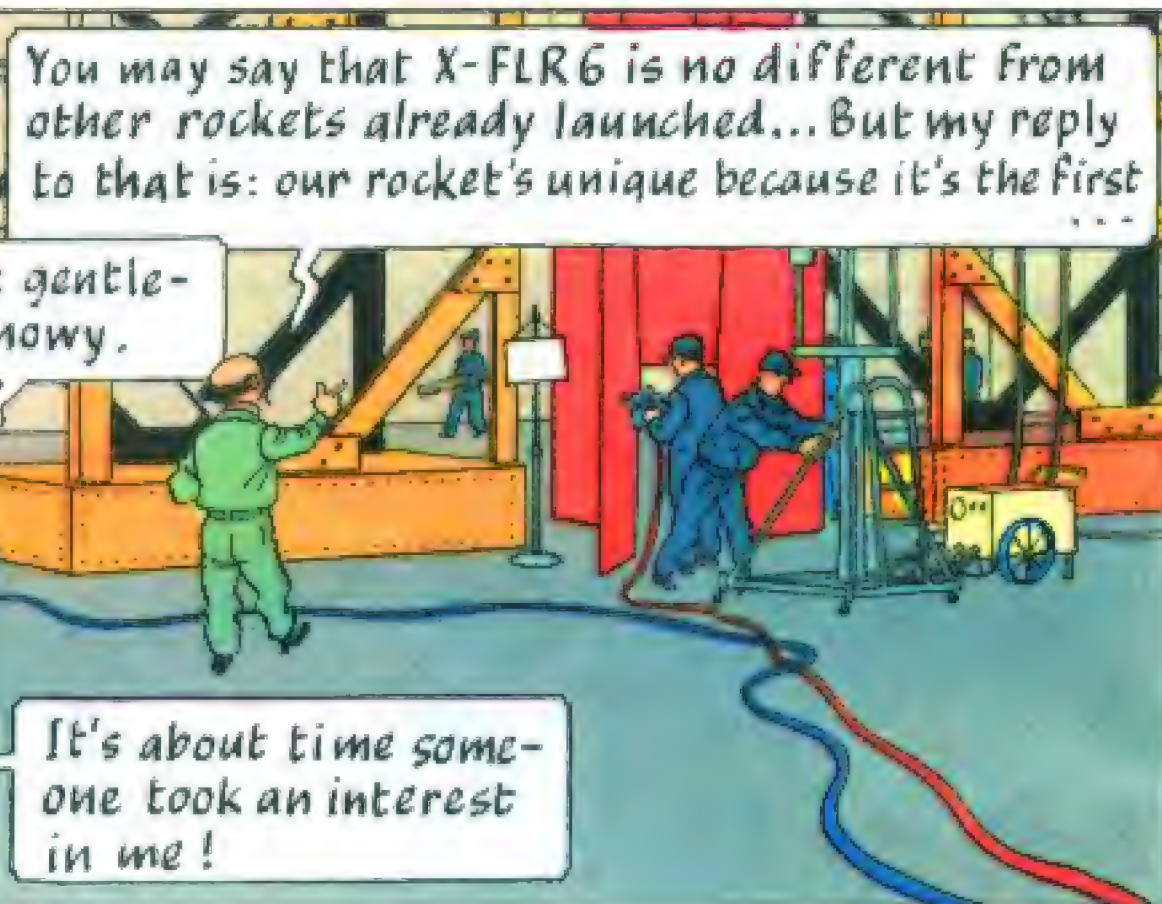


... and take photographs of the other side—the face which is, and always will be, invisible from the Earth. If only from the point of view of astronomy this will be of tremendous interest. But that is not our only objective. Needless to say the rocket...



... X-FLR 6, as we have called it, will carry a full range of instruments. When these are recovered they will give us invaluable information for our own trip to the Moon...





Attention please!... Control calling!... Emergency!... Aircraft from South violating Security Area... Fighters and A.A. personnel to action stations



Sprodj Control to unidentified aircraft. Are you receiving me?... You are violating a Security Area... If you proceed you are liable to be forced down



They've spotted us!... They're ordering us to turn back!

At all costs don't answer them: we aren't over the right place yet.



Sprodj Control to unidentified aircraft. I repeat, if you do not clear Security Area, we will open fire, we will open fire,



We hadn't bargained for this! They say they'll shoot!

Answer with a few odd words to make them think we're in trouble... We must play for time...



... craft... F... R... receive... lost... course... please... our... posi...



A plane must have lost its way. Their radio is intermittent. They're trying to answer us. What shall we do?



This is it! Jump!



Radar to Control!... Three parachutists have just jumped from the plane!



Control calling!... Order the Ack-Ack to open fire!



BOOM BOOM BOOM

Crumbs! It wasn't a dream: that's Ack-Ack fire!



TIUUUUUUW

That's an unexploded shell coming down!



Zzzzzzz... Zzzzzzz...



Great snakes! It went off in the Professor's room! Quick! I must hurry!



Who is it? Did someone knock?



Next morning...

Attention please! All personnel in category "A" please report at once to Mr. Baxter for an important announcement..

Category "A"?... That's us!

Yes. Come on!

Gentlemen, there have been serious incidents during the night... An unidentified aircraft flew over the Security Area. It eluded our fighters and anti-aircraft fire, and dropped three parachutists. The parachute of one failed to open and he was killed. His body was found this morning. He was carrying rations, arms, and a radio set, but of course no identification papers...

Till now the other two parachutists have evaded capture. Needless to say everything is being done to find them. They will undoubtedly be caught forthwith. Meanwhile, gentlemen, I ask for your co-operation...

Operation?... Who's he talking about, having an operation?... Is somebody ill?

... and would like to impress on you, my senior executives, the need for constant vigilance. This daring raid proves that even the strictest precautions cannot stop desperate men.

Thank you, gentlemen, that will be all. May I just have a word with the X-FLR6 team...

Perhaps your ear-trumpet is blocked?

Not in the least: it's just blocked, that's all.

You see? It's plaster... from that explosion last night... No, it won't come out like this...

Let's see, perhaps if I shake it...

Well, Professor, what are you up to now?

OH! Blistering barnacles! I thought that sort of thing only happened to me!

I'm terribly sorry...

Don't mention it!

Excuse me: the telephone...

RRRRING

Hello... Yes... What?... Captured the parachutists?... Both of them?... Splendid!... Greeks, you say?... That's odd. Bring them here immediately. I'll question them myself.

A few minutes later

... You've got the strong end of the wick... no, I mean...

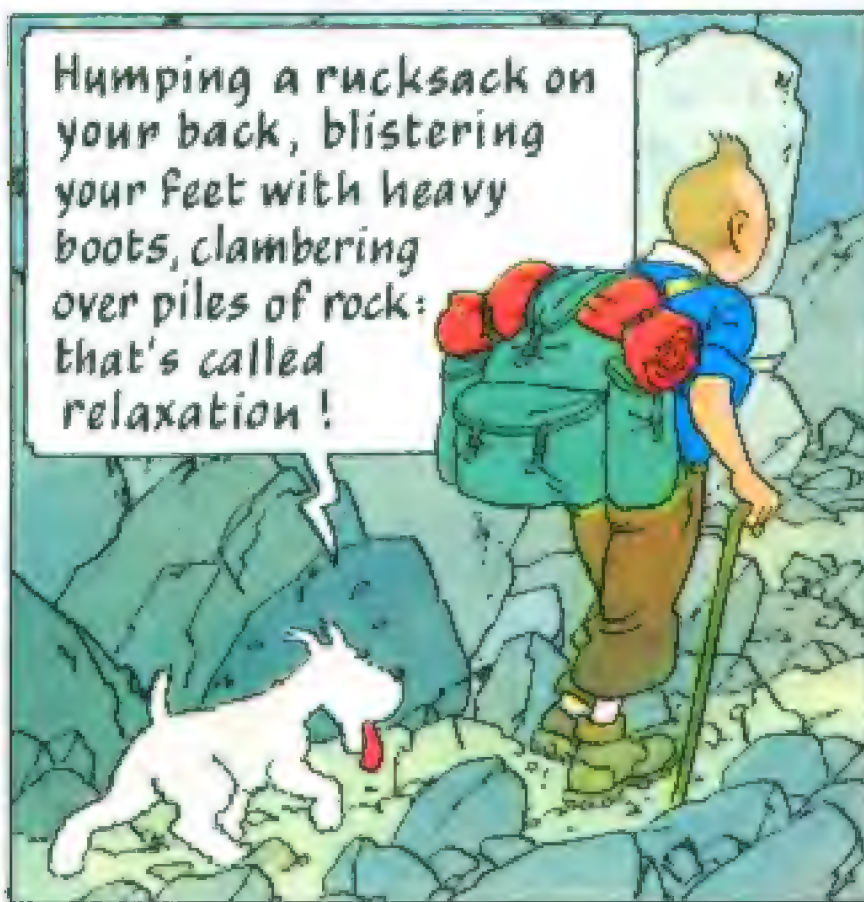
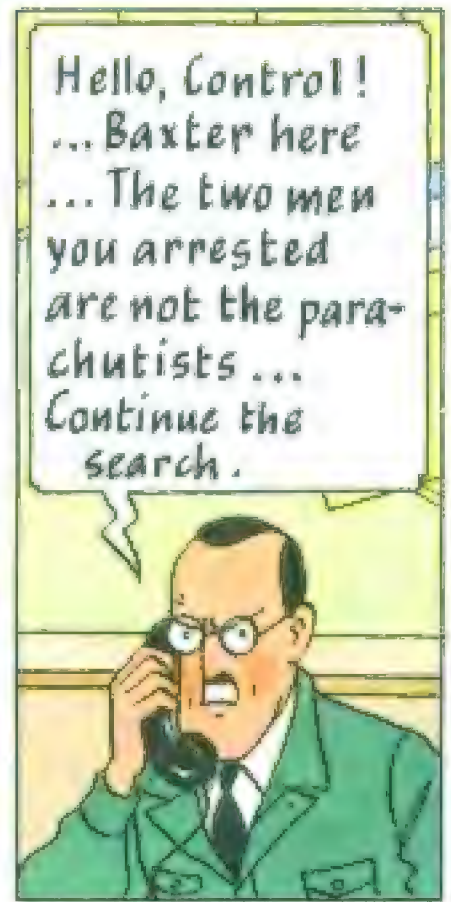
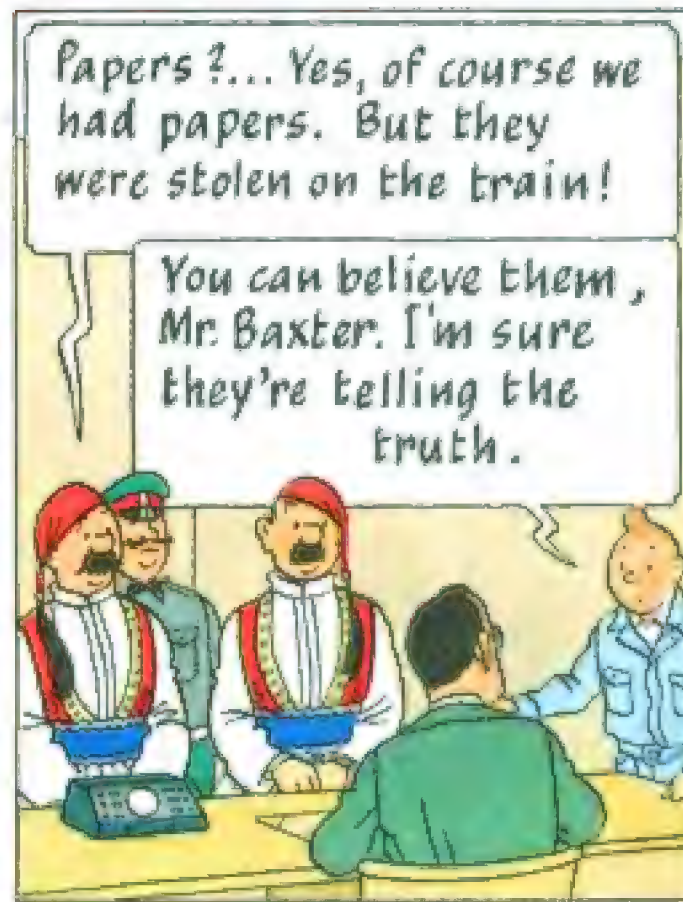
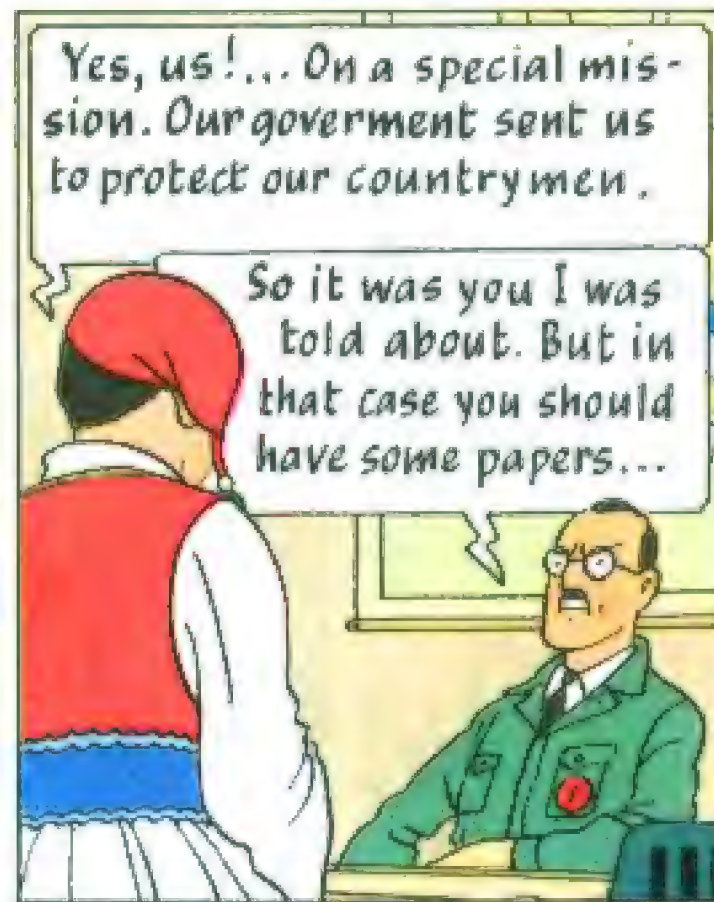
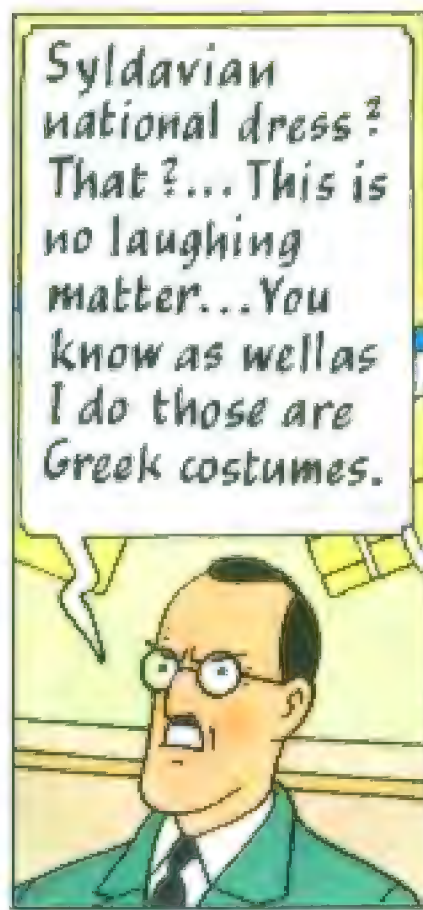
Silence!

RAT
TAT
TAT

To be precise: the stick!

These are the two birds, sir.

This is it!... Sensational appearance of the Thomson twins!



Supposing these mysterious parachutists had an accomplice within the Centre who wanted to hand over the plans... How would they set about it?... All the entrances are guarded!... All of them?... No...



You see, Snowy, before we left I spent a long time studying a plan of the Centre. And I found two ventilators no one bothers to guard. They think they're inaccessible... Well, I believe there's a way of getting at them...



Let's see, where's the first one?... There!... Yes, that's it... No, you can't reach that; it's a sheer drop... Where's the other one...



There it is!... Well I think there's a way to approach that one... Come on, Snowy, we'll take a closer look.



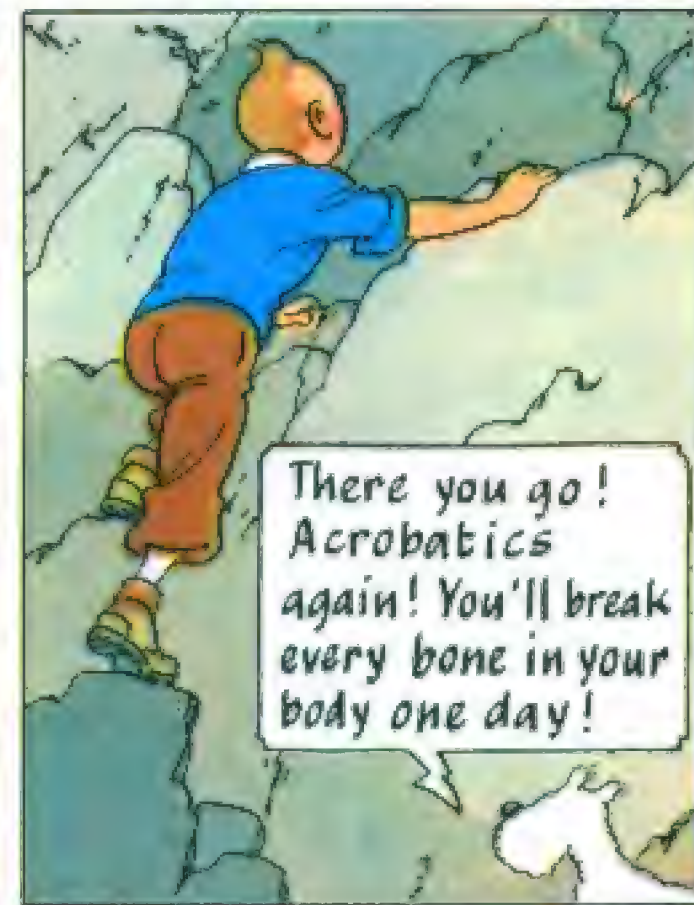
So there's our ventilator!



I'm going to look. You guard my rucksack, Snowy - and no noise! Those parachutists can't be far away.



There you go! Acrobatics again! You'll break every bone in your body one day!



It's just as I thought. This must be where the spies contact their inside accomplice... I...



?

WOOAH! WOOAH!



A BEAR CUB!

WOOAH! WOOAH!



It must have been attracted by the smell of the honey sandwiches in my rucksack...



Well, if you like them, take one... Enjoy yourself, little greedy-guts!



There he goes, without waiting for more!... And he didn't even say thank you!



That's that, eh, Snowy my boy? Here's a piece for you.



Hey, Snowy, what's the matter?





Steady! Steady! You bunch of gluttons!



Crumbs! Here come the parents! That crowns it!



There! Those are for you! Go and get them!



Quick Snowy! Now's our chance to give them the slip. We'll make our way up there.



Funny sort of lift!



Here we are... The first thing is to warn the Captain.

The first thing is to let me down!



Hello, hello!... Hello, Captain?... Yes, it's me. I think I've got it... Yes... J Sector... Corridor 7... Ventilator 3... Yes... I can count on you?



Trust me!... You said J Sector, Corridor 7, Ventilator 3... Right! No, no, not a word to a soul!



Well... all we can do is await events... Here, Snowy. We must wrap up well; it's a chilly night.



Some hours later...

What's that?... I heard a noise!



That's one of the parachutists!... But where's the other?



He's approaching the grating... Someone's handing him papers... Now's my moment to join in!



Hands up!

?



Well done, Jim!

BANG

At that moment, inside the Centre...

That's a shot!

From outside! ... I ... Hey, I've got someone! ... Oh, I've lost him!

Wooa-aa-aa-aah ...

Got him again! ... Quick, help me hold him!

Where are you? ... Ah, there!

Let me go! Here, let me go! ... It's me, Frank Wolff!

Ah, the lights have gone on again... Why it's Mr. Wolff!

That's what I tried to tell you! ... Meanwhile he's got away...

OH!

Great Scotland Yard! Who's that?

The Captain! He's been knocked out!

Now then, what's the meaning of all this hullabaloo?

Mr. Baxter!

That's Snowy howling, Mr. Baxter. Something must have happened to Tintin. Hurry! He's out there, near the ventilator grid.

Hello, Control?... Baxter here... Send a search party at once to look for Tintin... Outside... J Sector... Corridor 7... Ventilator 3... Hurry!... Keep me informed at Post 18.

Now Captain, tell me what happened to you.

It's like this... Tintin went off this morning, saying he was going to try to catch the parachutists... About five o'clock he called me by radio: he was convinced he'd found the place where the intruders...

... would try to contact their accomplices. According to him it was the ventilator grid in this corridor. Events proved him right!... In the evening I lay in wait here... It was well on into the night when the lights suddenly went out, leaving the corridor in total darkness. I heard a rustling beside me, and that moment I thought my head had burst!

And you, Wolff?

Well, I happened to see the Captain as he left his quarters... There was something... er... odd about him and it intrigued me... I followed him. When he hid, I did the same... Time passed... Then, as he said, the current went off. I heard a dull thud, and the sound of a body falling... I leapt forward... There was a shot outside... then shouts... Someone jostled me in the dark... And then I found myself in the hands of these men.

Very odd...

And what are you doing here at this hour gentlemen?

In all sincerity Director-General, I can solemnly and truthfully say...

BHOOP

BHOOP

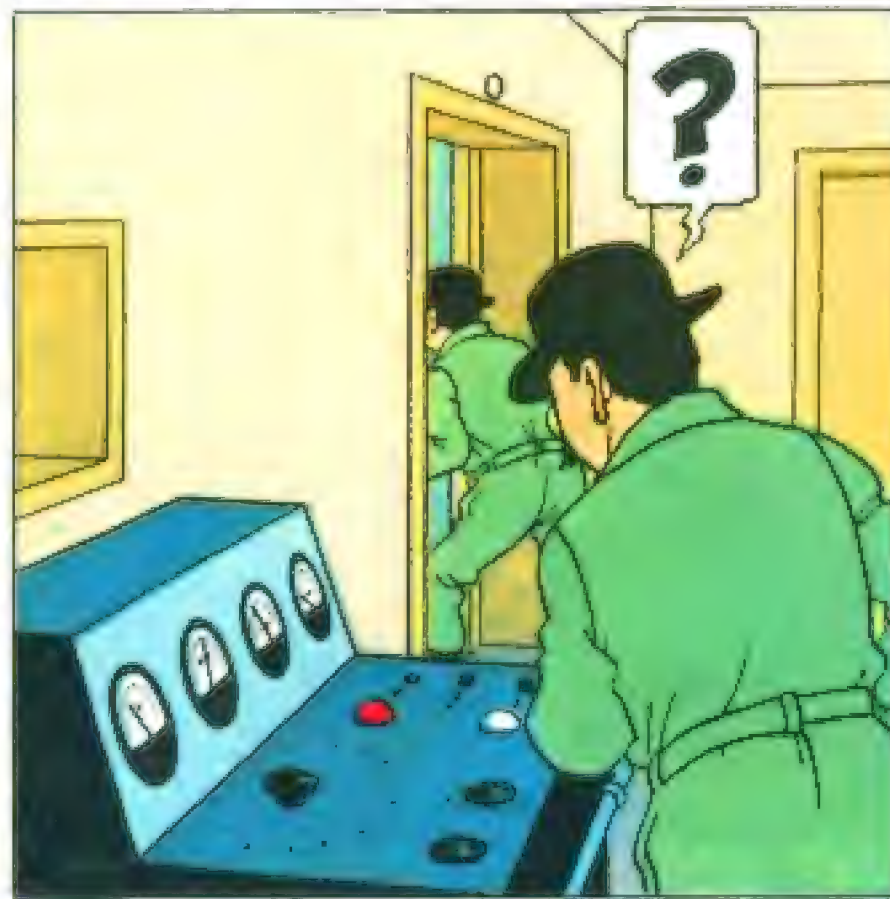
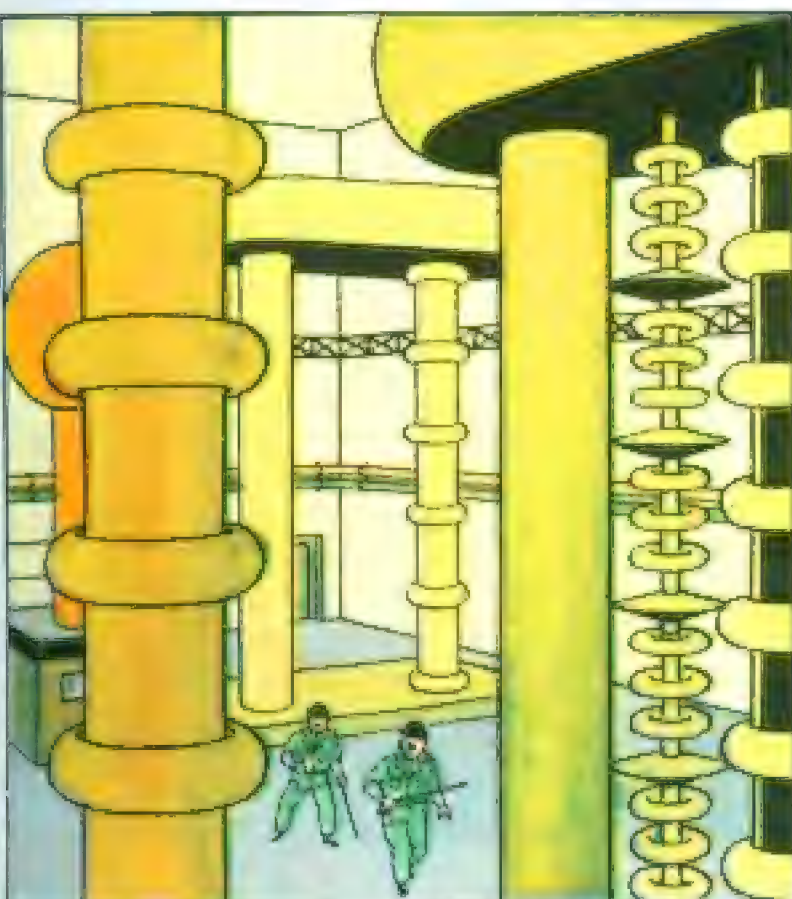
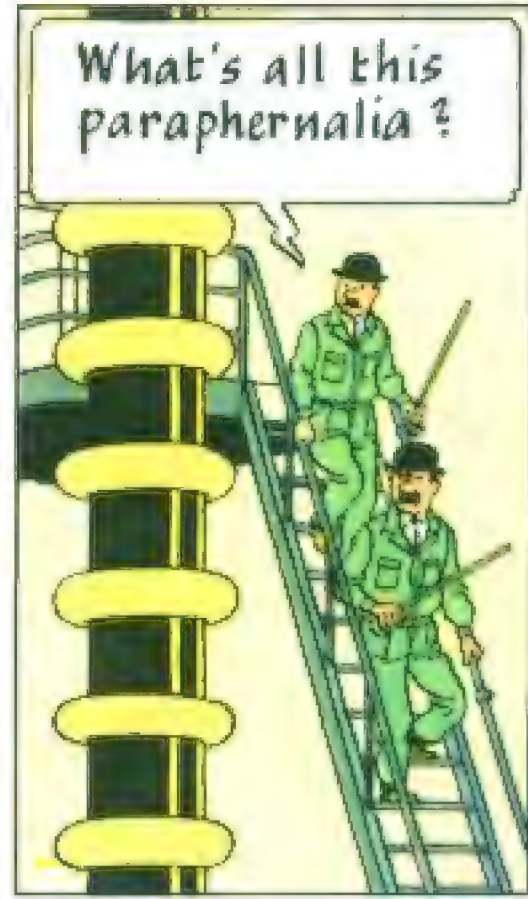
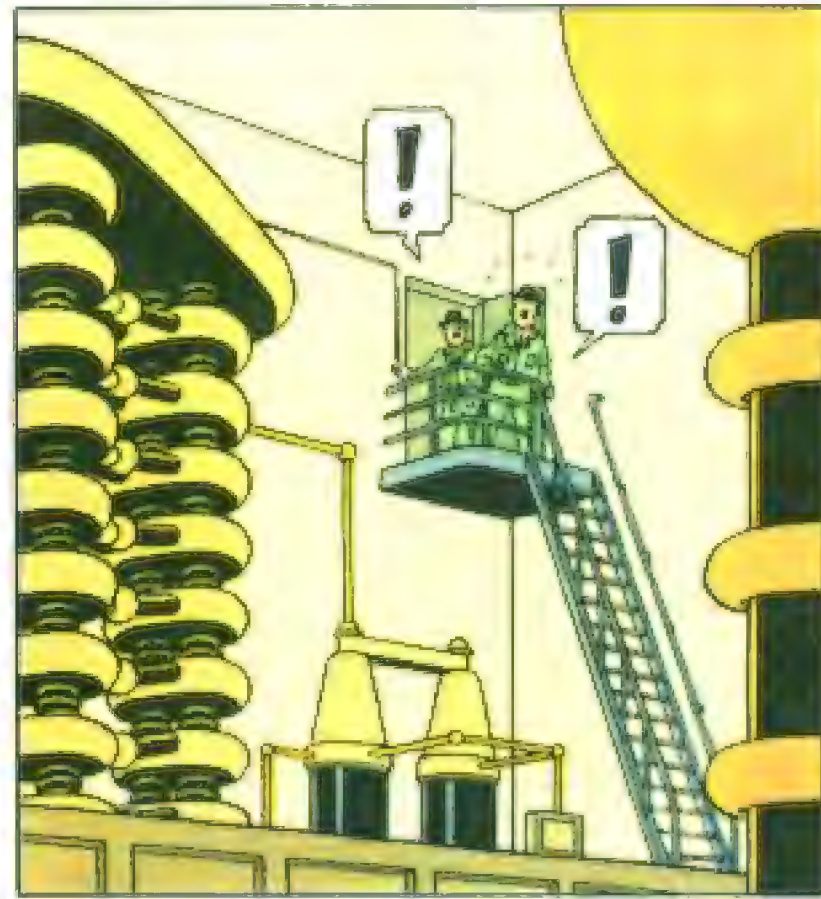
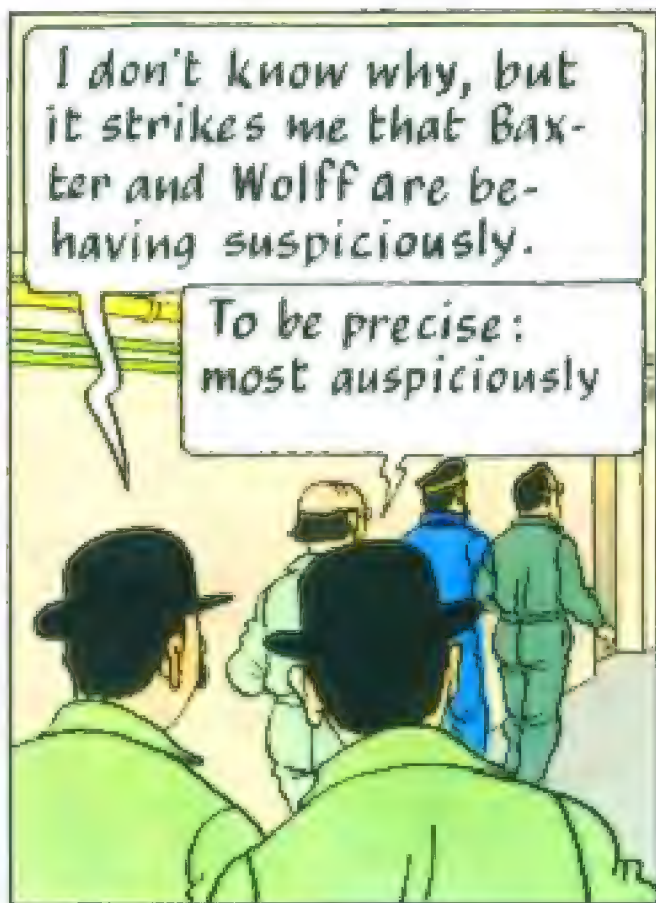
Forgive us... It's some extraordinary pills we once took... in Arabia¹... Their effect recurs sometimes.

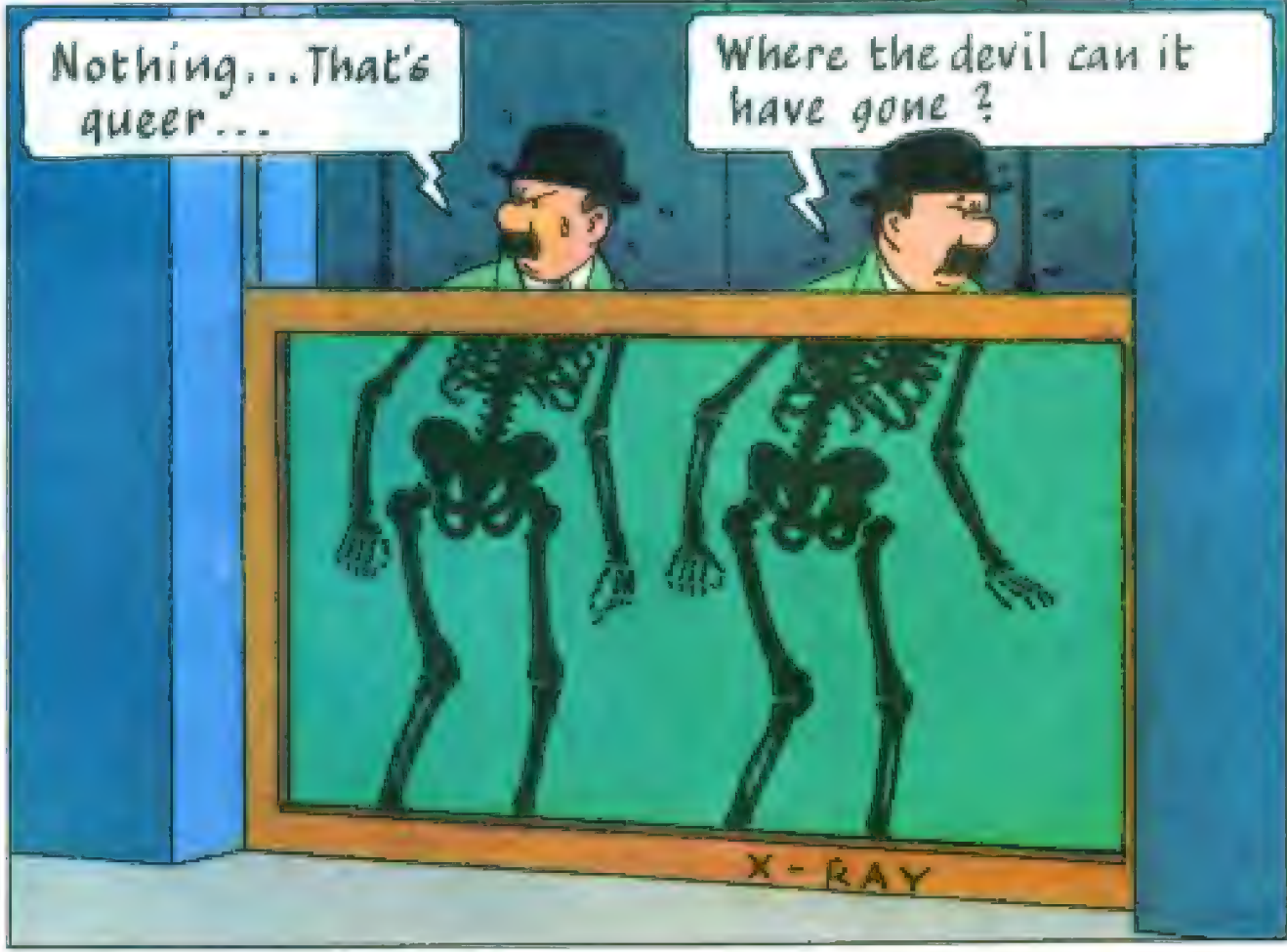
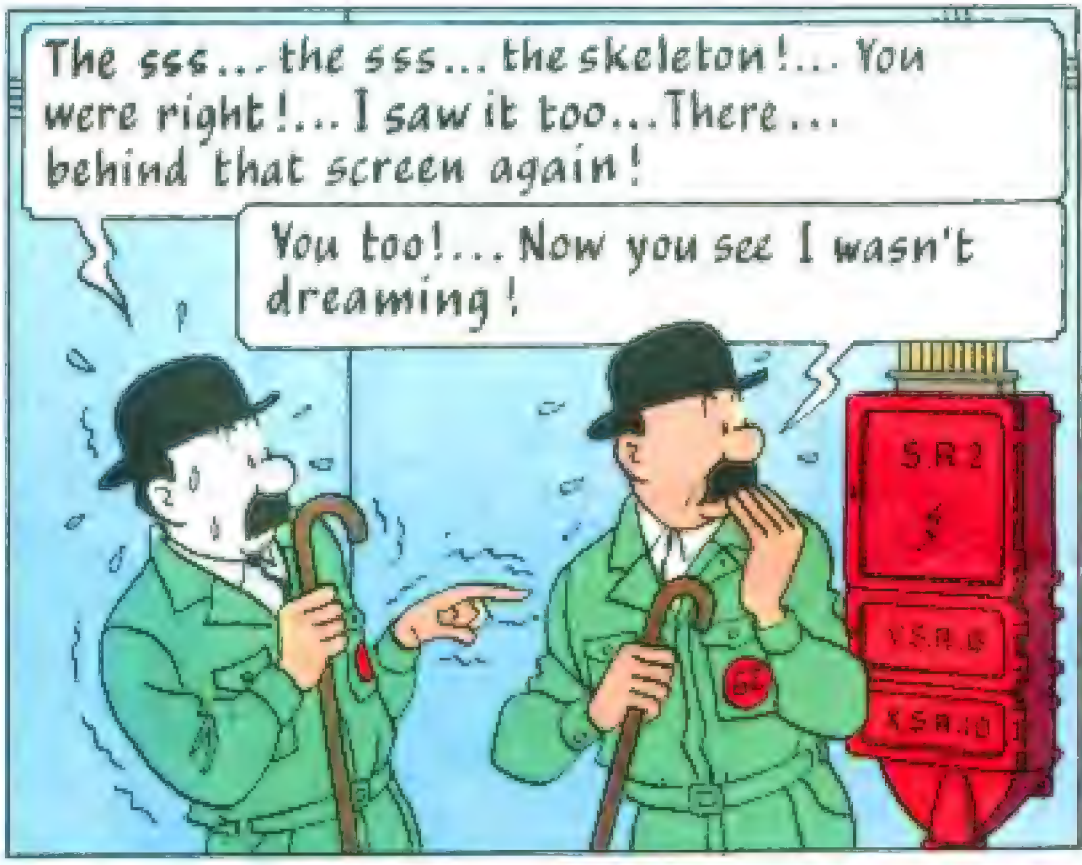
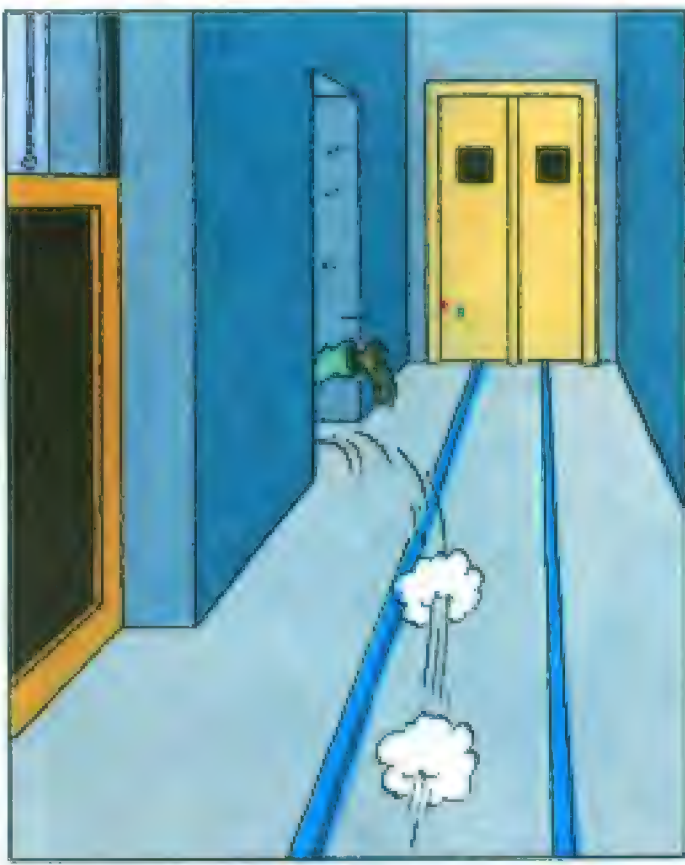
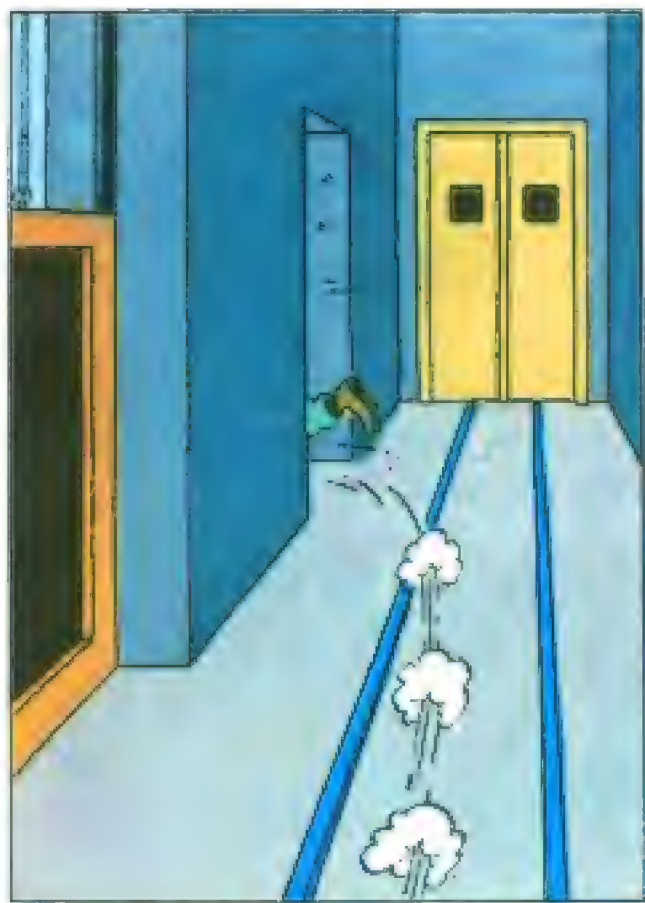
RRRRING

Oh! The telephone...

Hello!... Yes... You've found him? He's hurt?... What did he say?... Oh, he's unconscious... In the sick-bay?... You're waiting for the doctor?... All right. I'm coming at once.

¹ See Tintin in the Land of Black Gold







Keep your eyes open!... It can't have gone far.



In here, perhaps?



Hey, psst!... Quick, Thompson, come and look!



?



W-w-we must act at... at... at once! At once! T-t-t-take him b-b-b-by surprise! ... Now, keep calm!... Get your gun out: he may be armed.

All... all... all... all right!



Hands... hands... hands... hands up!



Hands up, I said! Oh, so you won't! ... Well, in that case I'll... I'll... I'll...



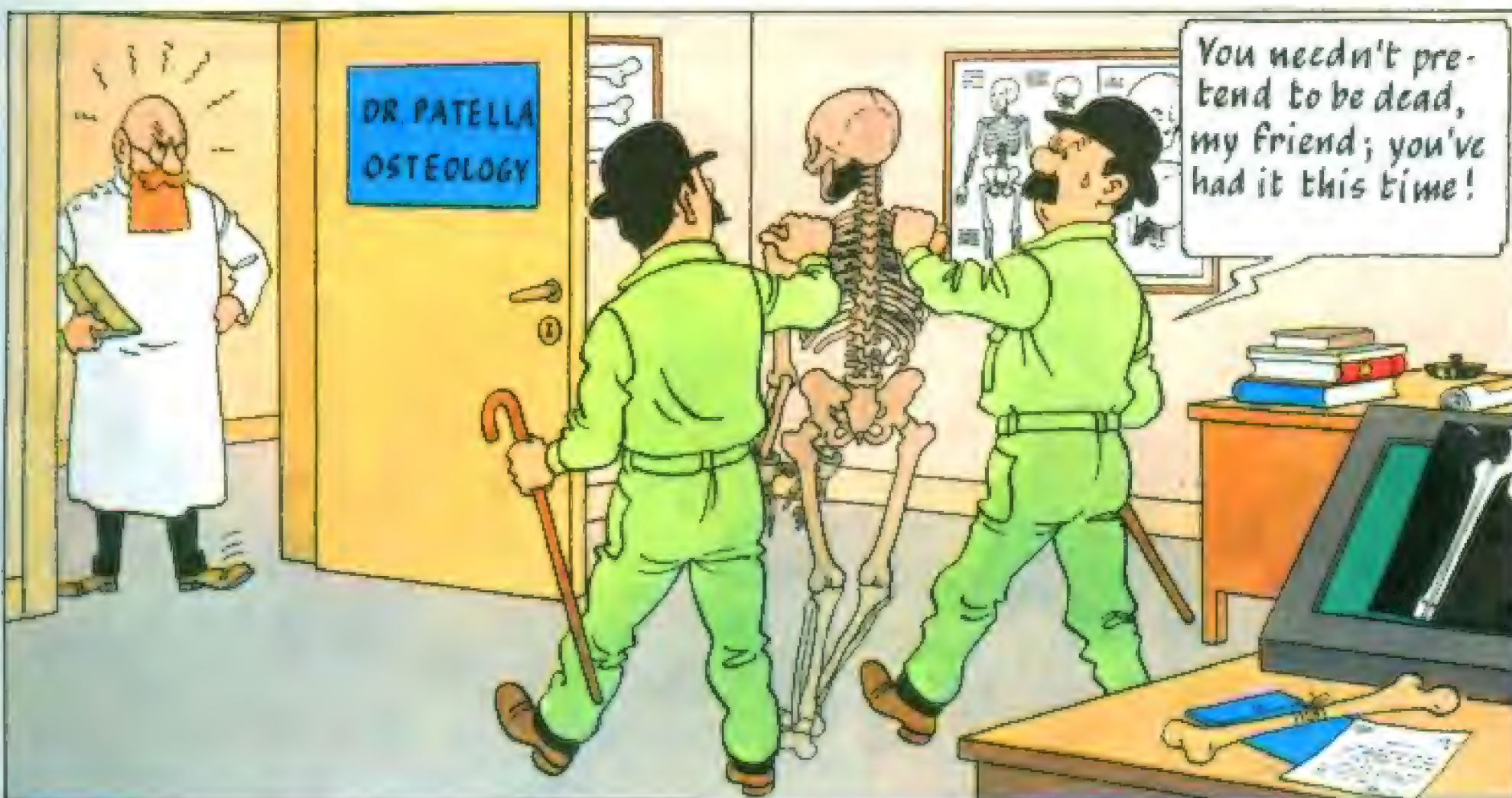
Very well... But make one false move and I'll shoot! Understand?... Put the handcuffs on him, Thomson.

?



Now, get going!... Quick march!... You don't want to?... Passive resistance, eh?... Grab him, Thomson!

!



You needn't pretend to be dead, my friend; you've had it this time!



Meanwhile...

Calling KM 2... Calling KM2... First mission completed... First mission completed...

O.K.! We'll have their rocket, now!

Meanwhile...

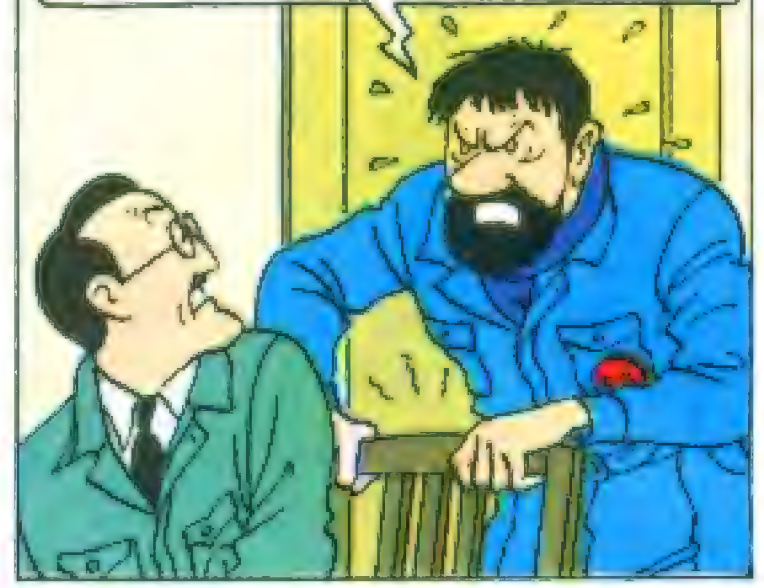
No, luckily it's nothing serious. The bullet only grazed the skull... Of course, it was a violent blow. But he's come round completely now, and you can question him.



...Then I leapt forward and shouted "Hands up!"... He obeyed... At that moment I heard an explosion, and instantly I felt a terrific crack on my head... It was the other parachutist, whom I hadn't seen. To save his accomplice he fired at me.



The gangsters!... The pirates! ... If I get my hands on those crooks, I'll tear them apart like... like... like...



I... Forgive me, Mr. Baxter... I'm terribly sorry... Wait... I'll get you another chair.



No need, thank you! ... Where were we? ... Oh yes... The next thing is to find out which documents are missing. And above all, we must unmask the traitor in our midst, spying on all our activities.



I'm afraid that won't be easy. Now the fellow has achieved his object he will try to be inconspicuous. As for our discovering which documents he gave to his accomplices. I'm certain he won't have been foolish enough to steal the originals, and so help us to narrow our search.



To my mind he would simply have made copies. If I hadn't been there tonight the spy would have handed over his stuff to his accomplice, quite quietly, with no one any the wiser.



You're right!.. But still, we'll continue our inquiry. Meanwhile I'll ask Calculus to speed up preparations for launching the trial rocket... With that I'll leave you... Get well soon.



Are you coming, Captain?

If I may, I'll stay with Tintin.



Look Captain, it's late and...

None of that!... I'm staying here!... A full pipe and a comfortable chair, that's all I ask...



Some weeks later. The day for the launching of the trial rocket has arrived.

Well, Professor?

Everything is ready, Mr. Baxter. The last guide rails are in place ... The gantries have been removed. The technicians are now...

... completing the fuelling-up.

Hello, Mr. Baxter... Look who's here...

See! They've almost finished.

Tintin! You?... I thought you were still confined to your room.

I am, in theory! But I wouldn't miss the launching of the trial rocket for anything.

Look, Mr. Baxter. Tintin's better!

Finished!

Finished!... Everything's ready. I'll clear the bay.

Good idea... But don't forget to clear the bay!

Oh! I'm sorry!

All very well to apologise! Why doesn't he look where he's going!

At any rate, I'll be safe up here!

Ah, peace at last!

Woah!

Attention please!... Clear the launching bay... Attention please!... Clear the bay...

I repeat ...

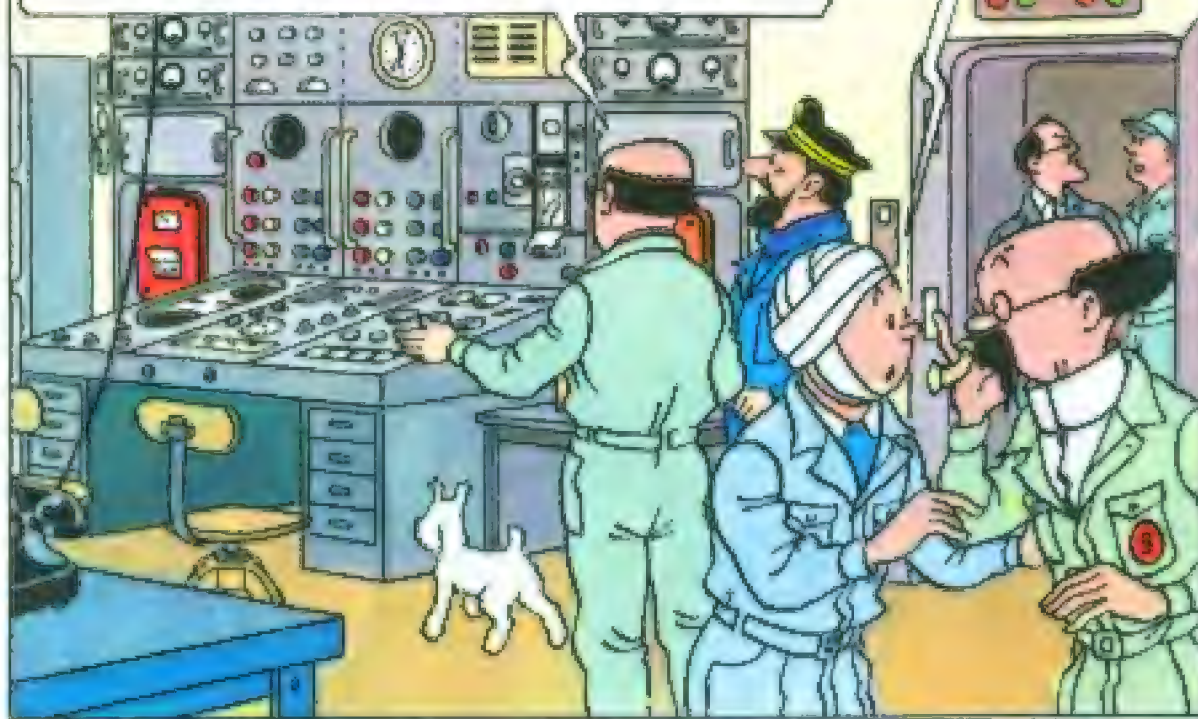
All right! I heard!

Clear the launching bay!

All out?... Splendid!... We can go to the Control Room.



This is it... From here we shall control the rocket during its flight.



[I say, Professor...

... Did you remember the gadget I mentioned to you when you came to see me in the sick-bay?

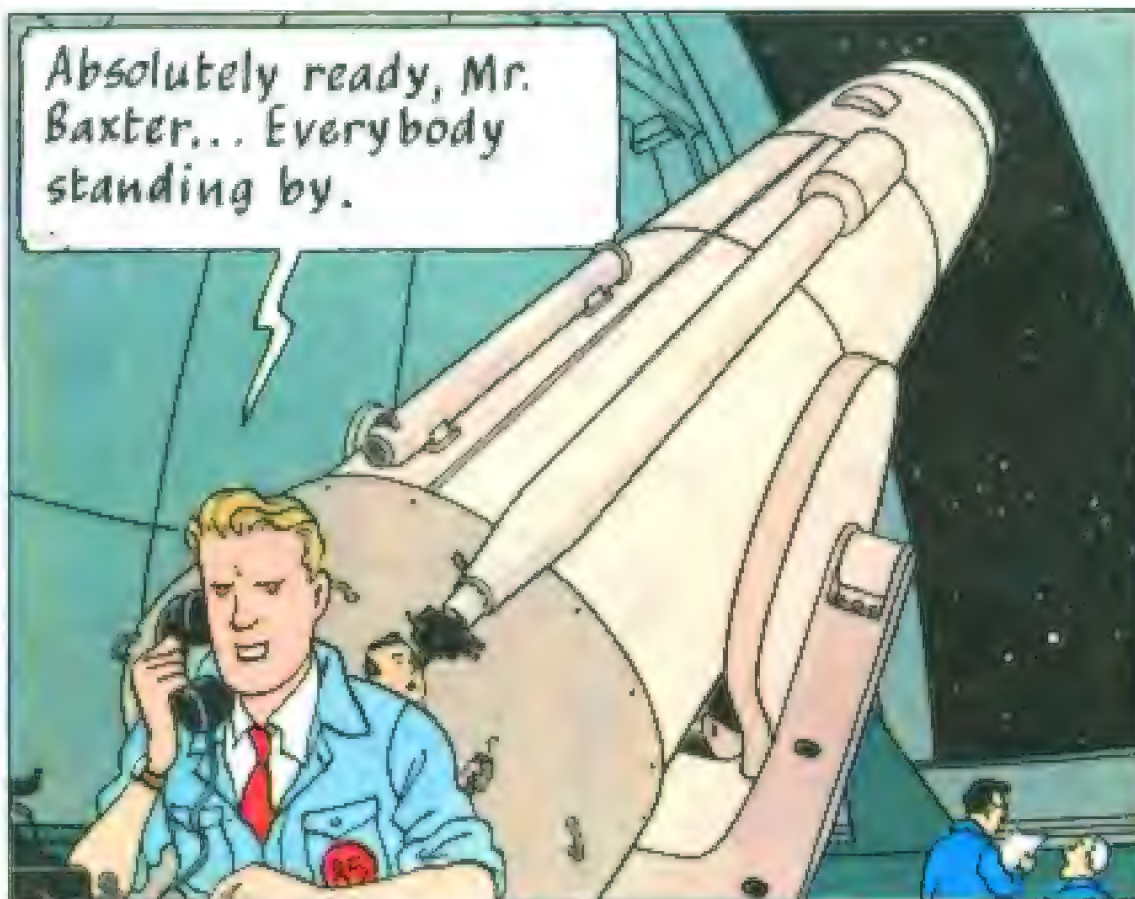
The gadget?... Oh, yes, it's done. I fixed it this evening...



Hello? Observatory?... Is that you, Michael?... Baxter here. I'm in the Control Room. All ready?



Absolutely ready, Mr. Baxter... Everybody standing by.



Yes, Radar here... Yes, Mr. Baxter, we're all ready...



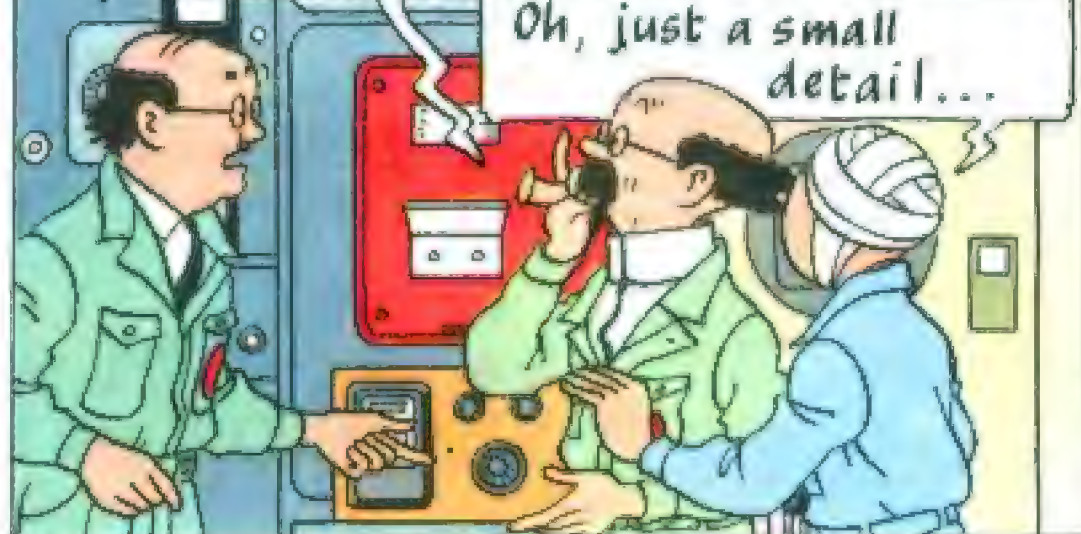
Well, now we can only wait for zero hour... Another twenty minutes.



Why, what's this little device, Professor? It wasn't here last night!

[... yes... I put it there... It's an idea of Tintin's.

Oh, just a small detail...



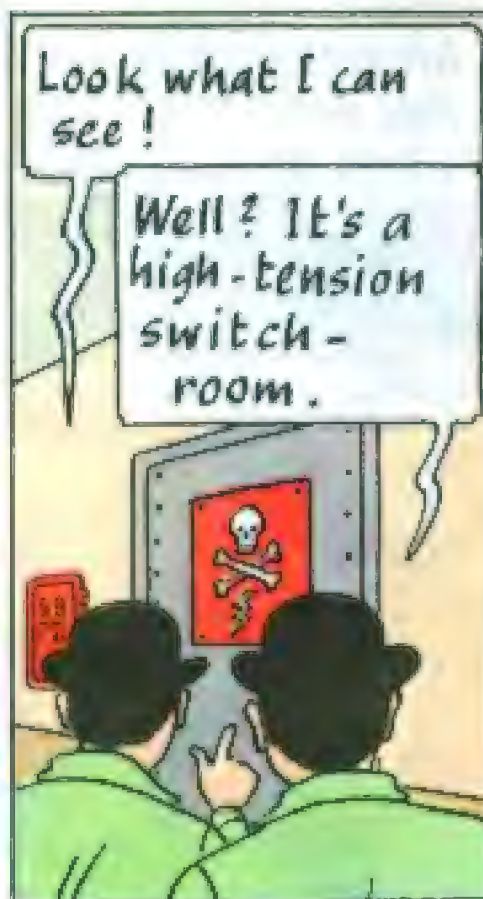
Meanwhile...

All the same it was fishy about that skeleton...



Look what I can see!

Well? It's a high-tension switch-room.



It may look like a power switch-room. But supposing it isn't, eh? We'll investigate. Here's my master key.



All the same, be careful.



I'm not a child, am I?... Anyway, I...



Aha! It looks a bit like a piano to me!

AH THESE JEWELS

Sh! Quiet!...
Isn't that the
alarm siren?

Pom ♪ Pom ♪ Pom ♪
Pompity ♪ Pom d

Congratulations Captain! You have remarkable talent... But we've other things to think of besides chamber music!

In a few minutes, gentlemen,
X-FLR 6 will begin its flight...
I propose that the honour of
launching the rocket should fall
to our youngest colleague -
Tintin ... You agree?

The left-hand lever controls the auxiliary engine - used only at the outset. The other controls the nuclear motor which takes over later.

Attention please!... Observa-
tory to Control Room. Stand by
... Three minutes to go ...

Action stations!

Two minutes to go...

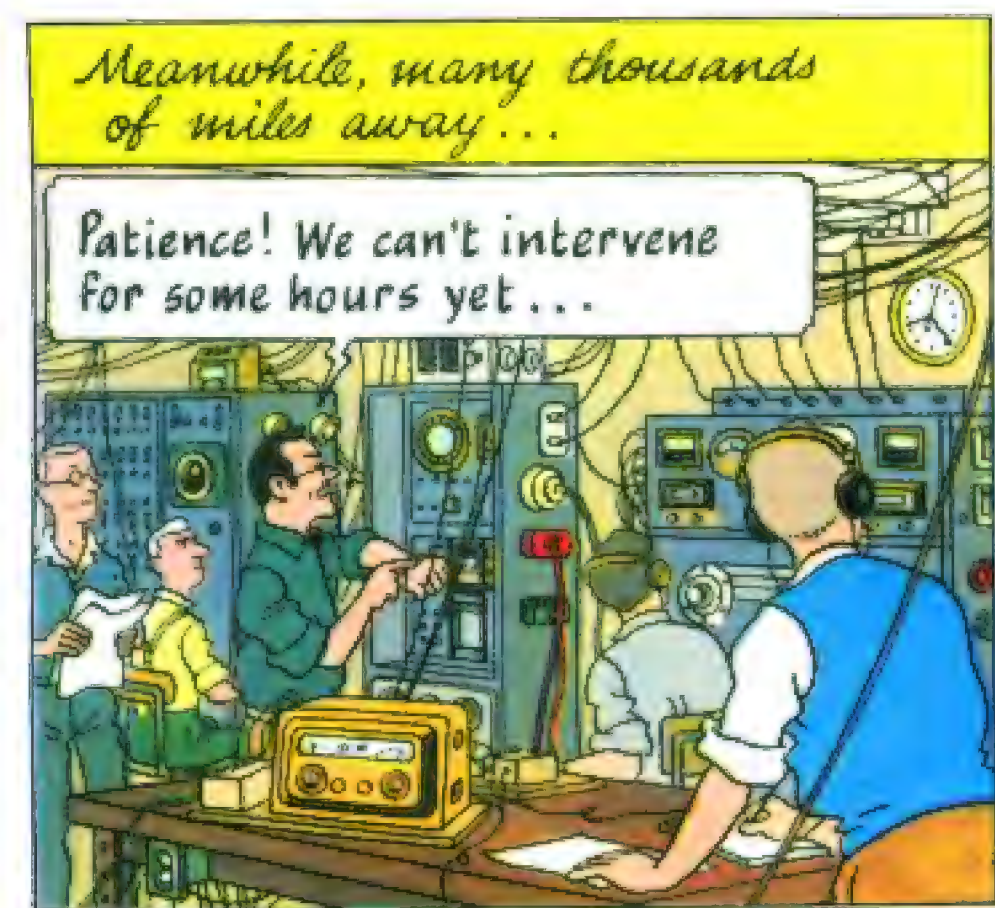
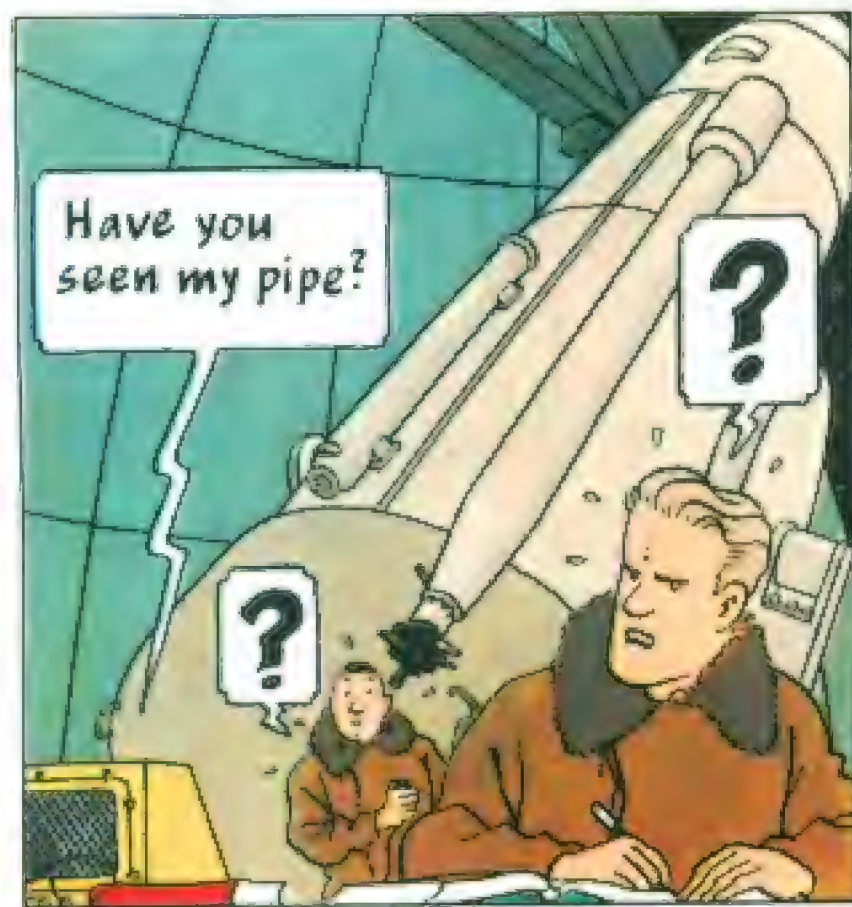
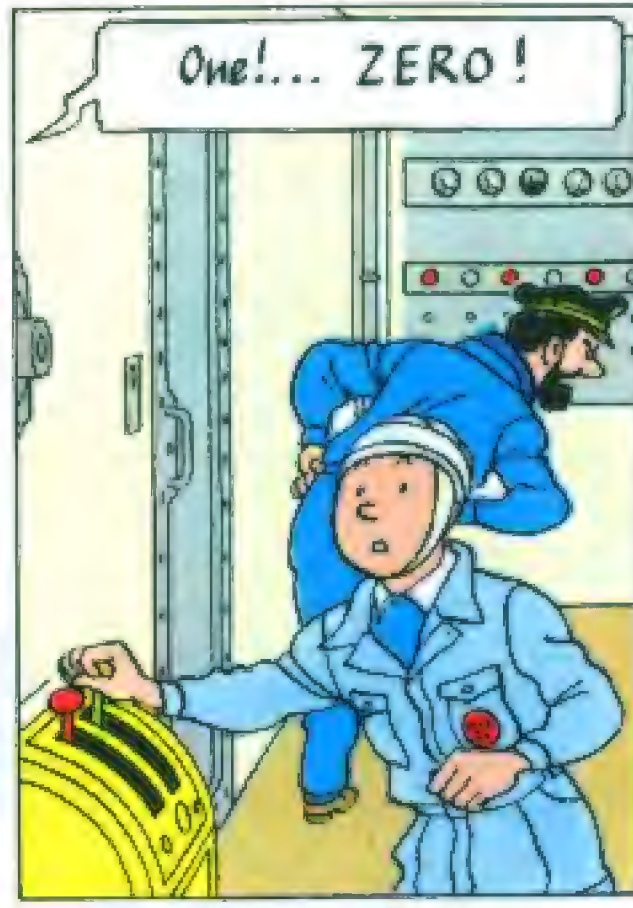
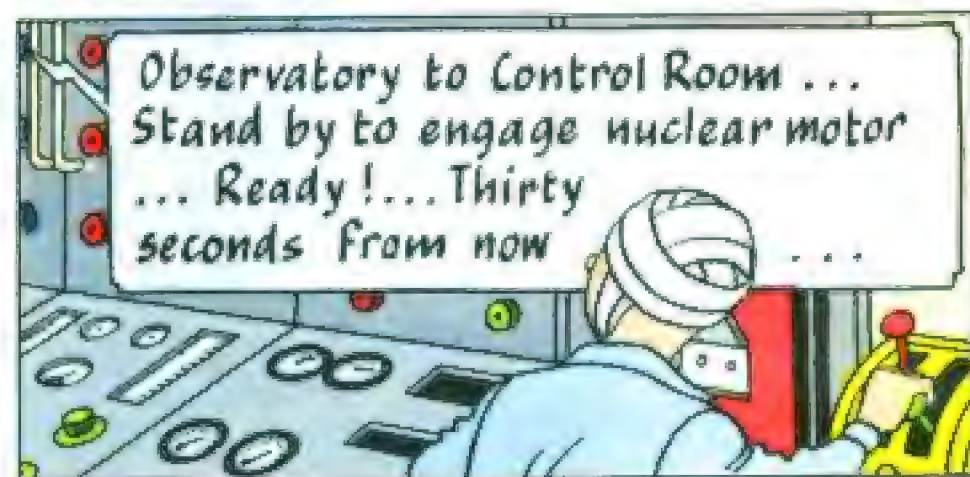
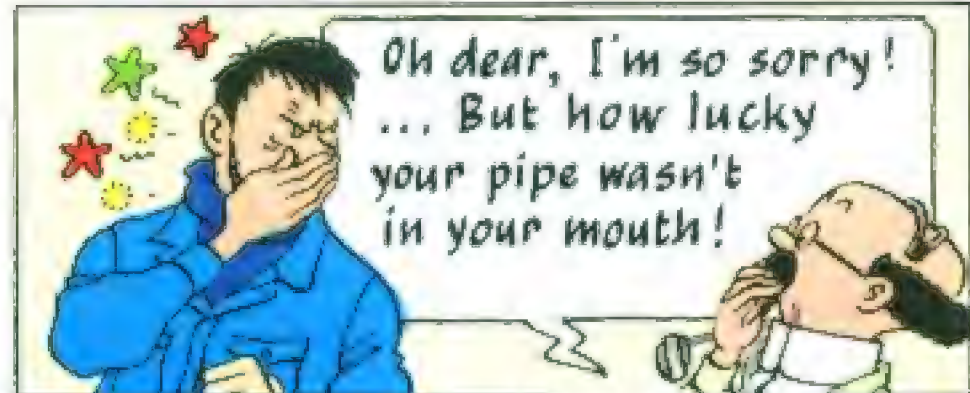
One minute
to go...

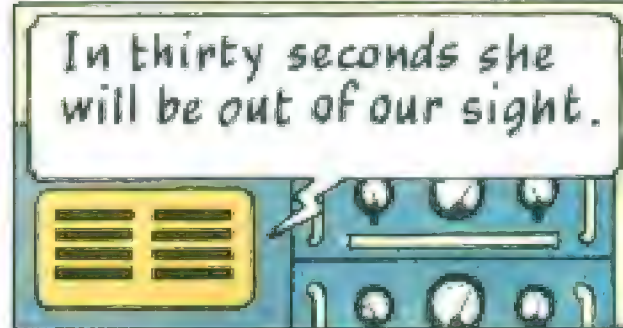
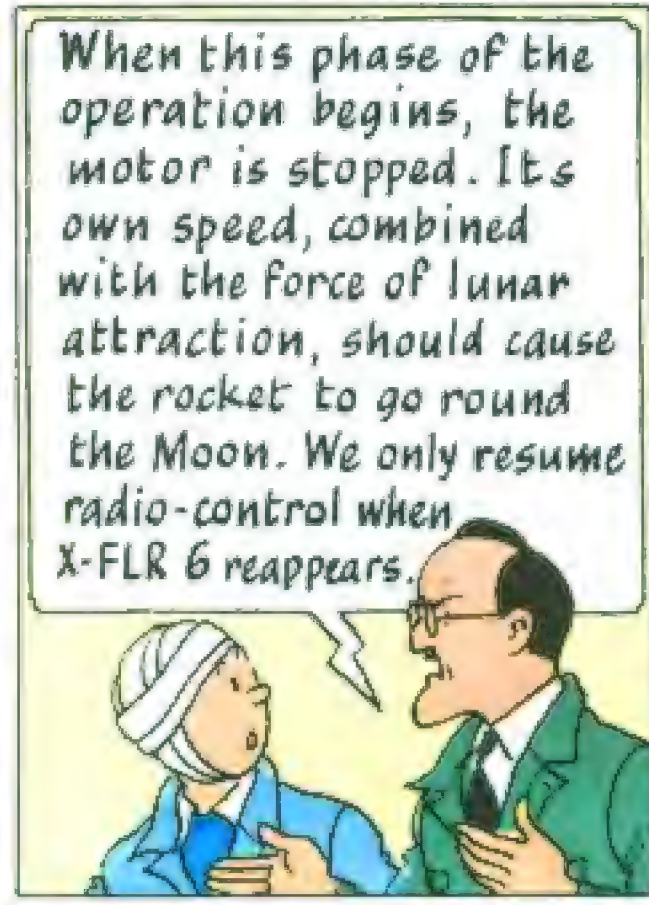
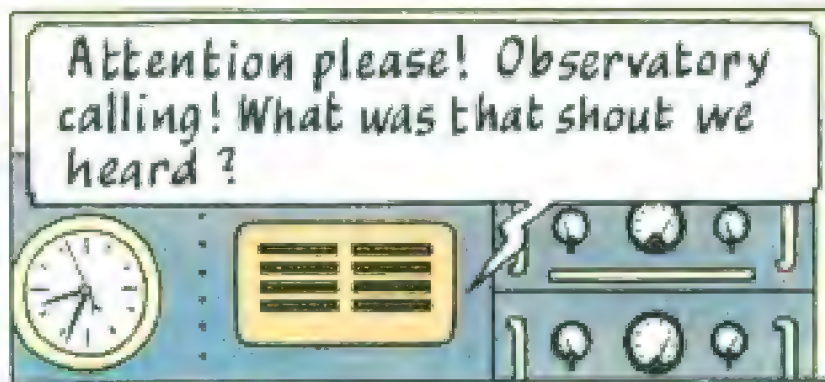
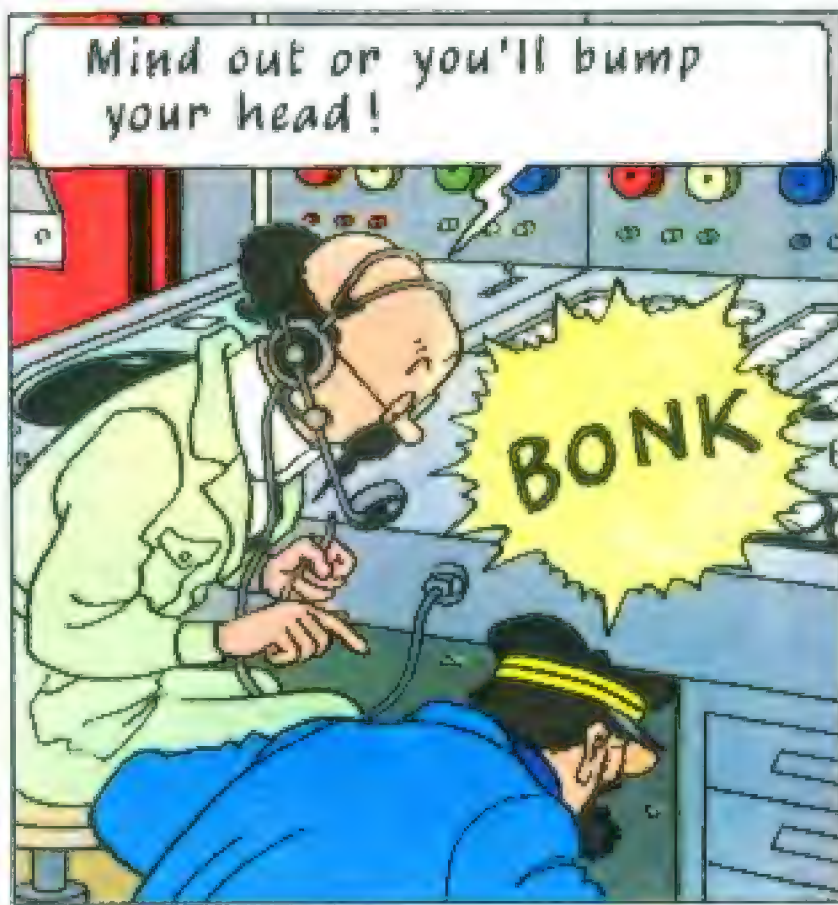
Thirty
seconds
to go...

Ten seconds... Nine... Eight... Seven...
Six... Five... Four... Three... Two... One...

NOW!

ZERO!





Just imagine! For the first time in history, cameras are now photographing the side of the Moon no one has ever seen! And it's thanks to us, my dear Wolff! Thanks to us!



Observatory to Control Room... In three minutes the rocket will reappear... Stand by to resume radio-control...



THERE SHE IS!

Yes indeed, there she is!



Observatory to Control Room... Stand by... Restart the nuclear motor in thirty seconds...

D'you think I could do it?

Of course.



Observatory to Control Room... Ten seconds to go... Nine... Eight... Seven... Six... Five... Four... Three... Two... One... ZERO!

NOW!

Careful! Not so hard!



The wonders of modern science!... Just an ordinary lever, and click!... Hundreds of thousands of miles away an engine starts up!... It's fantas-tic!



Observatory to Control Room... Correction: zero, zero, nine, eight... Repeat...

Zero, zero, nine, eight. Correction made.



Observatory to Control Room... Correction: three, two, seven, six... Repeat...

Three, two, seven, six... Correction made.



For heaven's sake make those corrections! You're taking no notice of the figures we're giving!



I beg your pardon, but I've followed you exactly!... I'm not deaf, am I?



Is something wrong, Wolff?

The rocket is going off course. I don't know what it is...



Correction: seven, eight, five, two. Correct it, this time!

That's what I'm doing, confound it!



Thundering typhoons, you wretched rocket! Will you get back on your course! You wait! I'll get you!



I can't understand it. The rocket is right out of control!

But surely that's impossible!



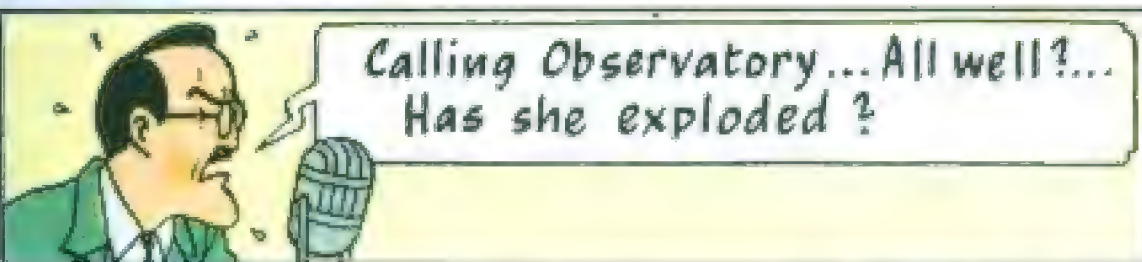
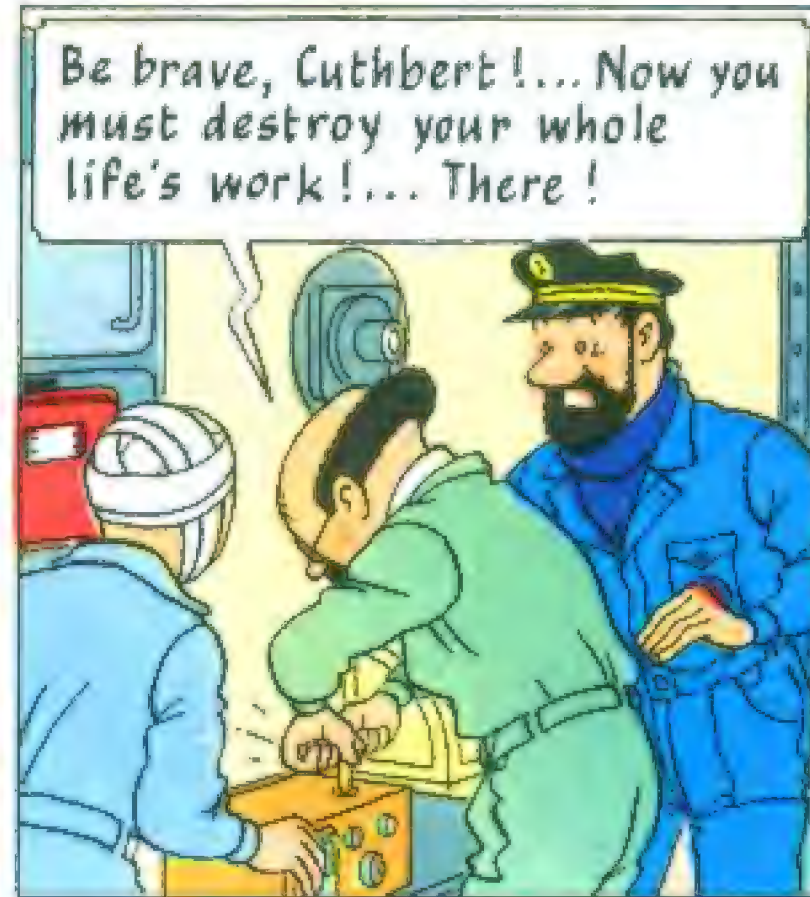
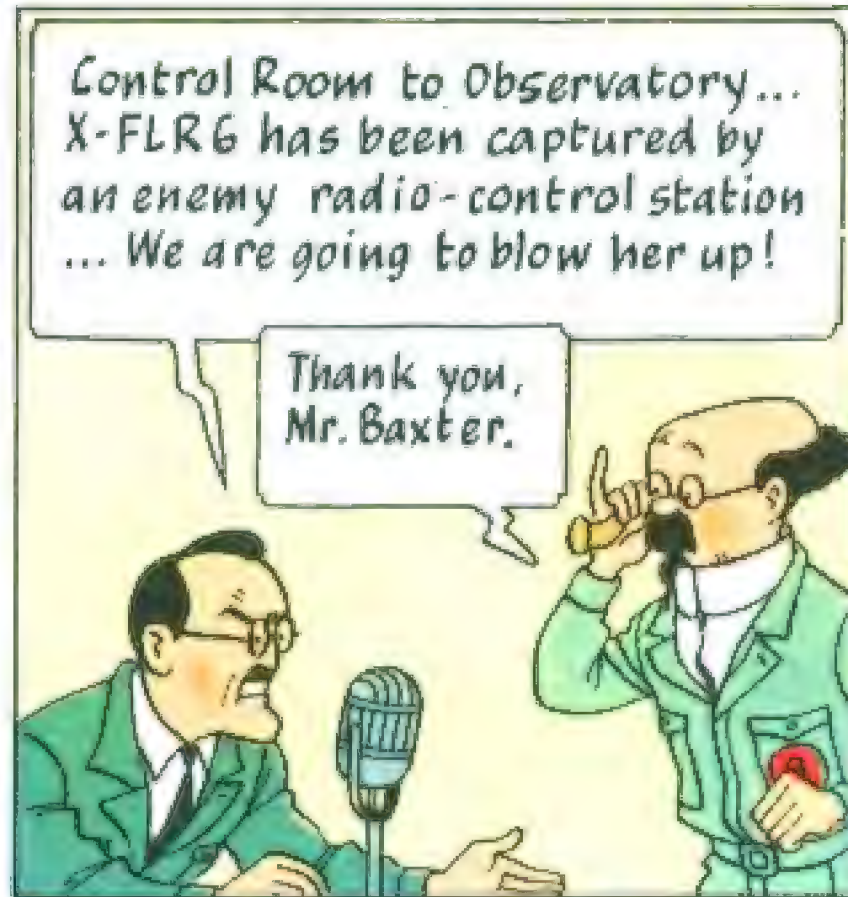
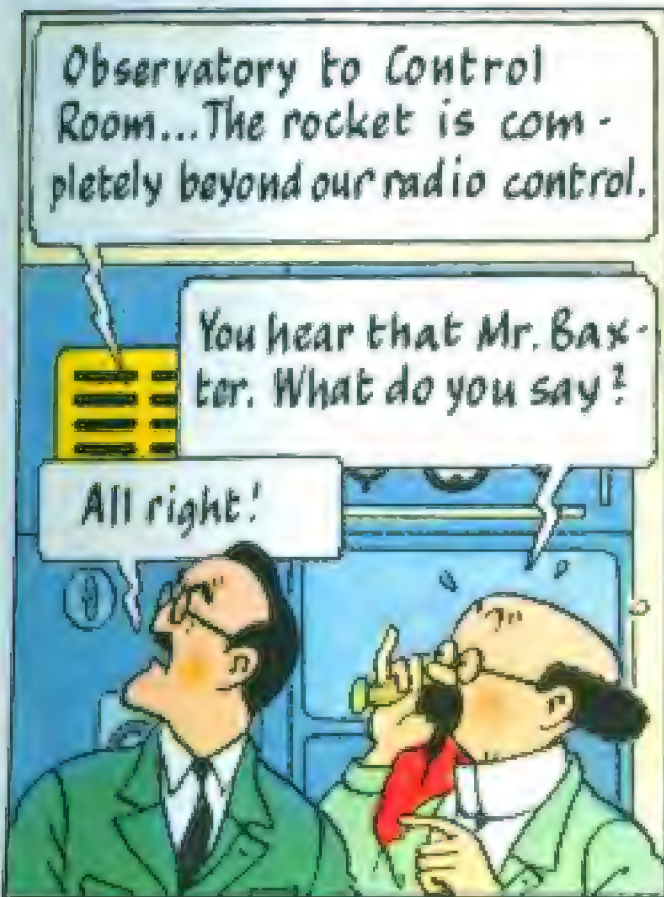
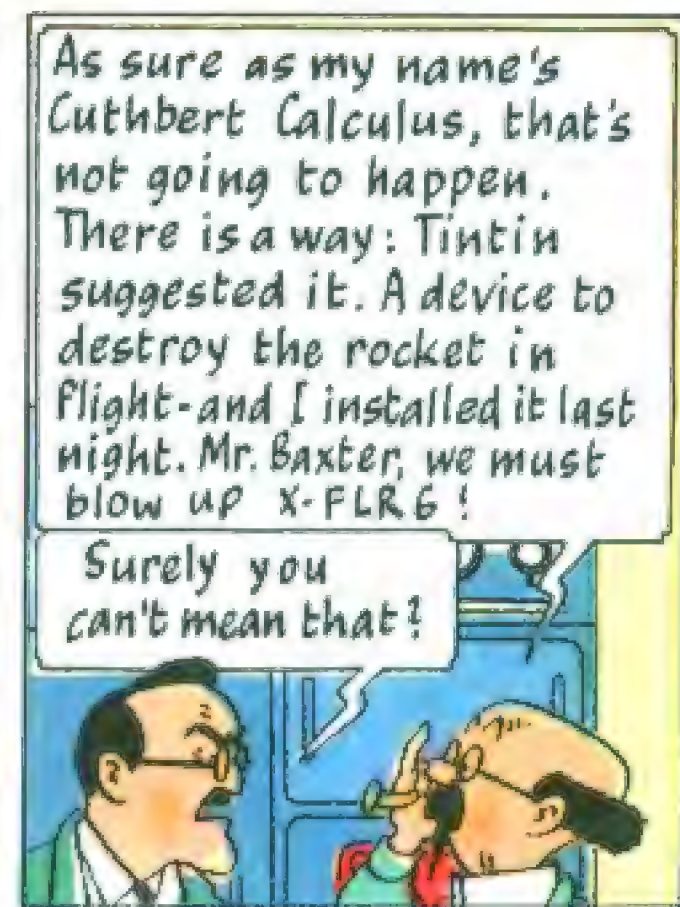
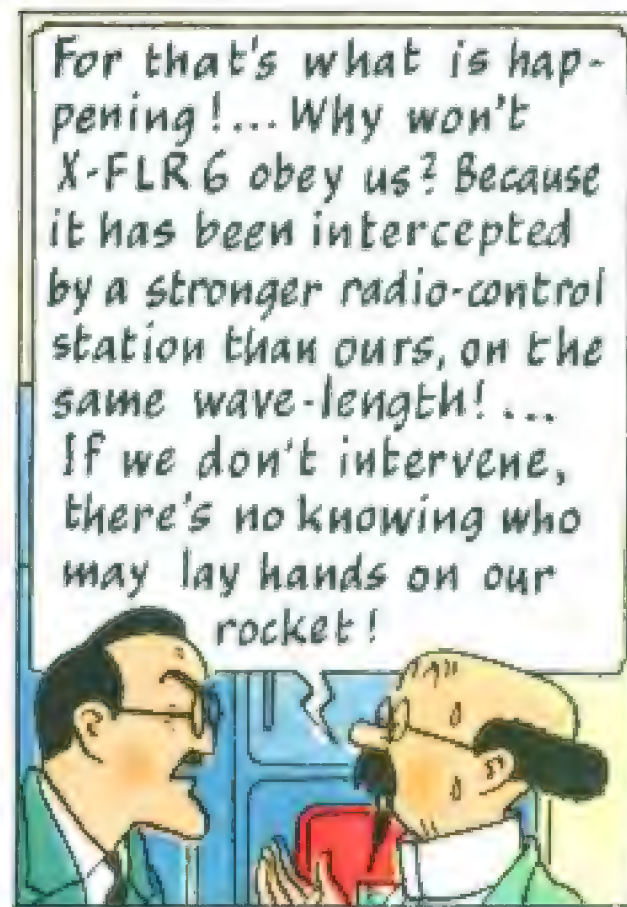
I've got it! Tintin was right!... How lucky I listened to him!

What do you mean?



Hi, Professor! Mind your headphones!



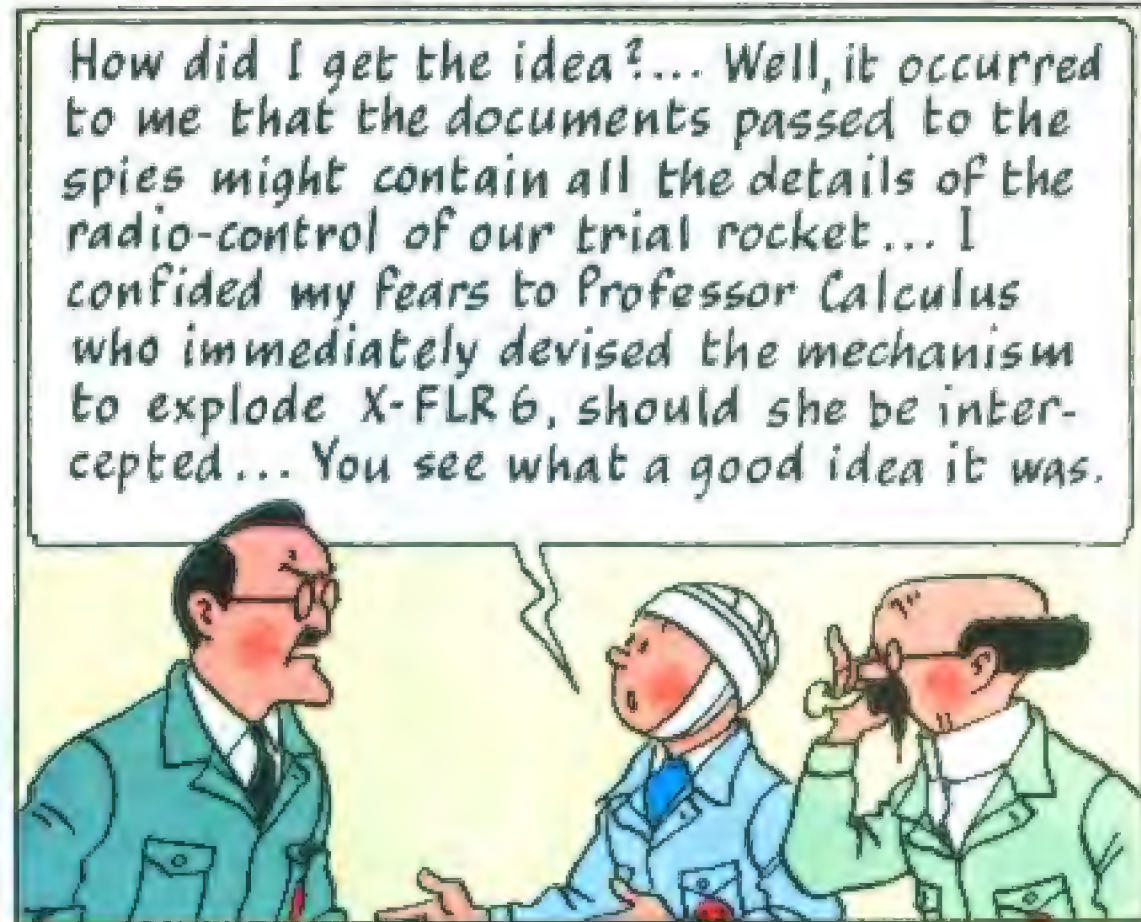




Observatory to Control Room...
X-FLR 6 has exploded. There's
nothing more to see.



Accursed luck! They've
foreseen everything!
They'd sooner blow up
their rocket than let it
fall into our hands!



How did I get the idea?... Well, it occurred
to me that the documents passed to the
spies might contain all the details of the
radio-control of our trial rocket... I
confided my fears to Professor Calculus
who immediately devised the mechanism
to explode X-FLR 6, should she be inter-
cepted... You see what a good idea it was.

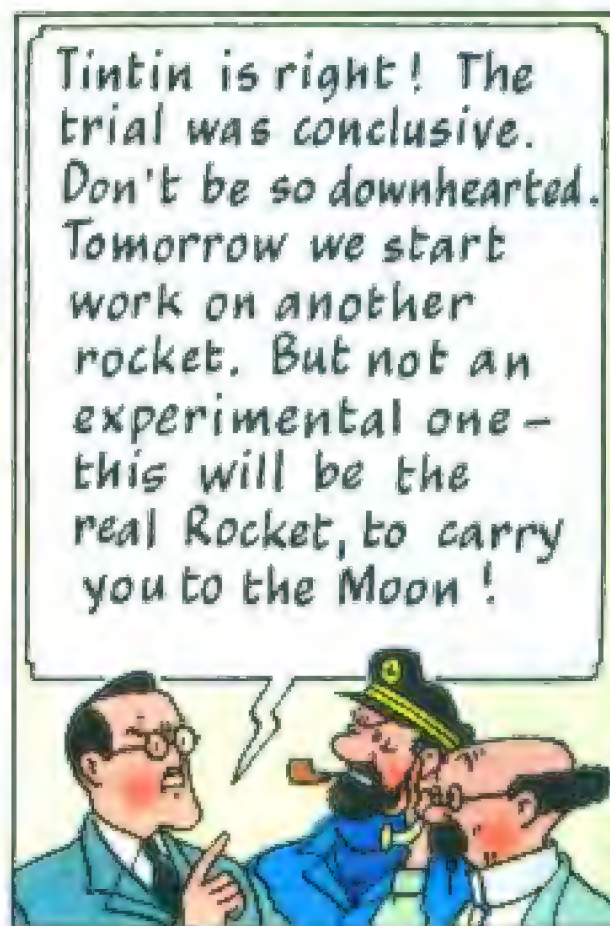


Too true!... All too true!...
All our hopes brought to nothing
... Months, years of research and
struggle! All annihilated in a flash!

Look out for my beard!
Your grief's a bit
wild...



No, Professor Calculus,
all is not lost! On the con-
trary, this is a triumph
for you... Didn't your nuclear
motor work perfectly?
Didn't the rocket go to
the Moon, and circle
it?



Tintin is right! The
trial was conclusive.
Don't be so downhearted.
Tomorrow we start
work on another
rocket. But not an
experimental one -
this will be the
real Rocket, to carry
you to the Moon!

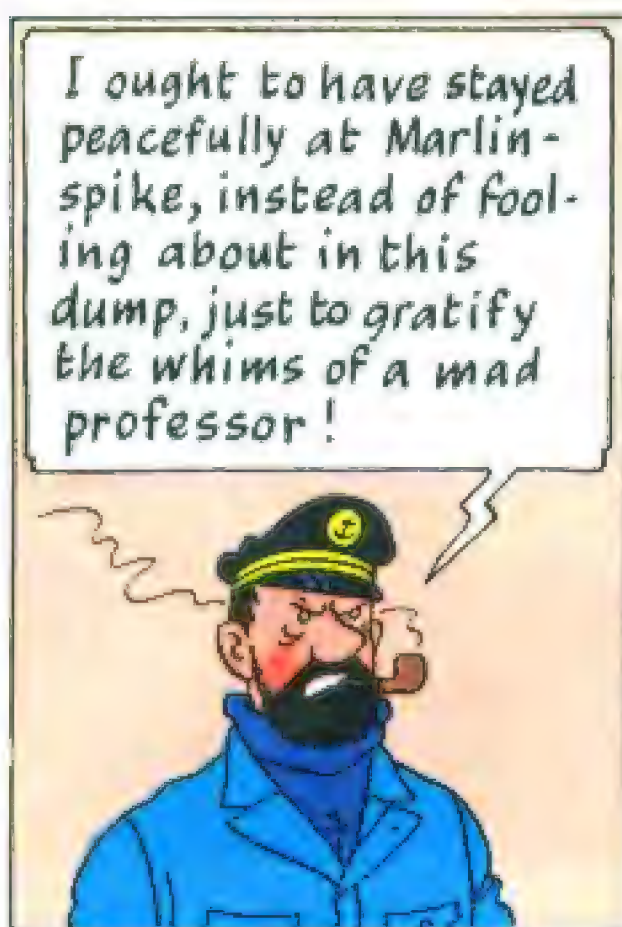


To the Moon!...
Hooray!



A fortnight later...

I'm fed up with hanging
about here, doing nothing.



I ought to have stayed
peacefully at Marlin-
spike, instead of fool-
ing about in this
dump, just to gratify
the whims of a mad
professor!

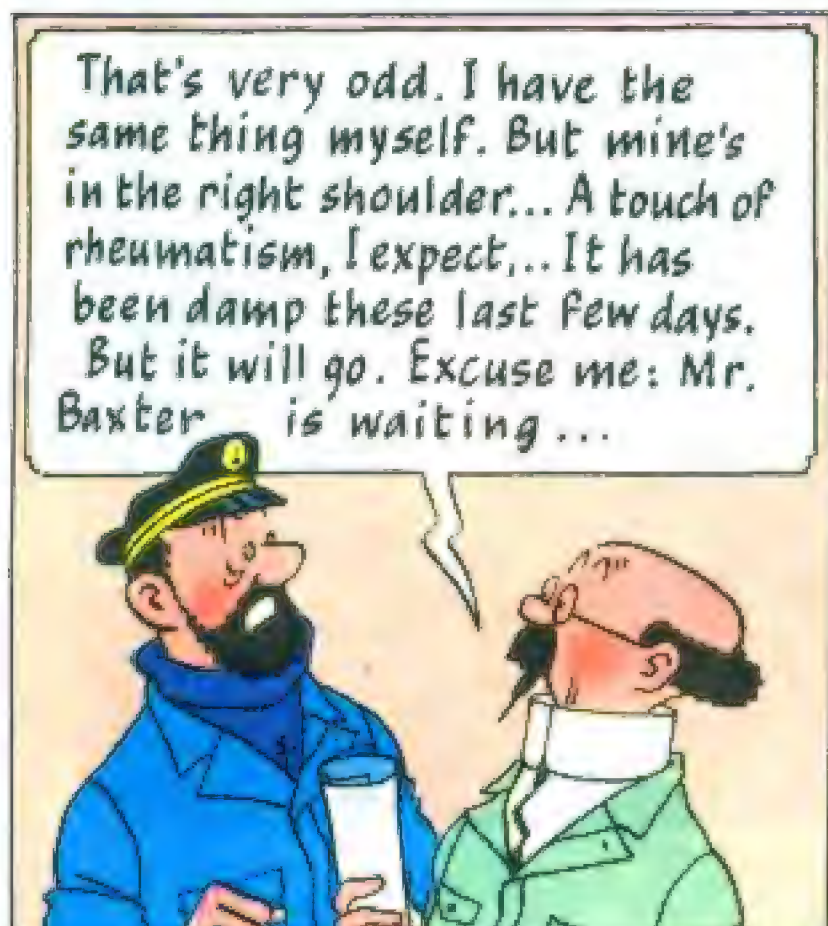


There he goes now
... I'll tell him a
thing or two! ...
Hi, Professor!



Look here, I've had enough of
going round in circles in this con-
founded Centre! How soon do you
propose this little week-end trip to the
Moon?

Really?... You too?... Do you?

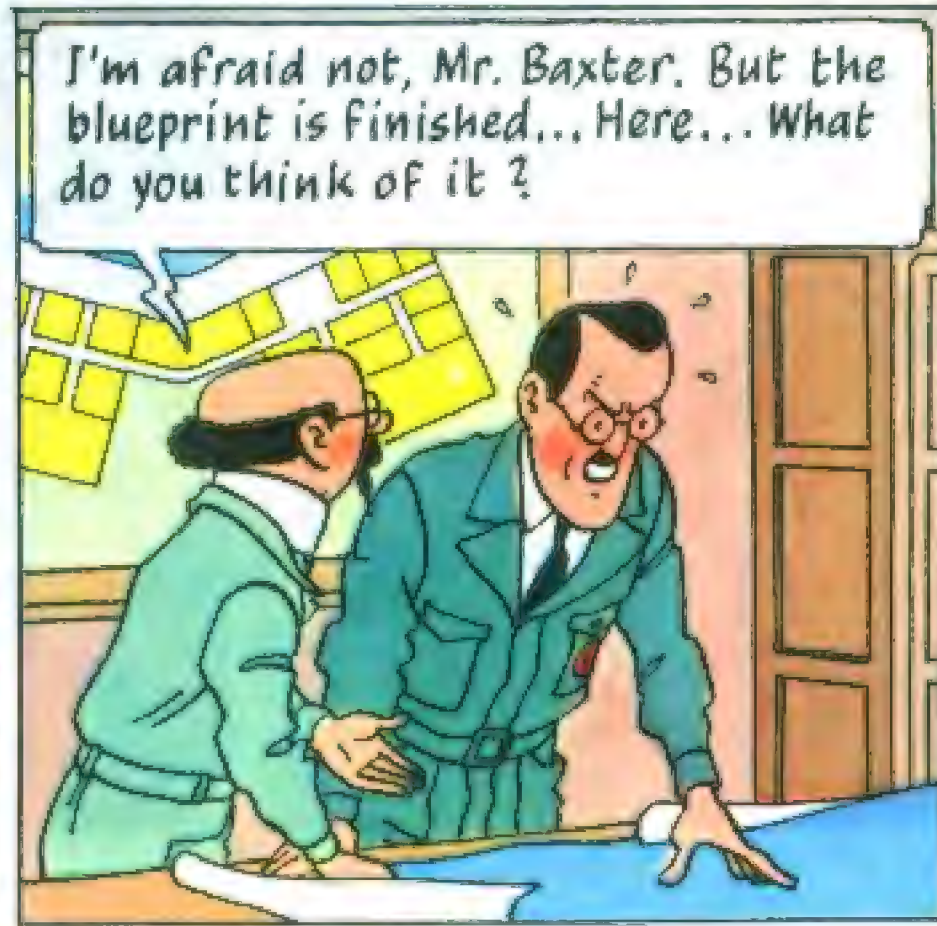


That's very odd. I have the
same thing myself. But mine's
in the right shoulder... A touch of
rheumatism, I expect... It has
been damp these last few days.
But it will go. Excuse me: Mr.
Baxter is waiting...

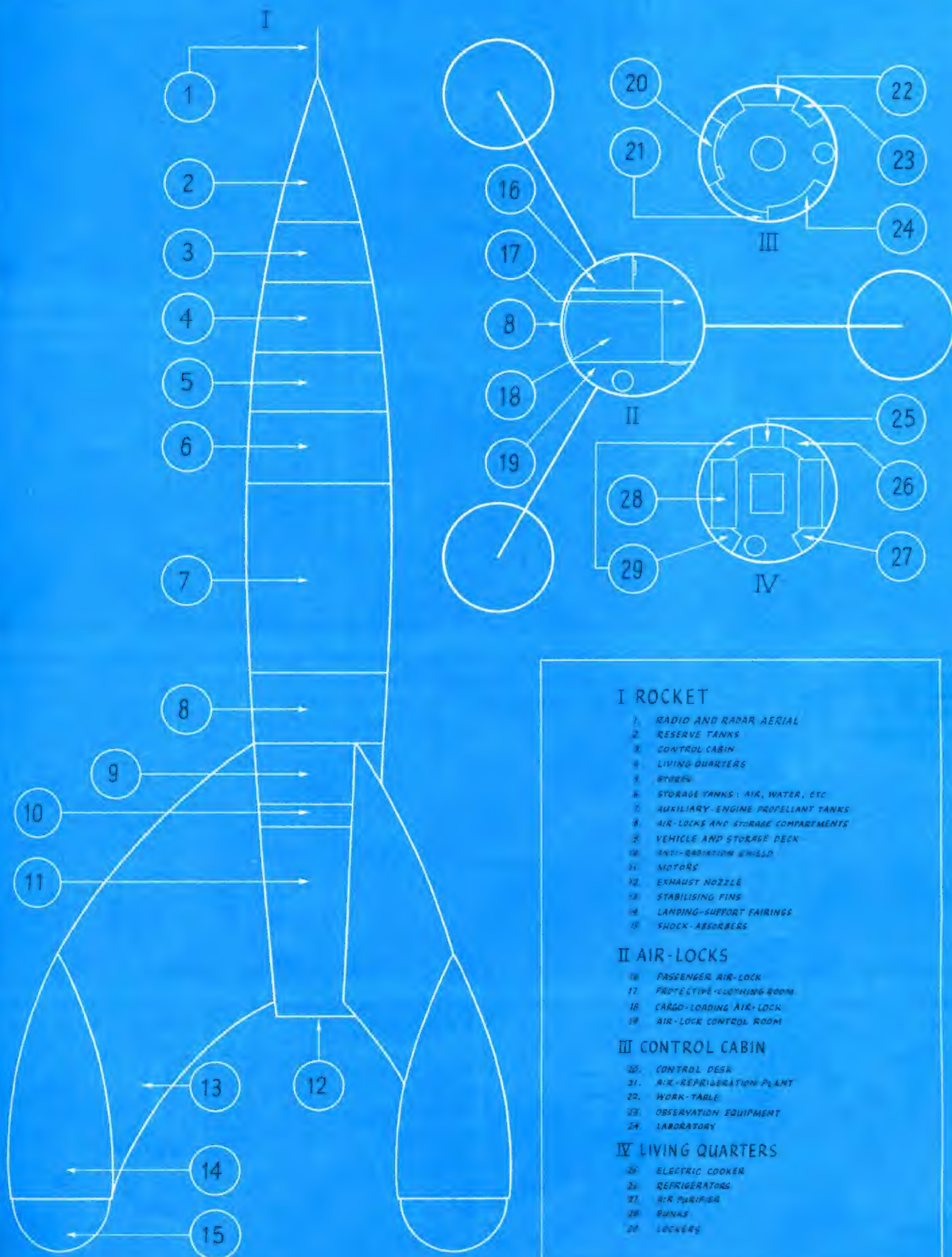


Good morning, Mr. Baxter.

Good morning, Professor. You've
brought the blueprint of the
rocket?



I'm afraid not, Mr. Baxter. But the
blueprint is finished... Here... What
do you think of it?



Splendid, Professor! My heartiest congratulations! To me this looks admirable, from every point of view. When do you plan to start construction?

Tomorrow, if you agree.

Right!... I'll go and give the necessary instructions. The services of every skilled man will be at your disposal at once. Work will go on day and night.

That's wonderful. Thank you!

Here he comes again!

Goodbye, Mr. Baxter.

Look here, you didn't answer my question just now. How soon is your little trip to the Moon?

Well, if I were you I'd try camphorated oil.

Blistering barnacles, it's nothing to do with camphorated oil! It's the Moon..

Rubbed in night and morning.

You nitwit you! I'm talking about your trip to the Moon!

Maybe... But believe me, there's nothing like camphorated oil... Excuse me now. I'm up to my eyes in work.

Some months later.

Hello... Yes Mr. Baxter, we're going ahead with the space-suit trials... Captain Haddock is our guinea-pig... Yes, I'll keep you informed.

I say!... Your fancy-dress weighs a ton! You can't move a muscle with it on.

Don't worry, Captain. On the Moon things are six times lighter than on the Earth... Once up there, you'll feel as comfortable as if you were in a lounge suit.

Glad to hear it!

First of all we'll reduce the pressure. Yesterday we completed air-tightness tests with the suits. They were excellent... If anything is wrong, shout "Stop" and we'll restore normal pressure at once.

Here's your helmet.

I feel like a goldfish in its bowl!

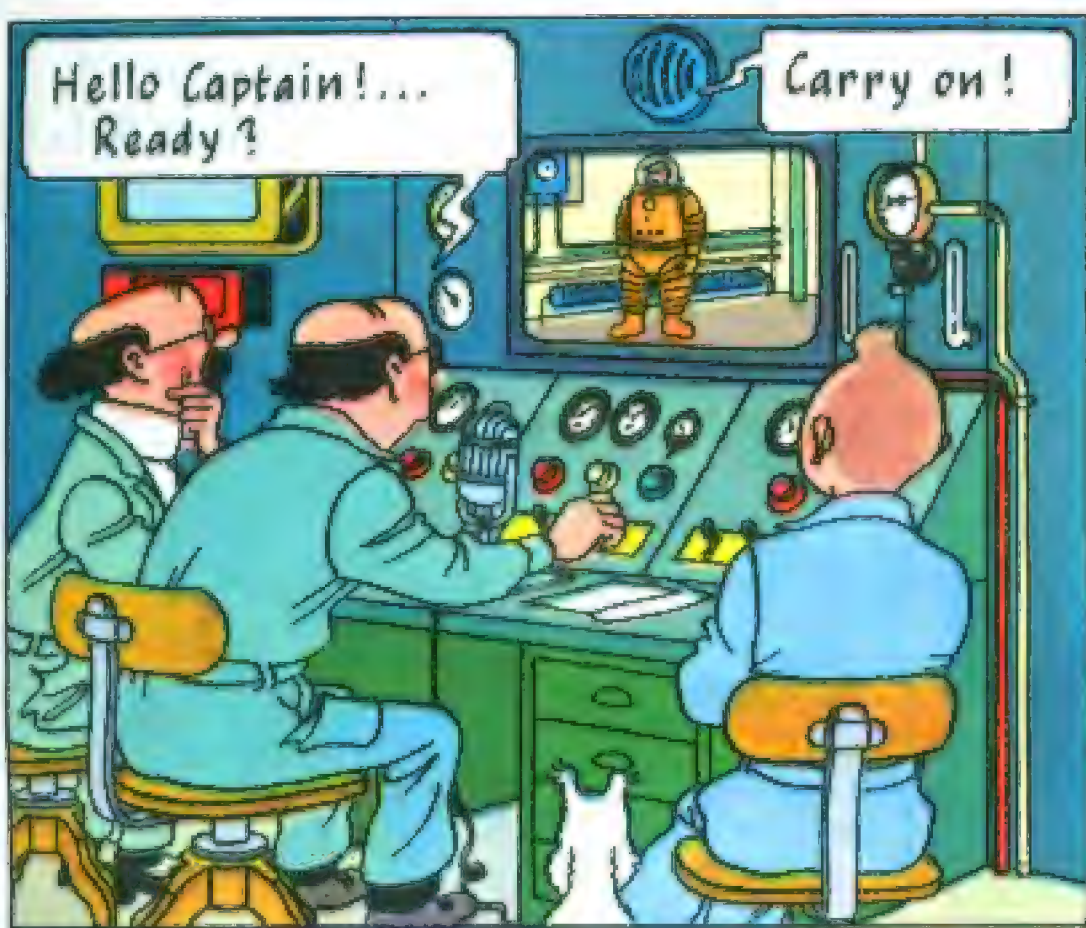
Testing the radio... Hello... Can you hear me, Captain?

Yes, I can hear you. You can start now, I'm ready.

Good!... Goodbye for now. Good luck!

Thanks.

Between ourselves, I'm not all that happy!



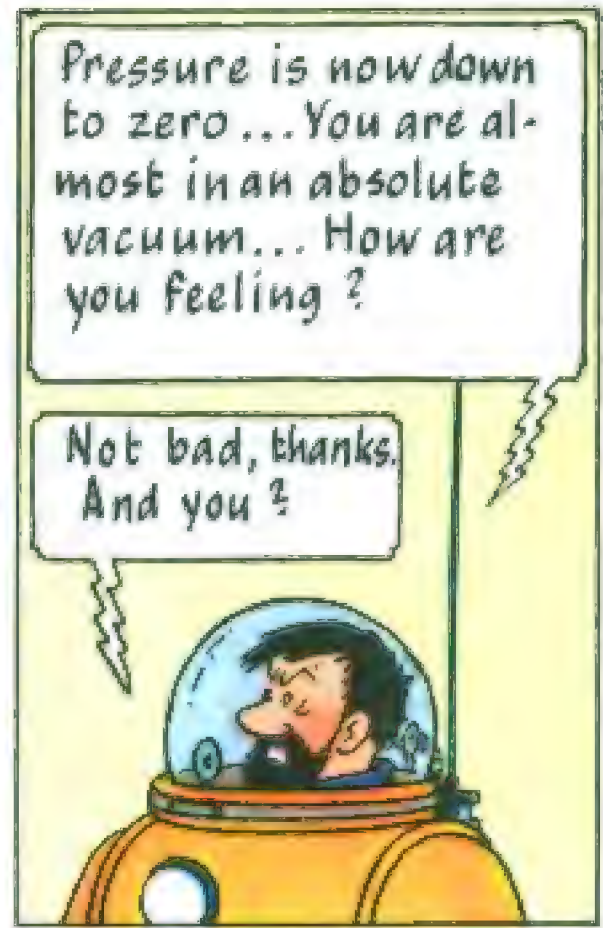
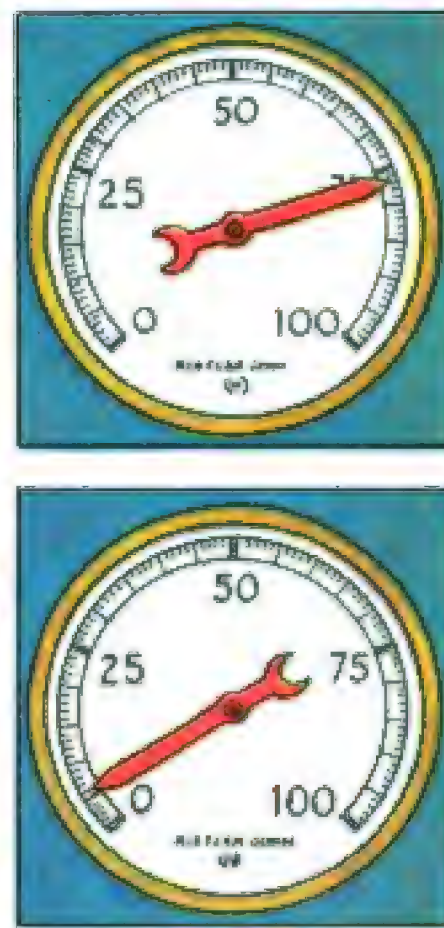
Hello Captain!... Ready?

Carry on!



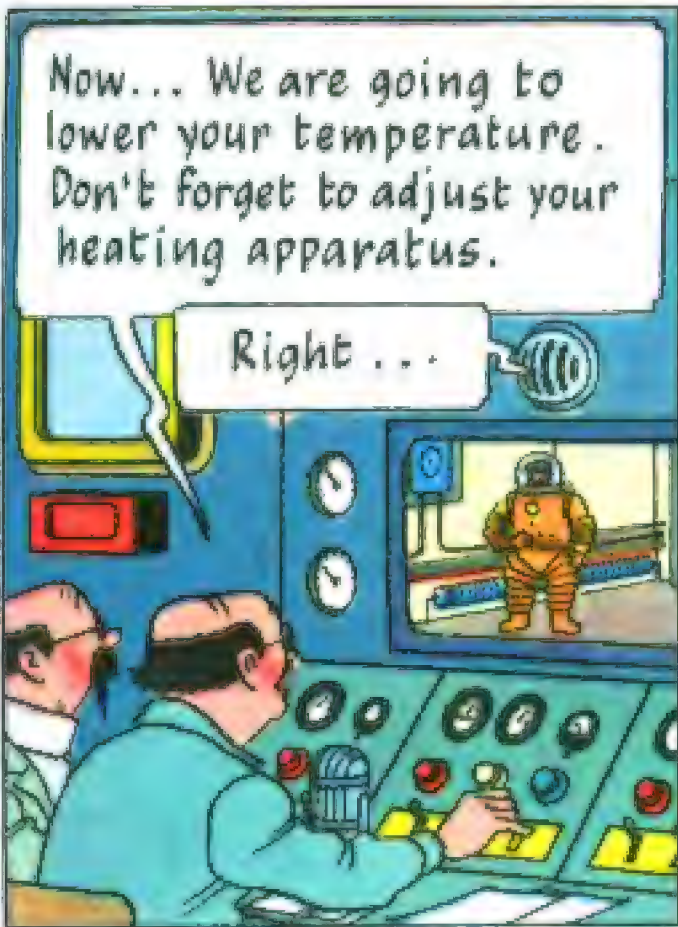
We'll start by creating a vacuum... Don't forget, if you feel the least discomfort don't hesitate to call us... We'll stop the test at once.

O.K.



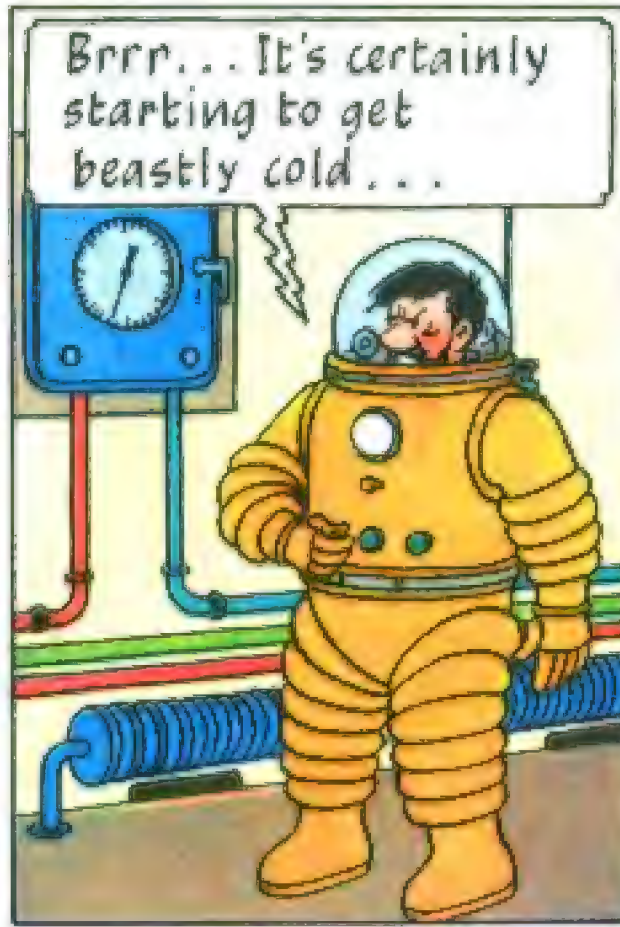
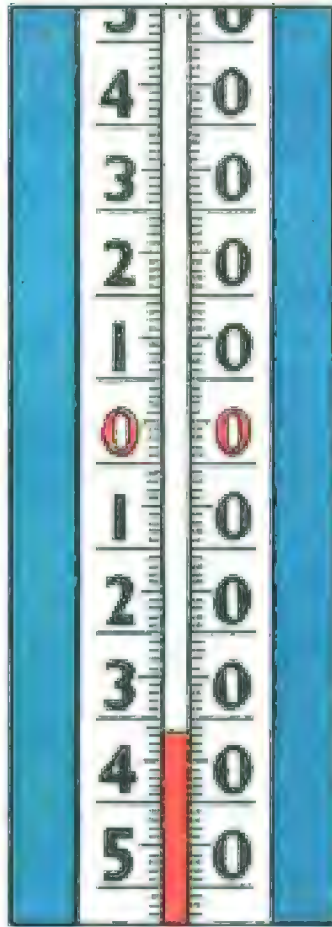
Pressure is now down to zero... You are almost in an absolute vacuum... How are you feeling?

Not bad, thanks. And you?

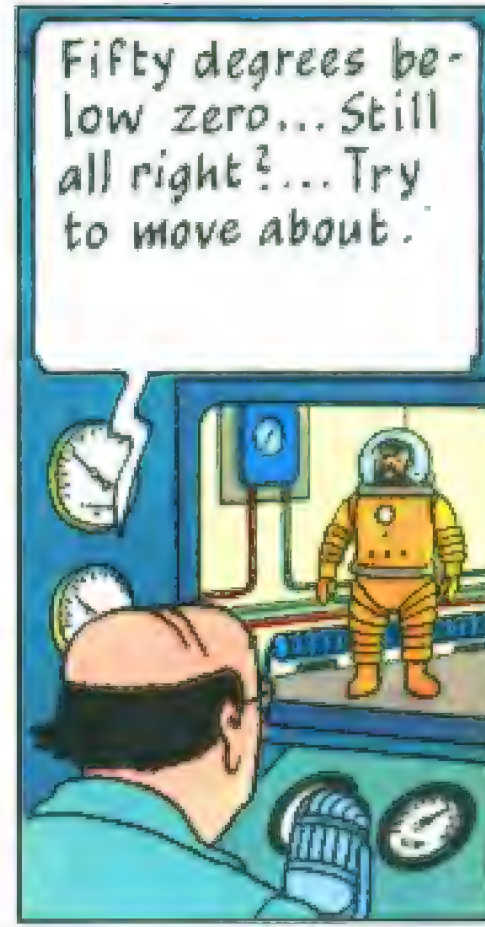


Now... We are going to lower your temperature. Don't forget to adjust your heating apparatus.

Right...



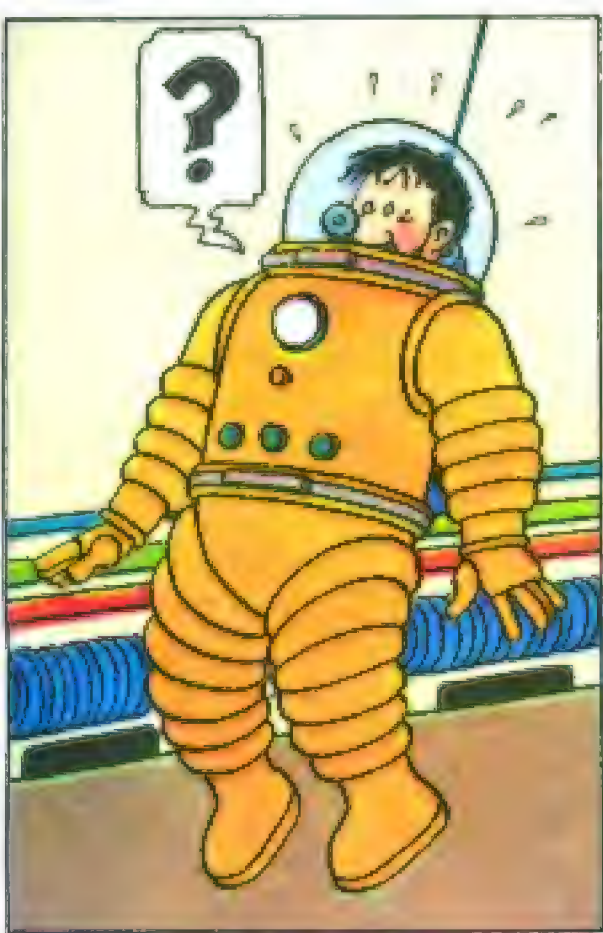
Brrr... It's certainly starting to get beastly cold...



Fifty degrees below zero... Still all right?... Try to move about.



Try to move about? With all this paraphernalia on? I'd like to see you do it. I suppose you could walk on your hands!



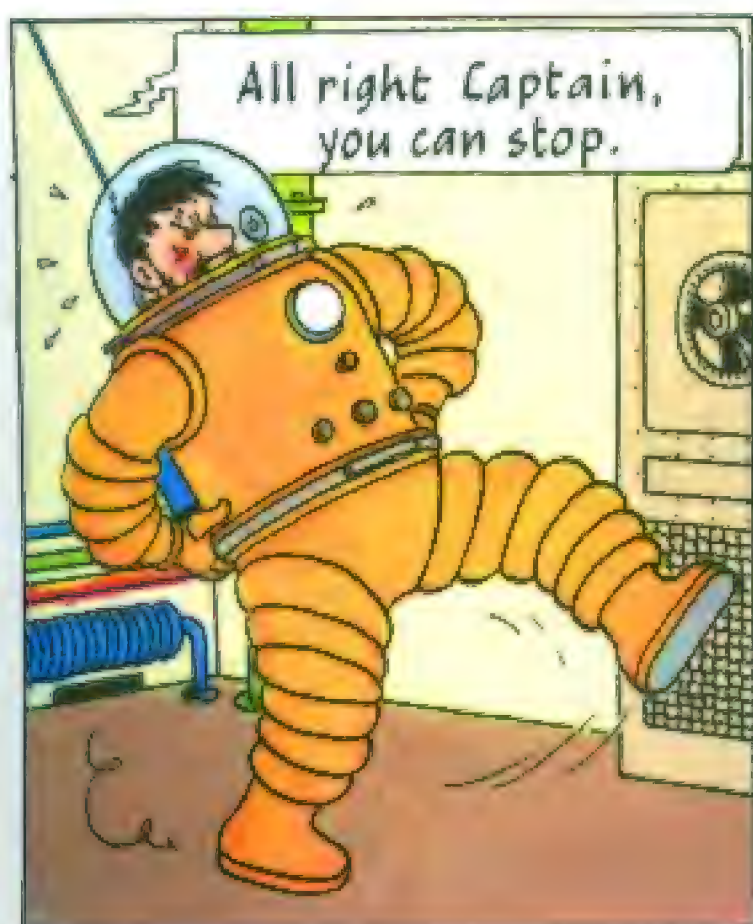
Hello Captain... That's fine!... Carry on!



Excellent... Now you can see...



...that it's not so difficult after all!



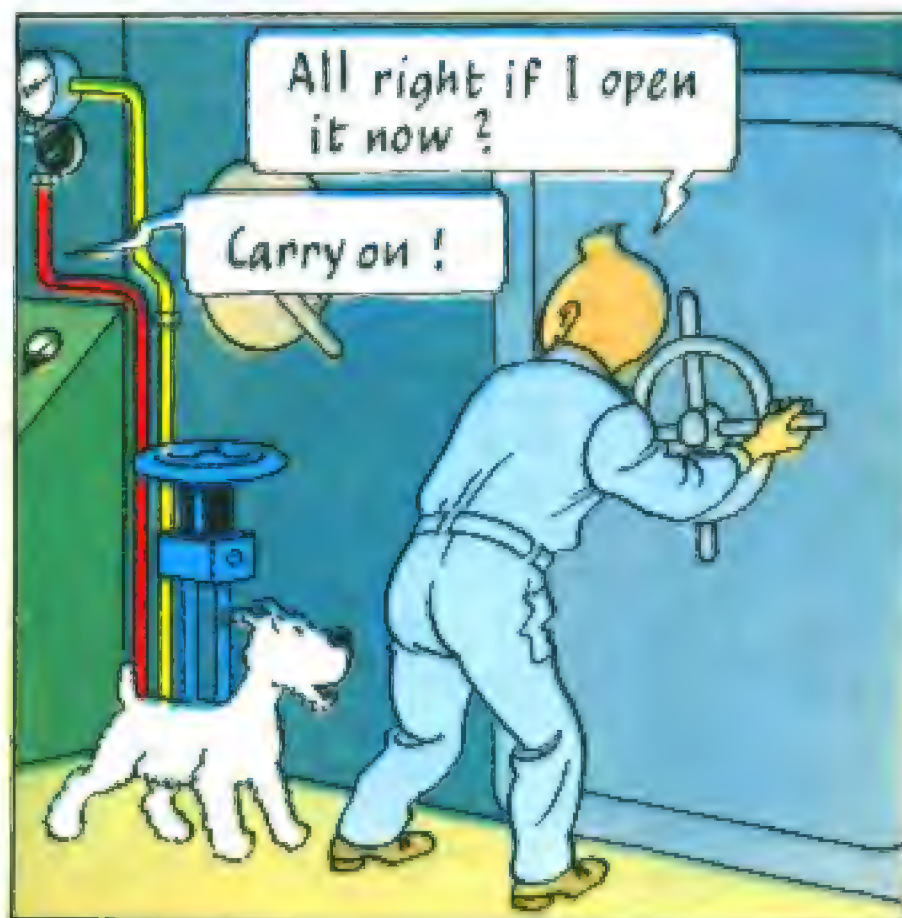
All right Captain, you can stop.



Hello Captain, what are you doing?... Hello!



For heaven's sake Mr. Wolff, bring the pressure and temperature back to normal at once! Something's wrong!

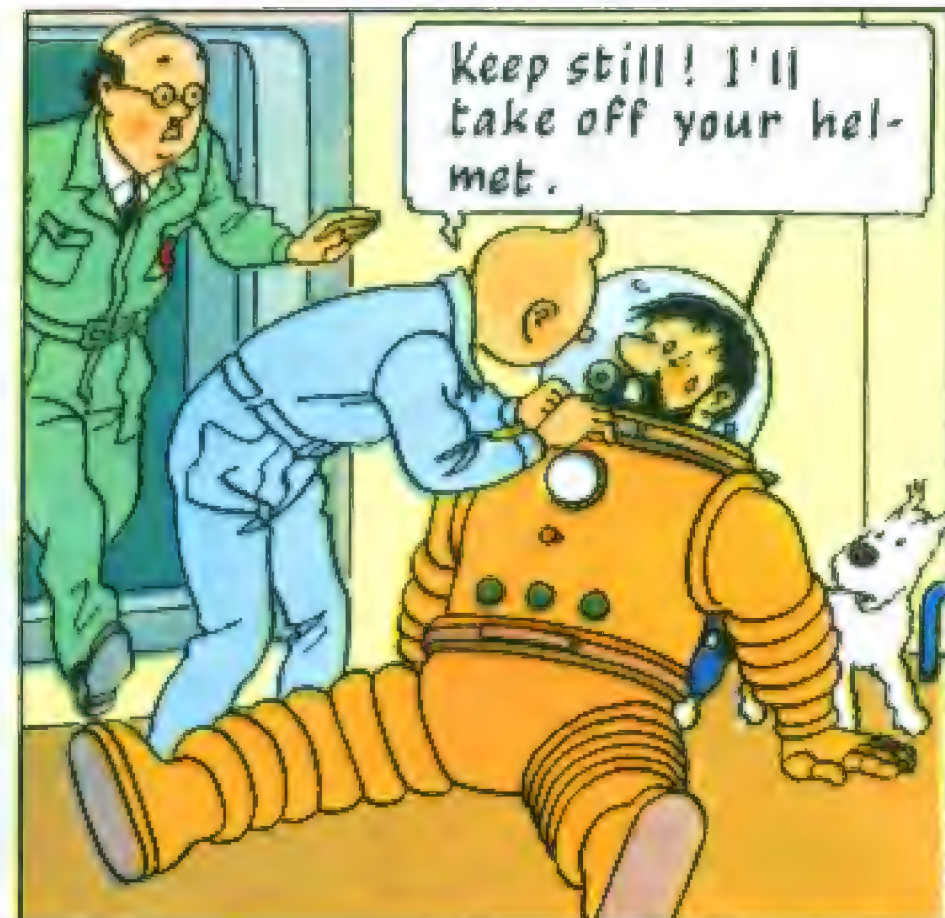


All right if I open it now?

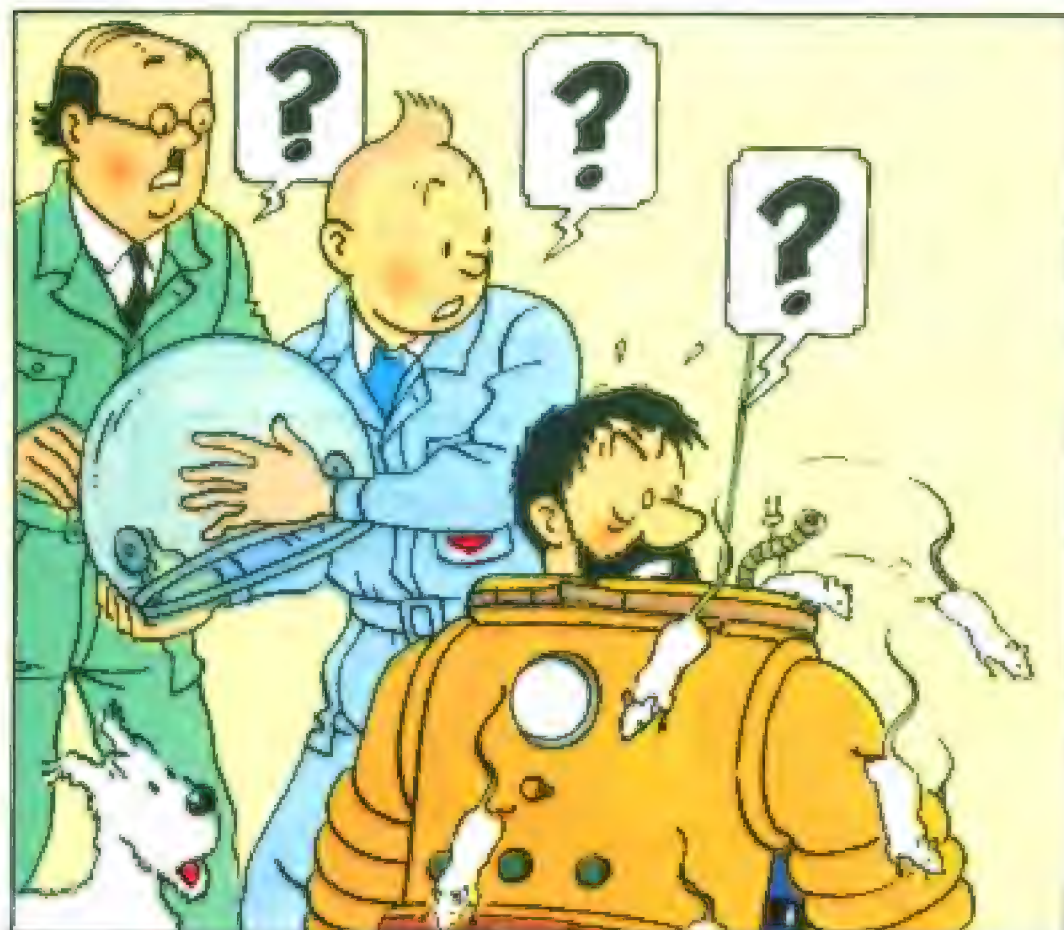
Carry on!



Great snakes!



Keep still! I'll take off your helmet.

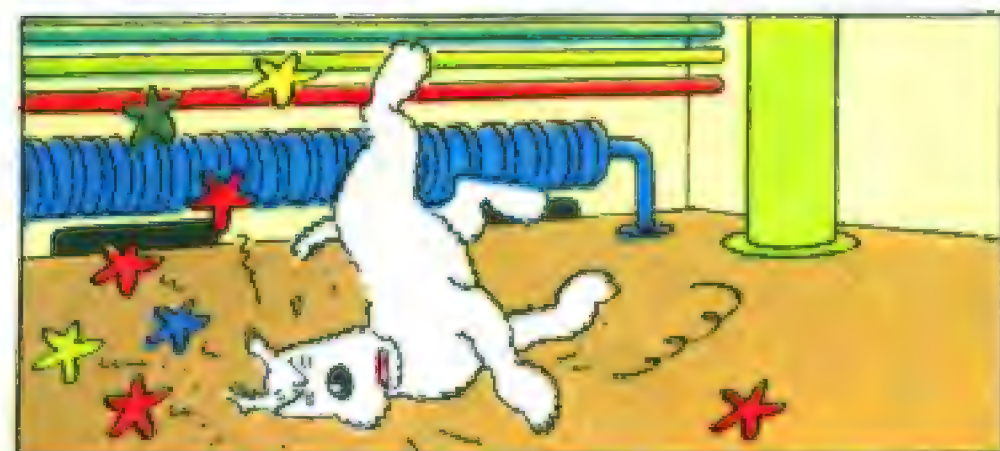


Mice! Snowy! Here, Snowy!

Wooah! Wooah!

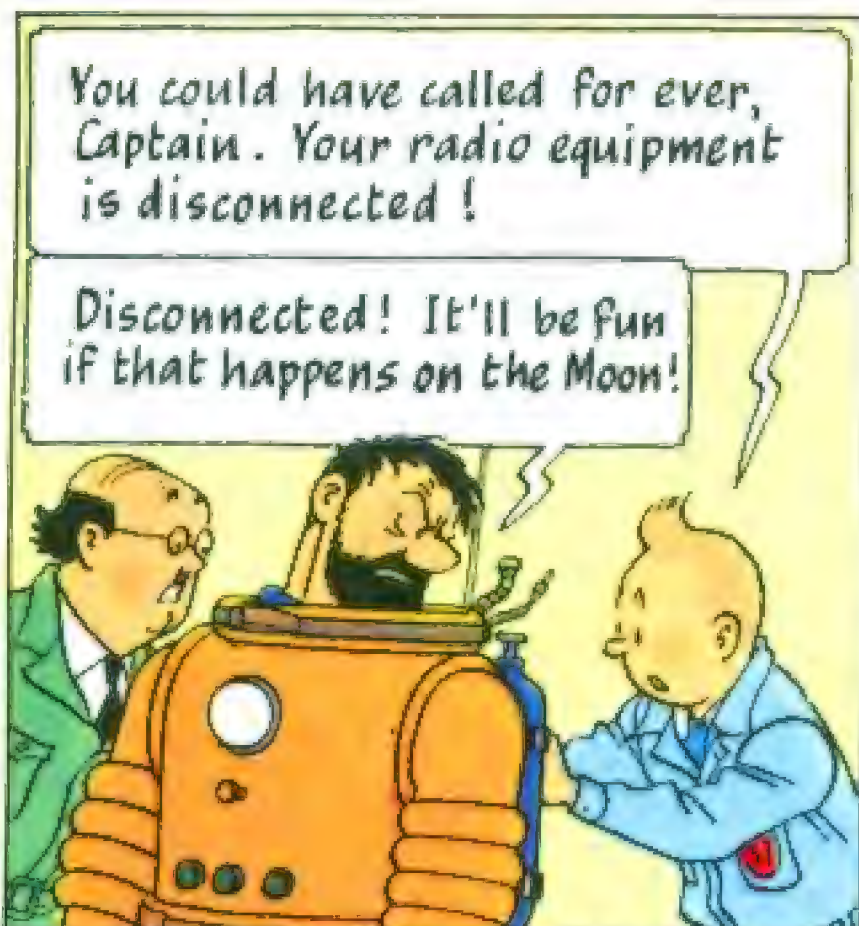


Good gracious! They're the mice we used for the first tests! We forgot to take them out of the suit!



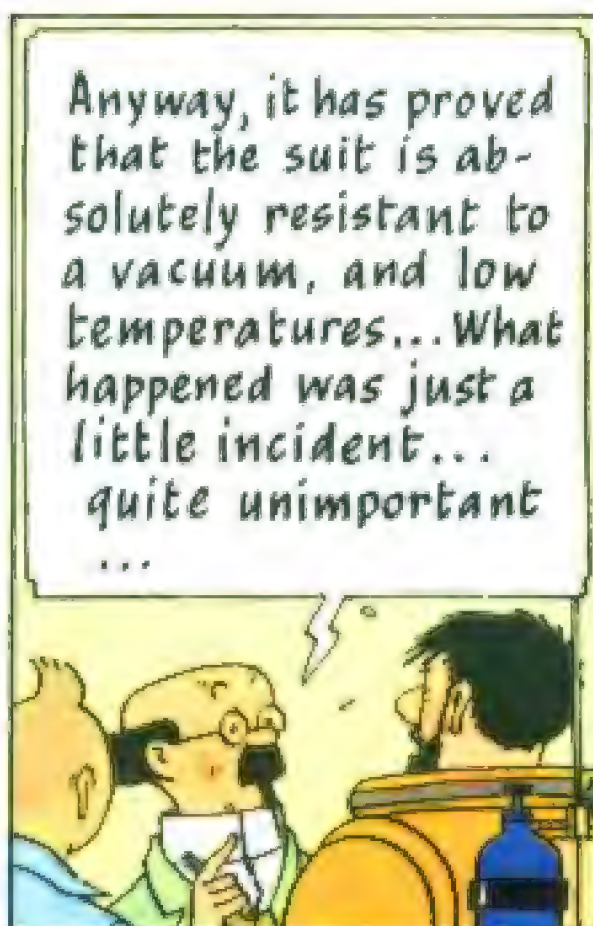
But why didn't you call out? I told you...

Blistering barnacles, that's what I did. It was you... You didn't answer!



You could have called for ever, Captain. Your radio equipment is disconnected!

Disconnected! It'll be fun if that happens on the Moon!



Anyway, it has proved that the suit is absolutely resistant to a vacuum, and low temperatures... What happened was just a little incident... quite unimportant...



HELP! ... HELP!

What, Captain?

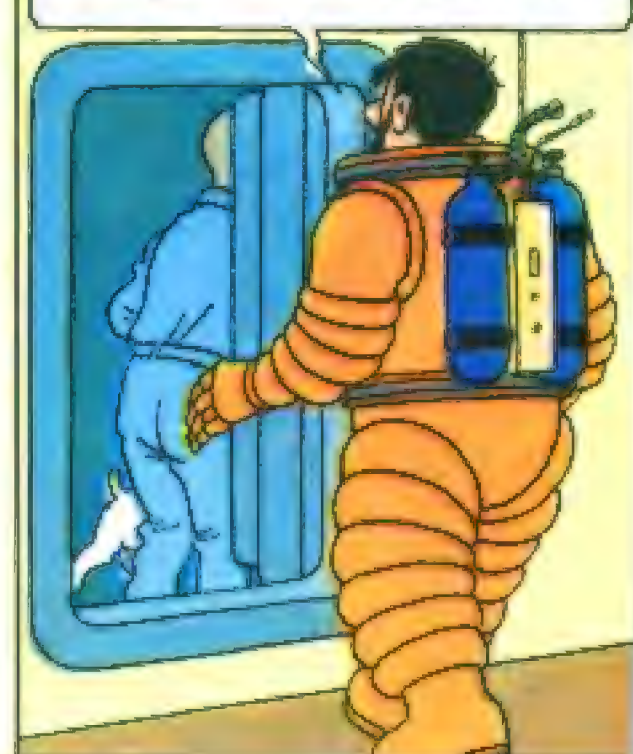
That's the Thomsons! Hurry, we must see...



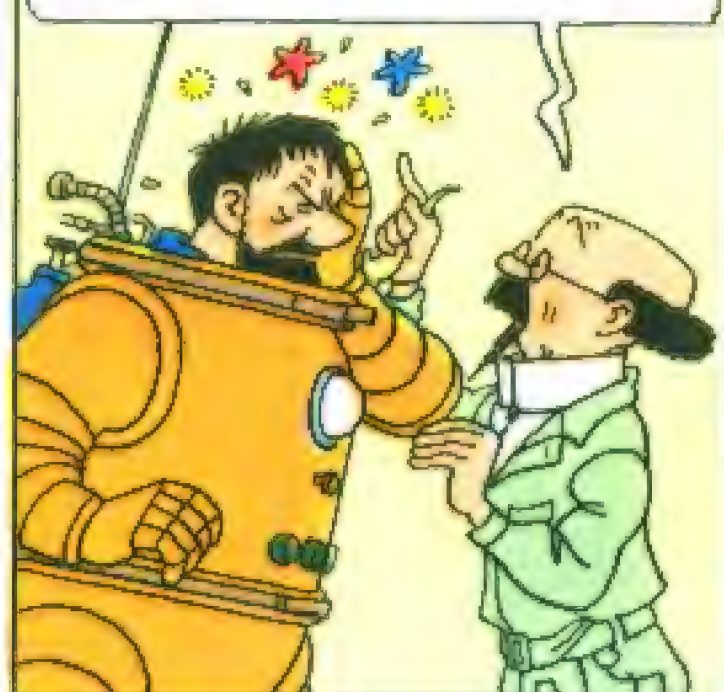
M-m-m... m-mice!... It's alive with mice in here!



Now what's happened to that pair of sea-gherkins?



My poor friend! Didn't you notice the door was rather low?



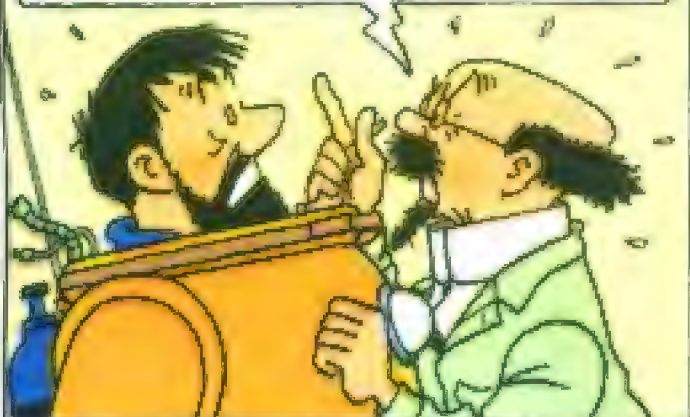
D'you think I did it on purpose?... I suppose you think my favourite pastime is cracking my head against doors? Well, I've had enough! I've had enough of being a playmate for neurotic mice!



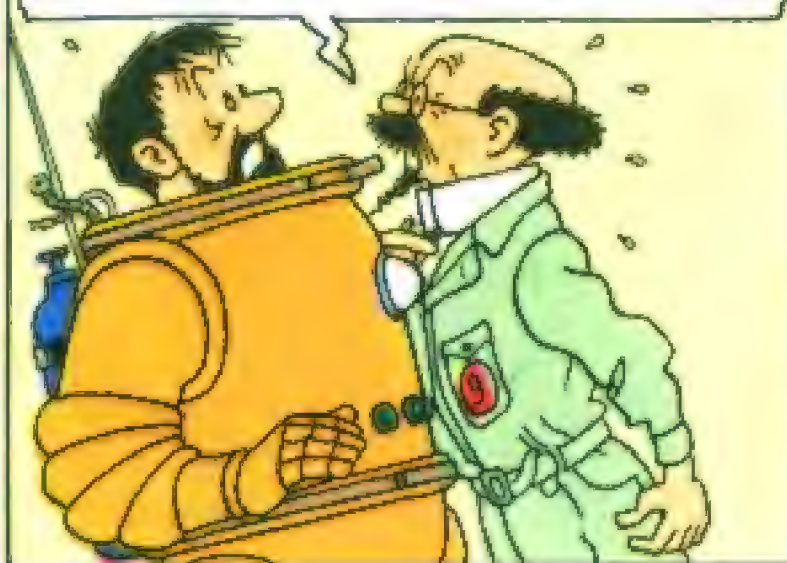
I've had enough, d'you understand?... You want to go to the Moon?... Well go! But without me! I'm going home to Marlinspike!... And you can go on acting the goat here for as long as you like!



Oh, I'm acting the goat?... I'm acting the goat, am I?... I... This... this is too much! I, acting the goat!... I demand an apology... An apology, you hear?... You have no right to say such a thing!... Acting the goat!

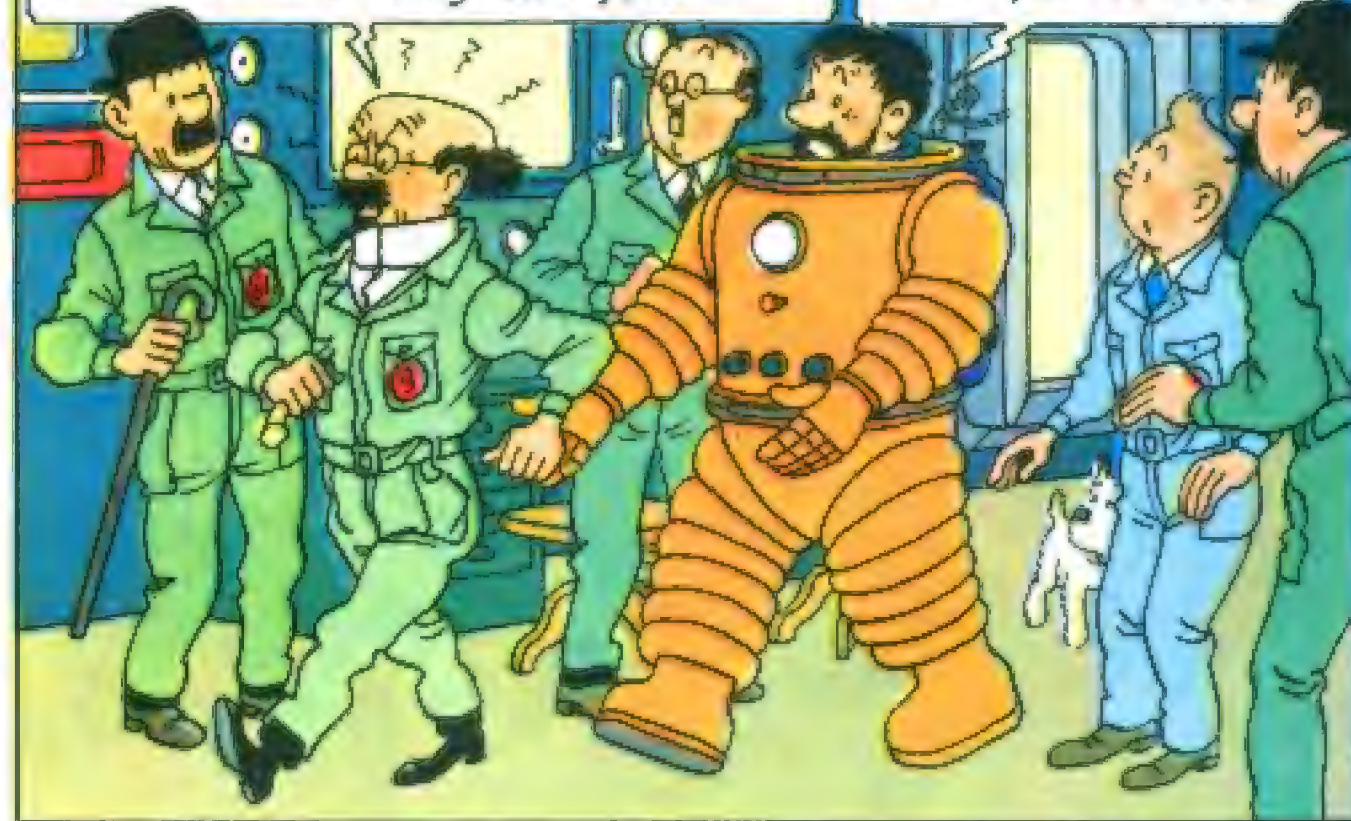


To dare say such a thing to me!... You!... You!... You follow me... I'll show you just how I act the goat!... Come along!



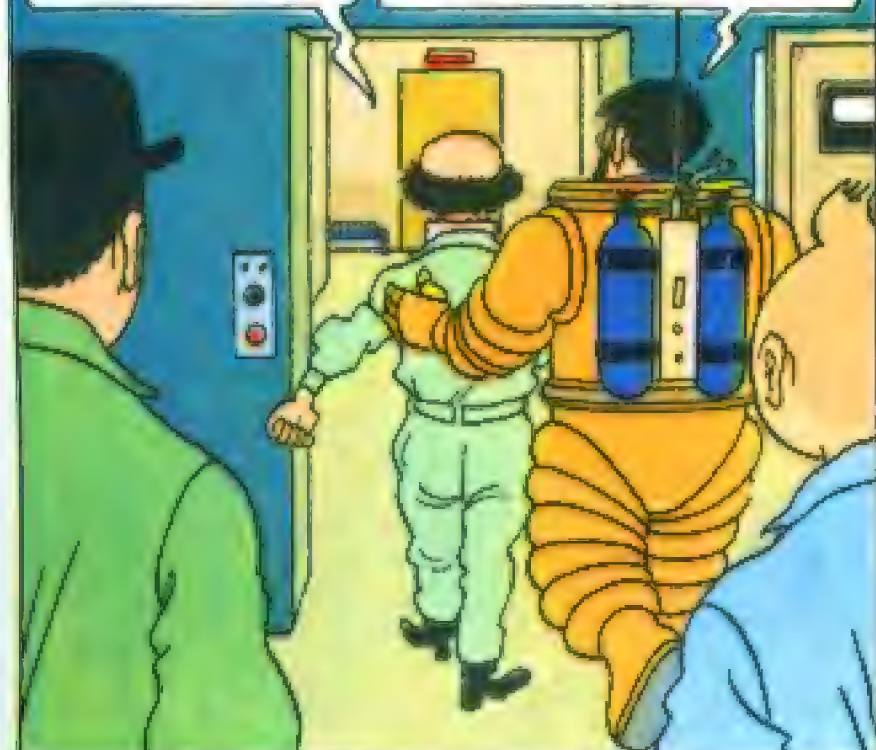
Oho! I'm acting the goat!

Look, I... I...

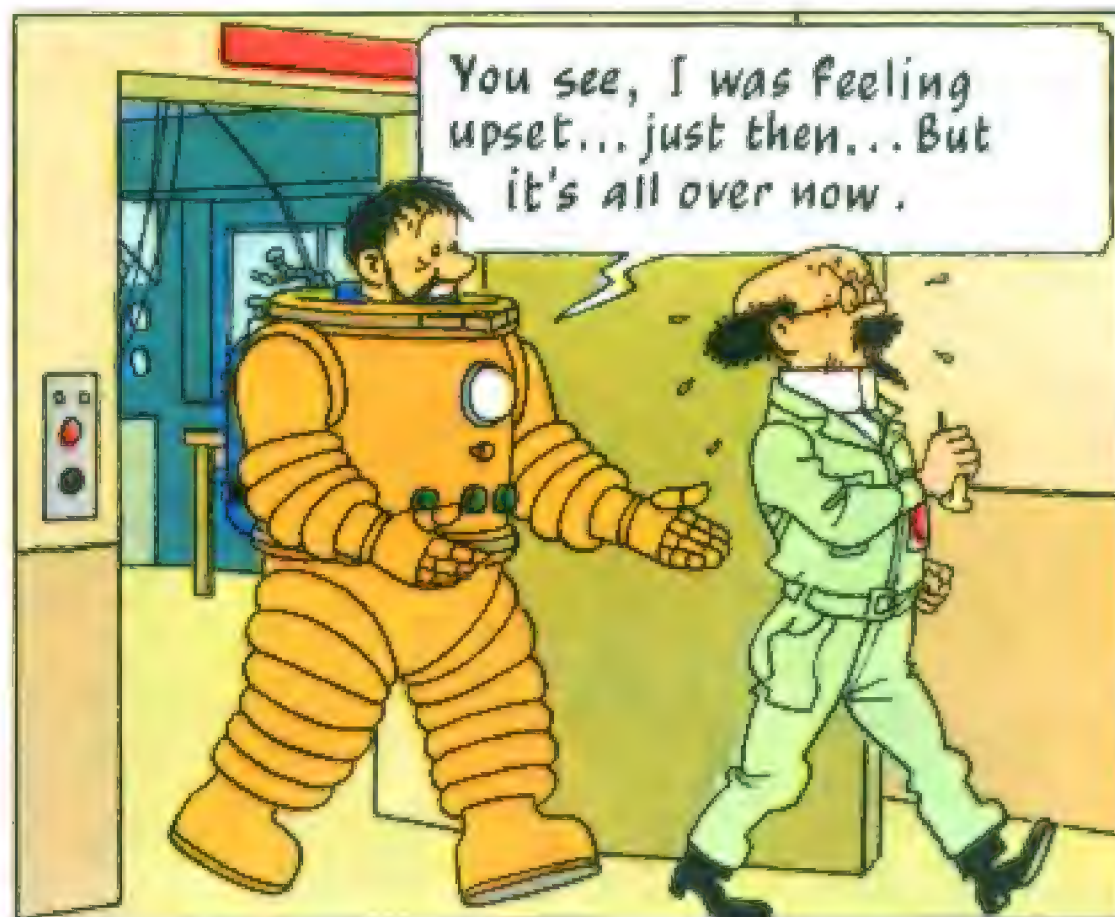


So, I act the goat?

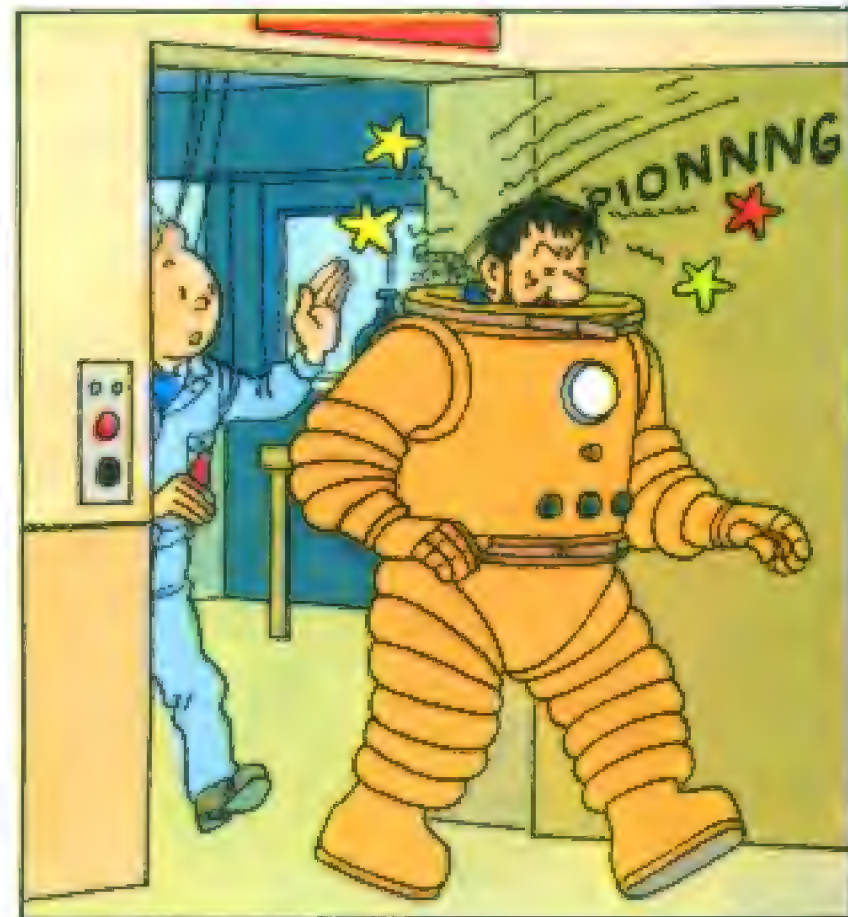
I didn't mean anything...

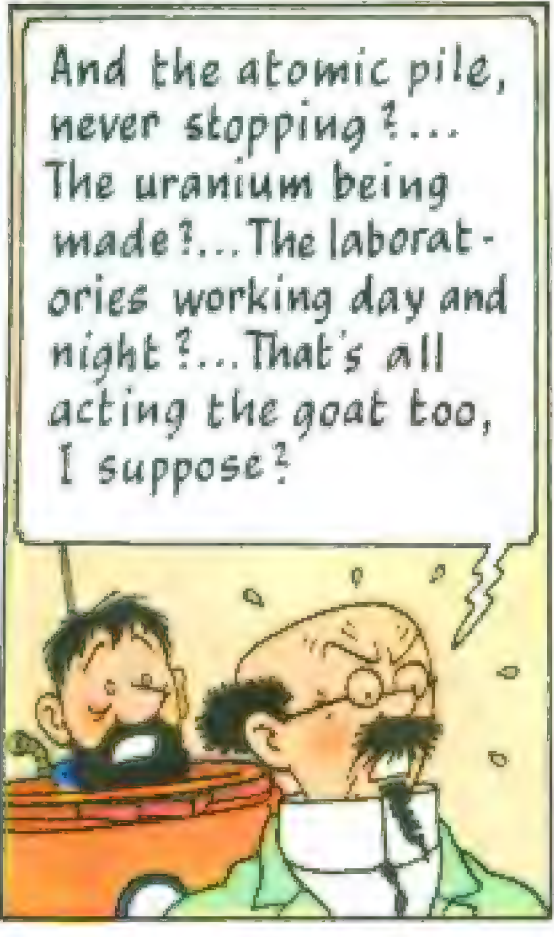
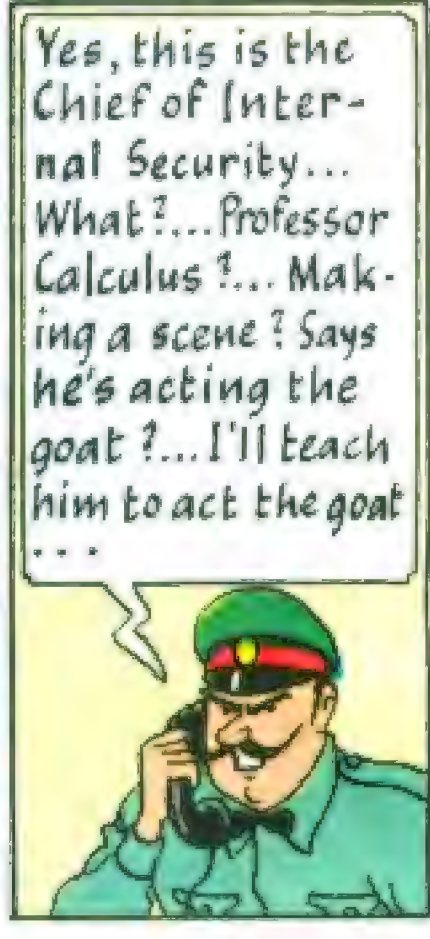
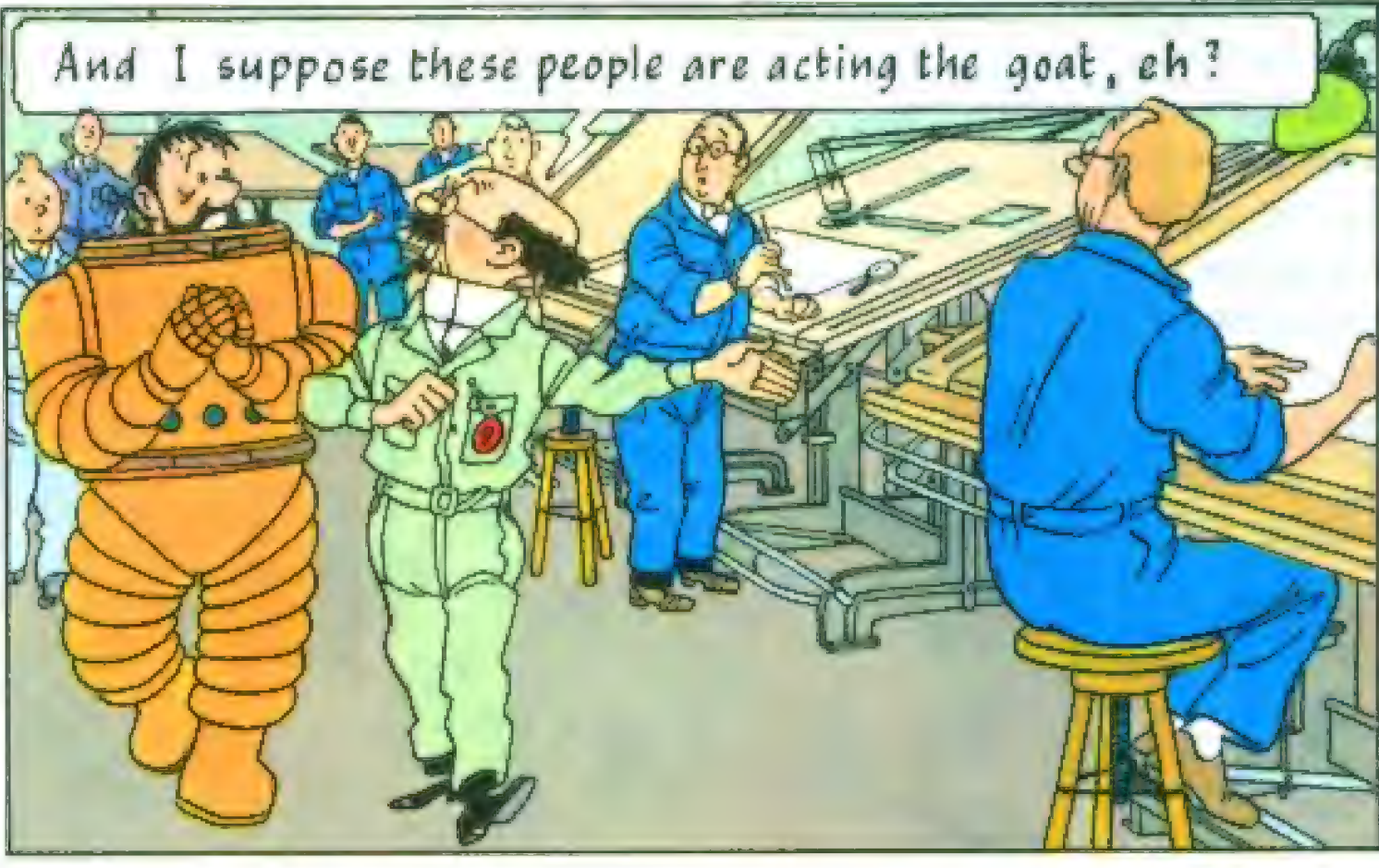
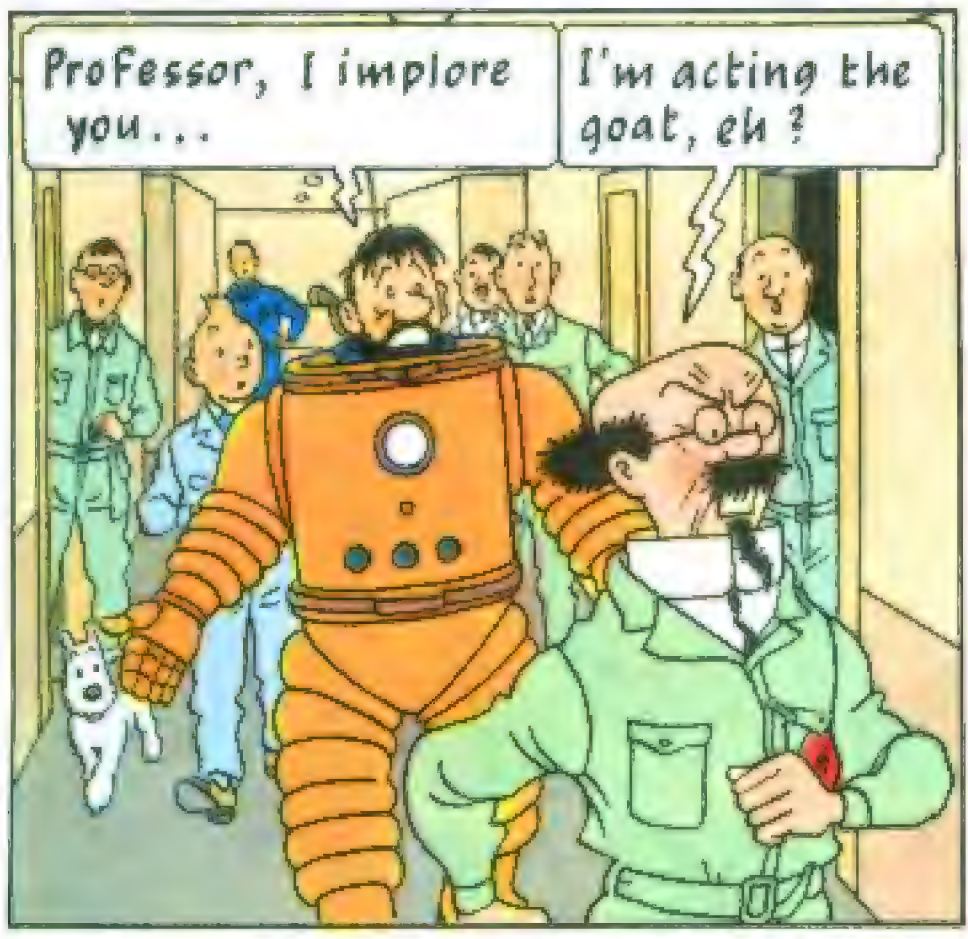
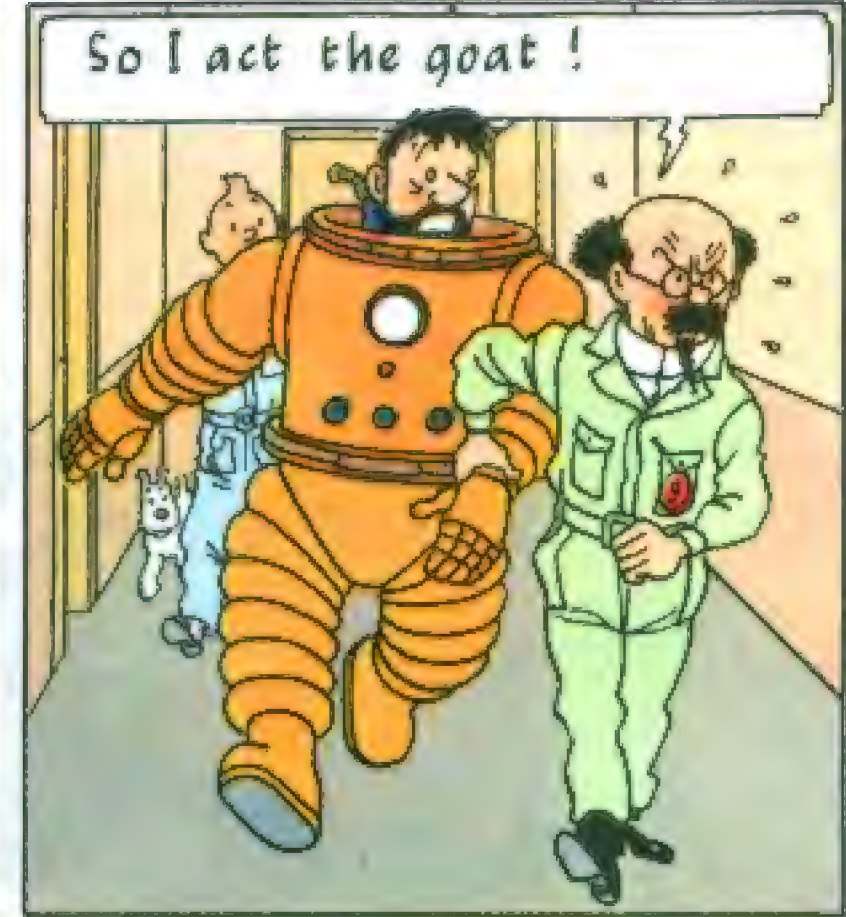
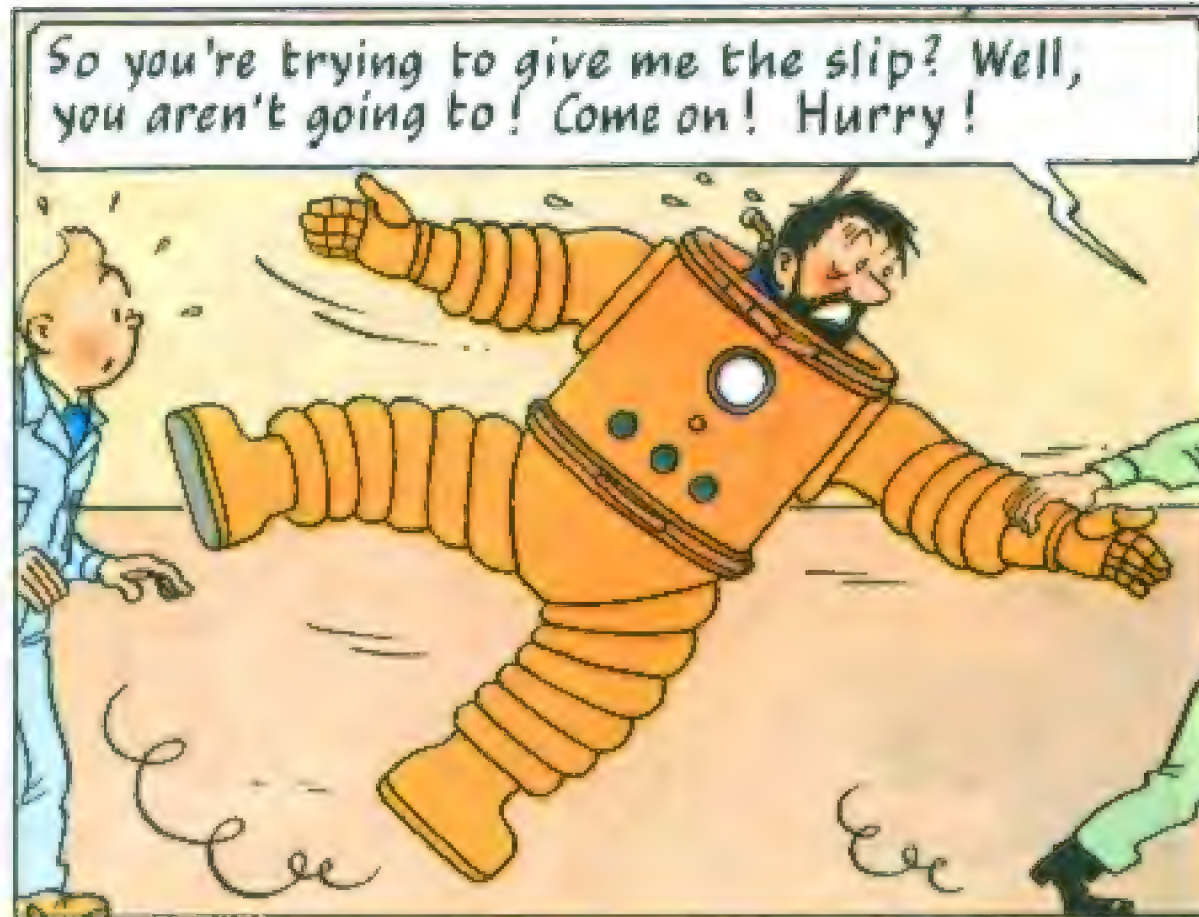


You see, I was feeling upset... just then... But it's all over now.



PIONNNG







For months, teams of experts have been worked to death... acting the goat, of course!



Come on!... Sit down there and don't argue ... We're leaving!

But...



Good morning, Professor. Will you sign the dispatch book, please?

For the love of heaven don't let him go!



Stand aside, microbe!... Let me pass! I'm acting the goat, d'you hear?... I'm acting the goat!



Stop them!... They've no exit permit!



Hello!... Garage here... A jeep driven by Professor Calculus has left without permission ... Stop it!

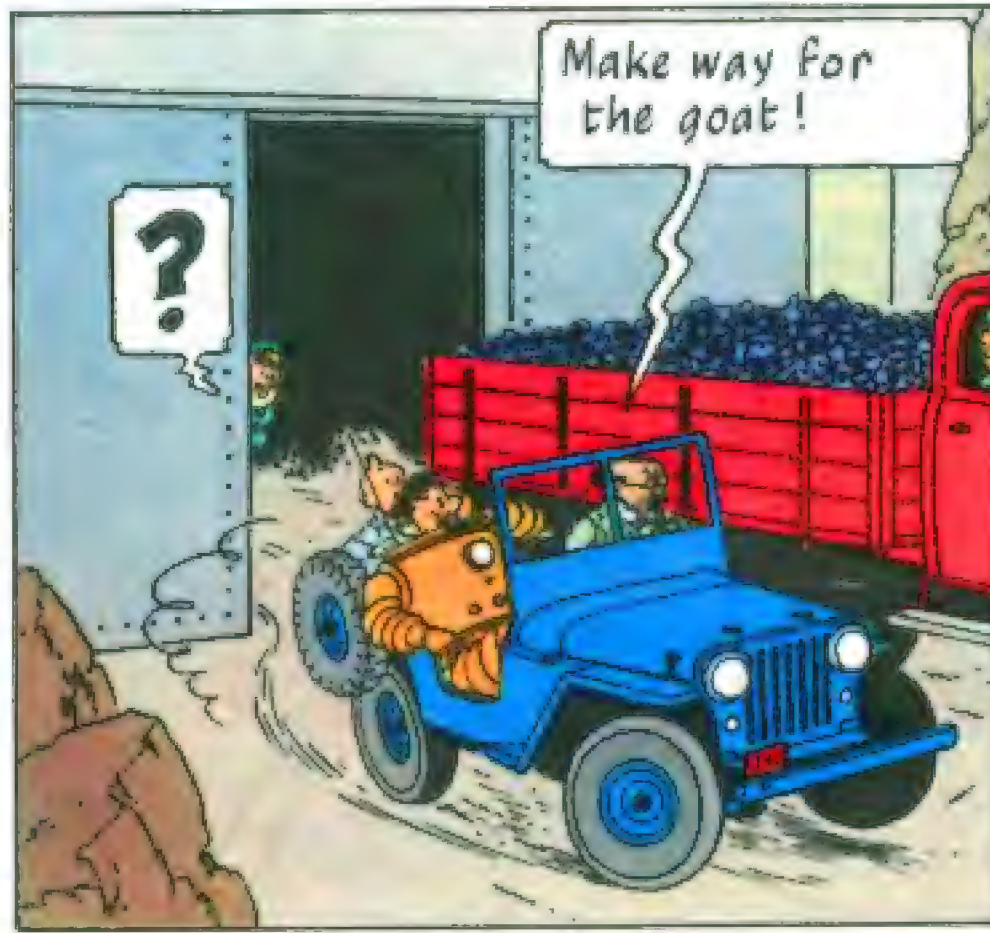


Quick, clear the entrance and close the doors. There's a jeep coming...



Halt!

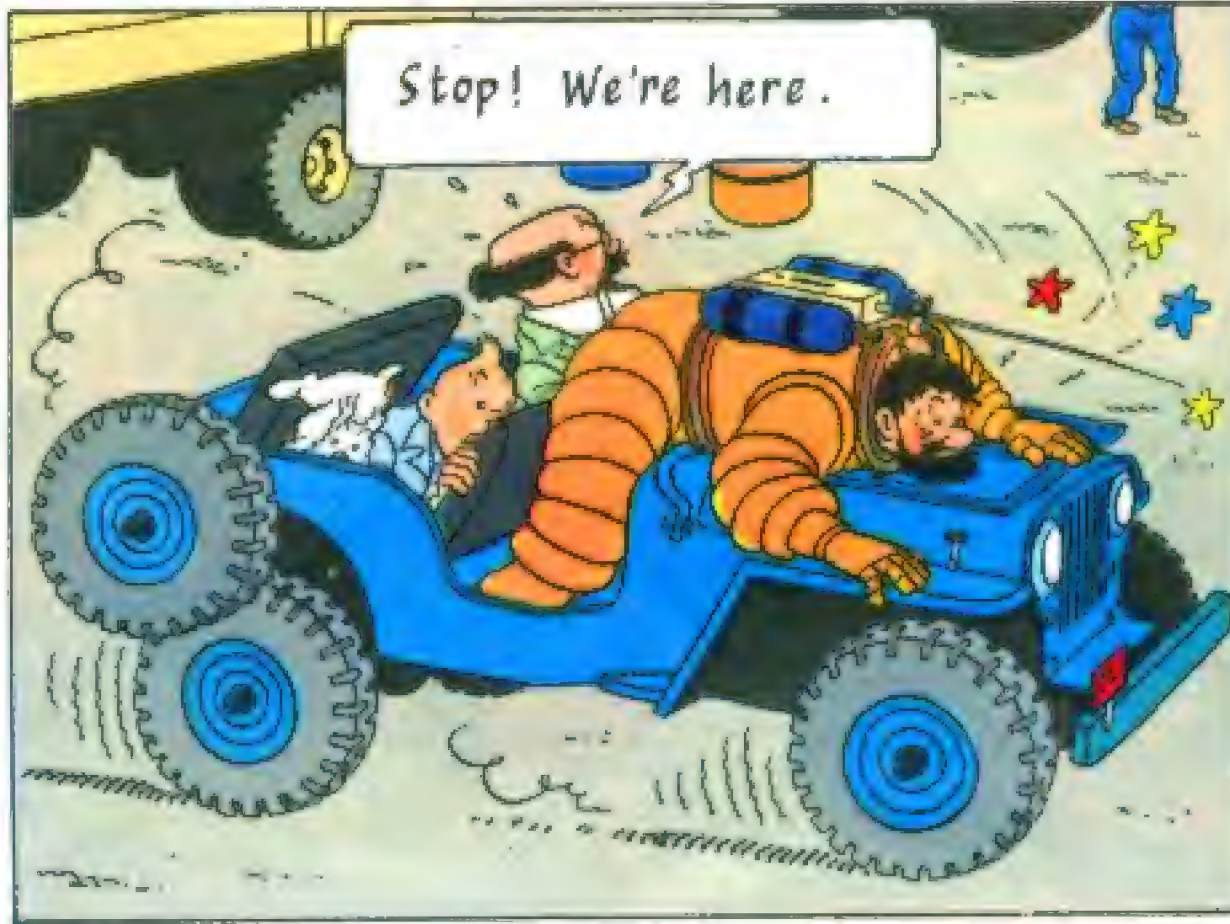
Hey!... Stop!



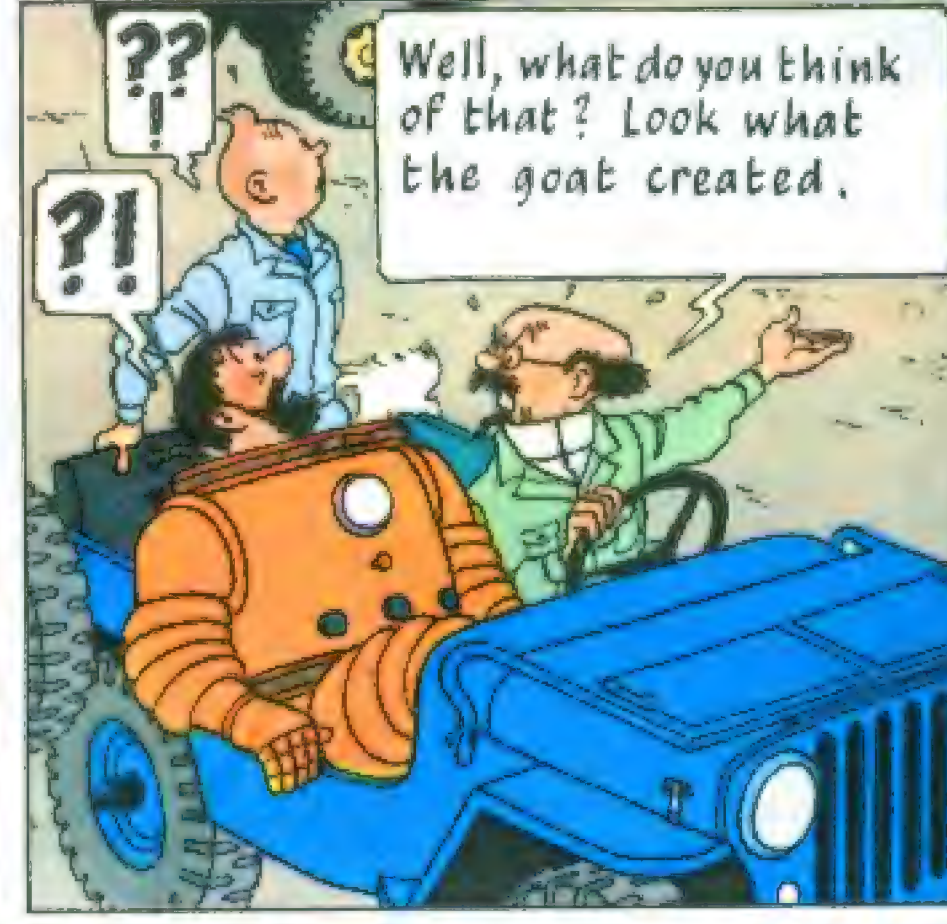
Make way for the goat!



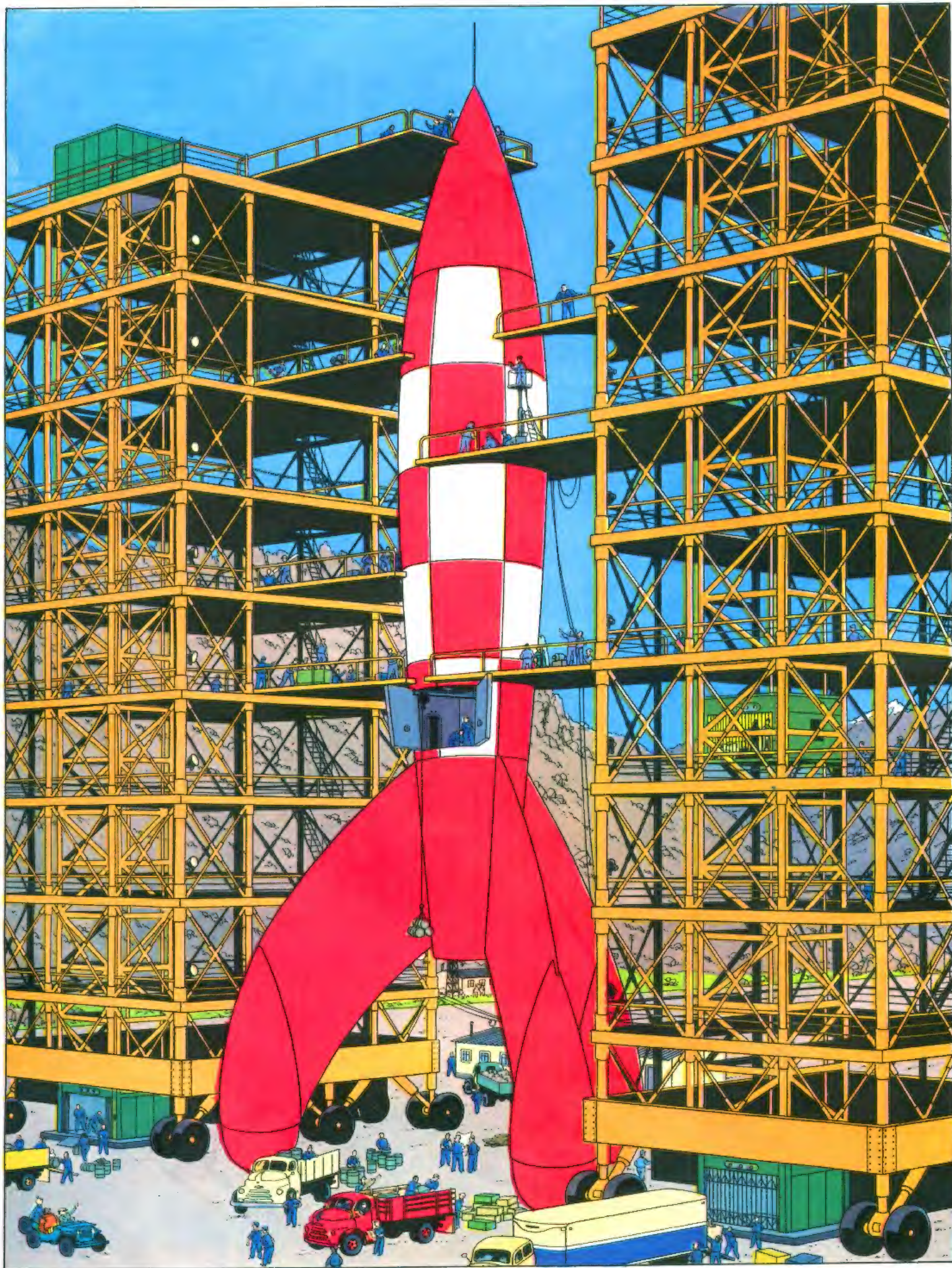
I often say to myself: one of these days I'll learn to drive! Nowadays everyone should be able to drive a car!



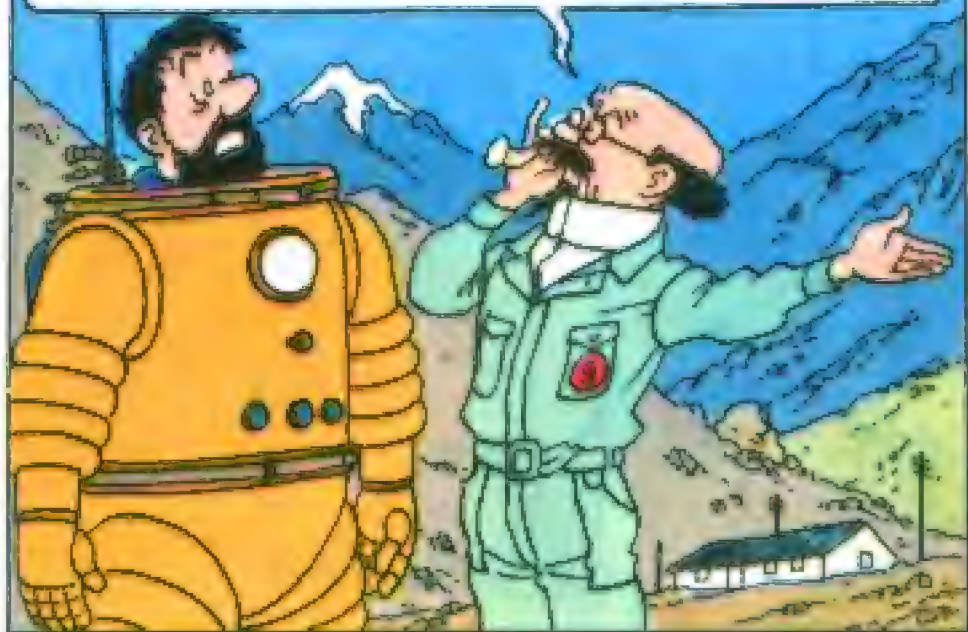
Stop! We're here.



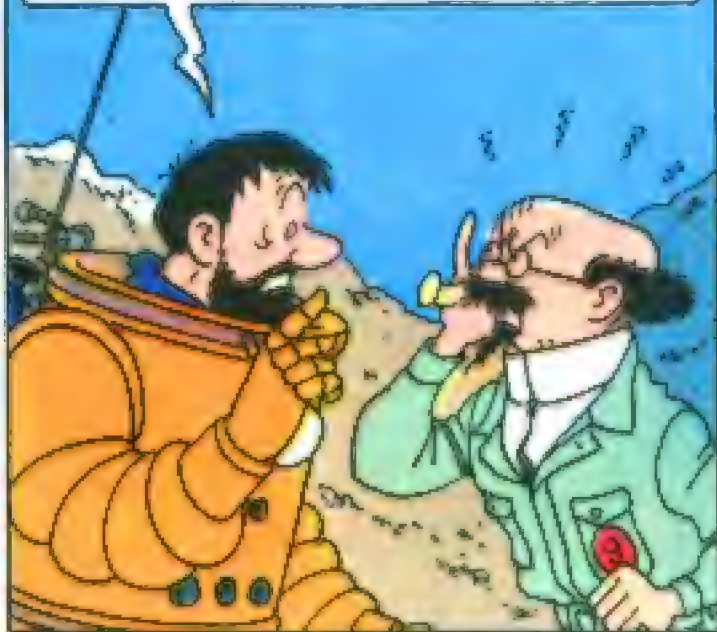
Well, what do you think of that? Look what the goat created.



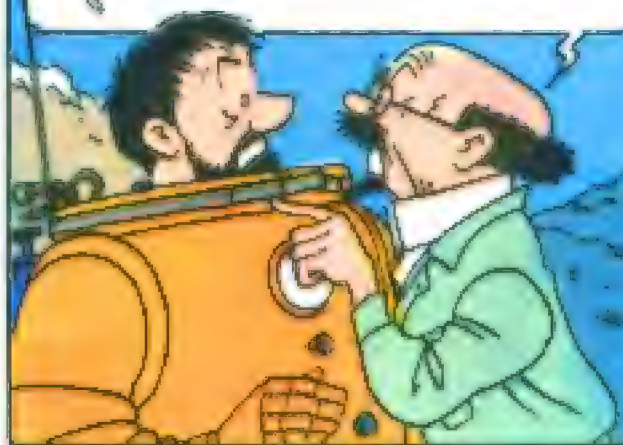
Well, what about it?... Look what I created - I, Cuthbert Calculus!... And that, I suppose, is what you call "acting the goat"?



You think this... this crackpot contraption will take you to the Moon?



This crackpot contraption, as you call it, is taking you to the Moon, as well... Understand? Meanwhile, you're going to look over it... And put your aerial down!



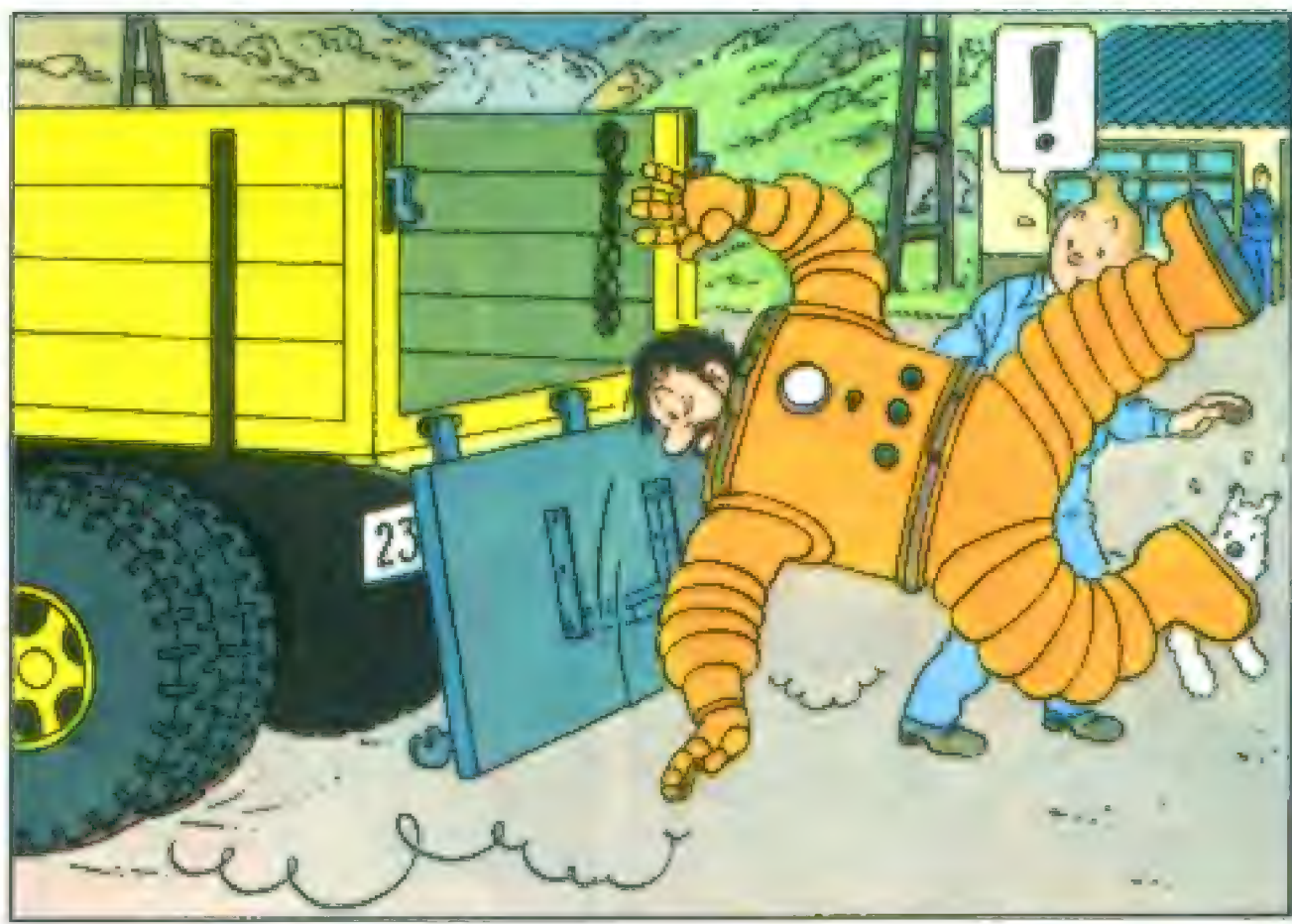
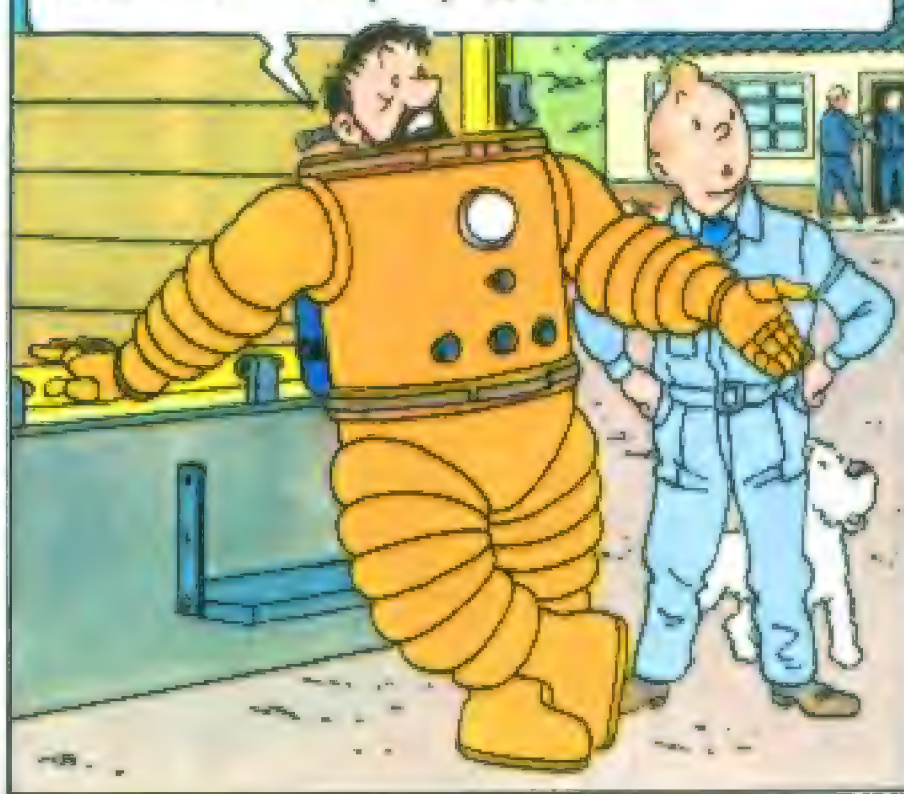
LIFT!...



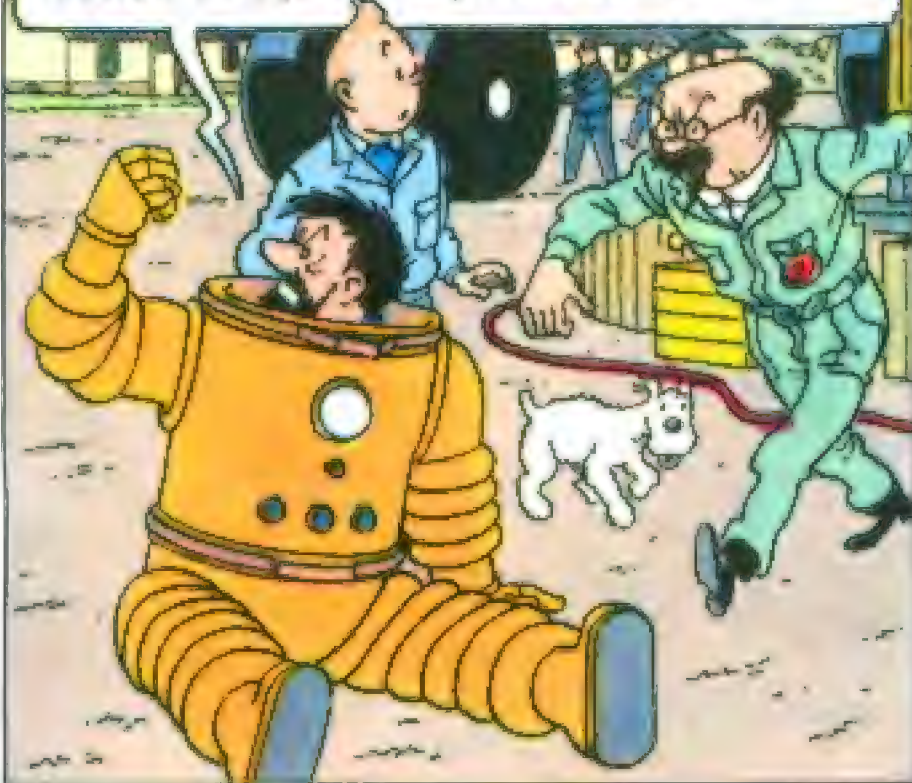
Poor Calculus, he must have a screw loose... How do you suppose that monument could go up in the air?... You might just as well play a penny whistle in front of Nelson's Column and expect it to dance a samba!



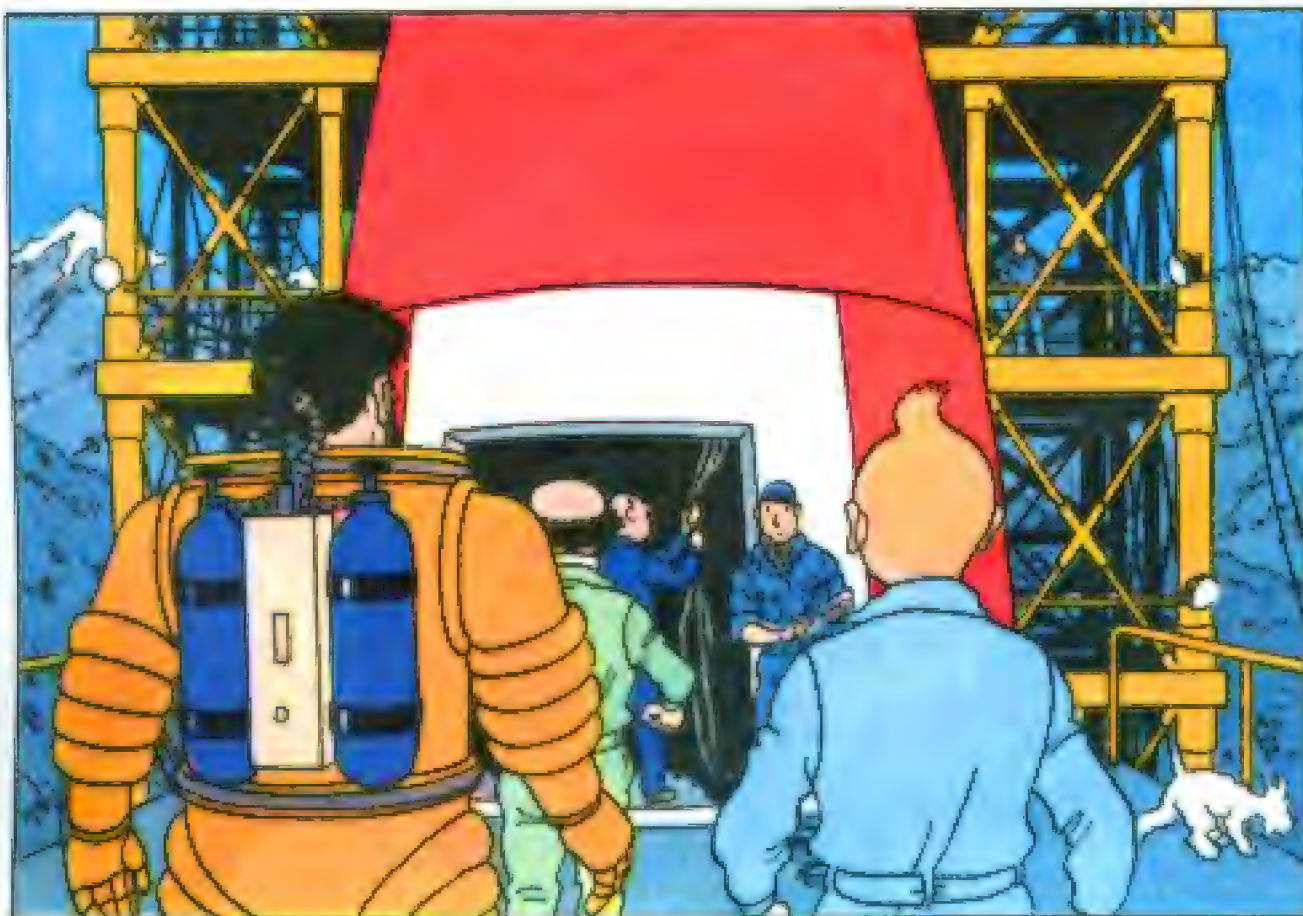
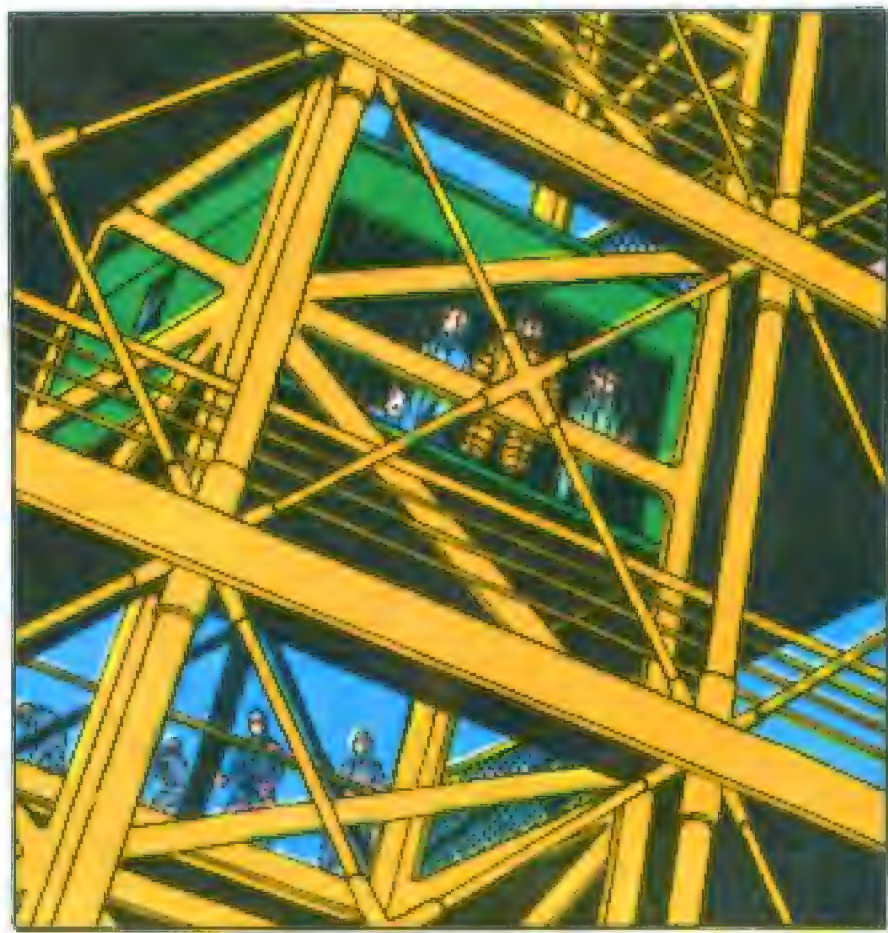
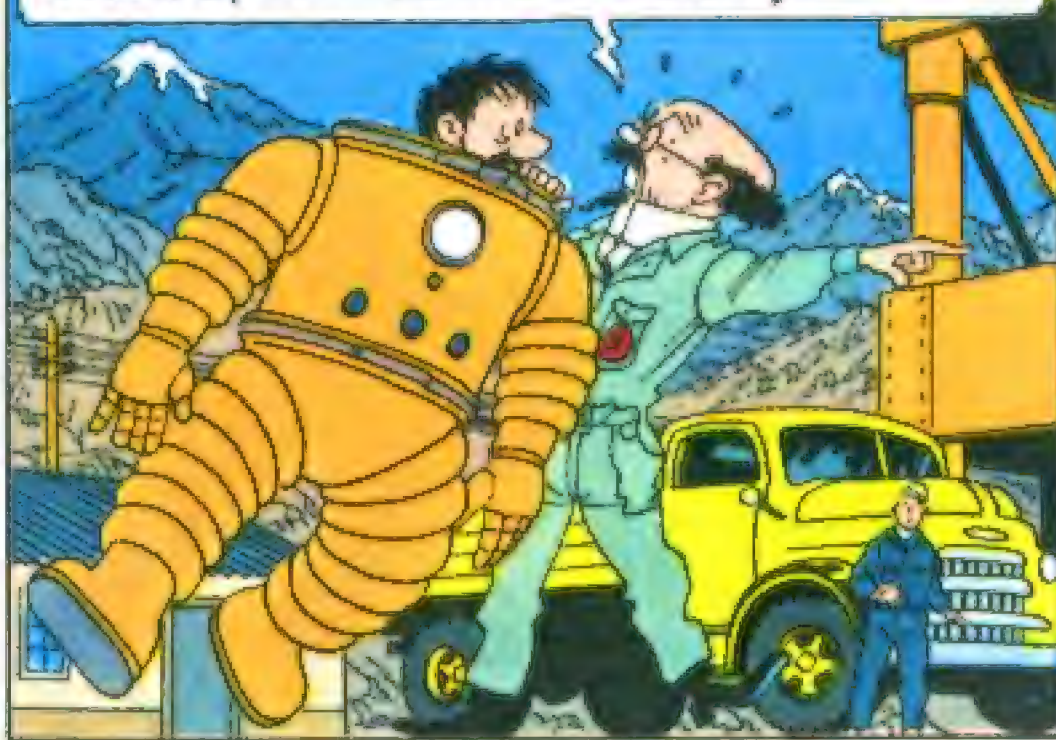
Not a hope, you know! It wouldn't even stand up by itself!



You road-hog!... Bully!... Steam-roller!... Cyclotron!



Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Making a scene in front of everybody?... Stand up!... The lift is waiting!



In you go!... Hurry up!

You... you're sure it won't take off without warning?



Meanwhile...

Hello... Hello... yes... I've just had a message from our new agent... The launching takes place in a month: June the 3rd., at 1:34 a.m.... Yes, that's it. Send Col. onel Jorgen to me.



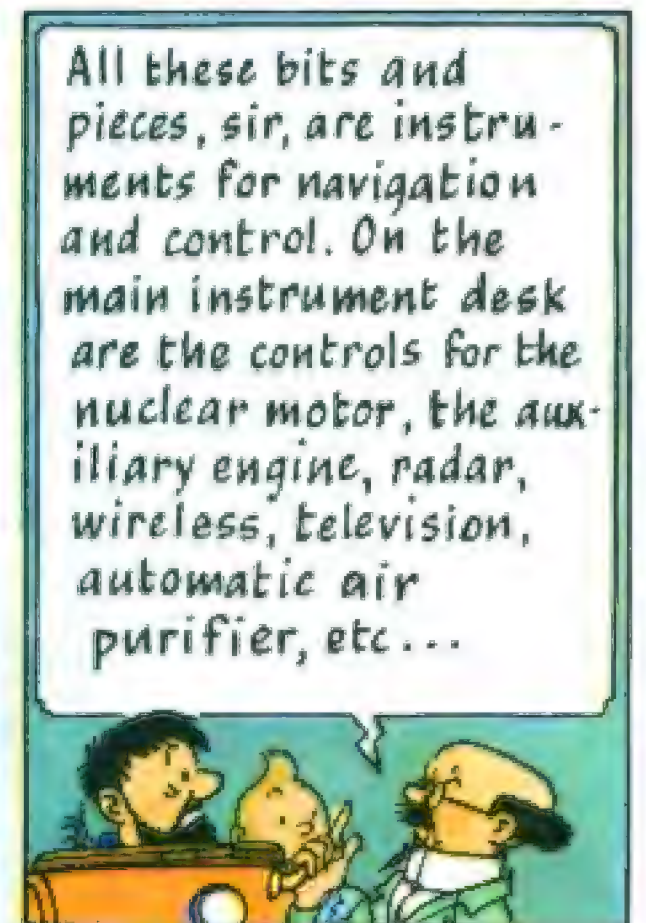


First of all, this is the Control Cabin.

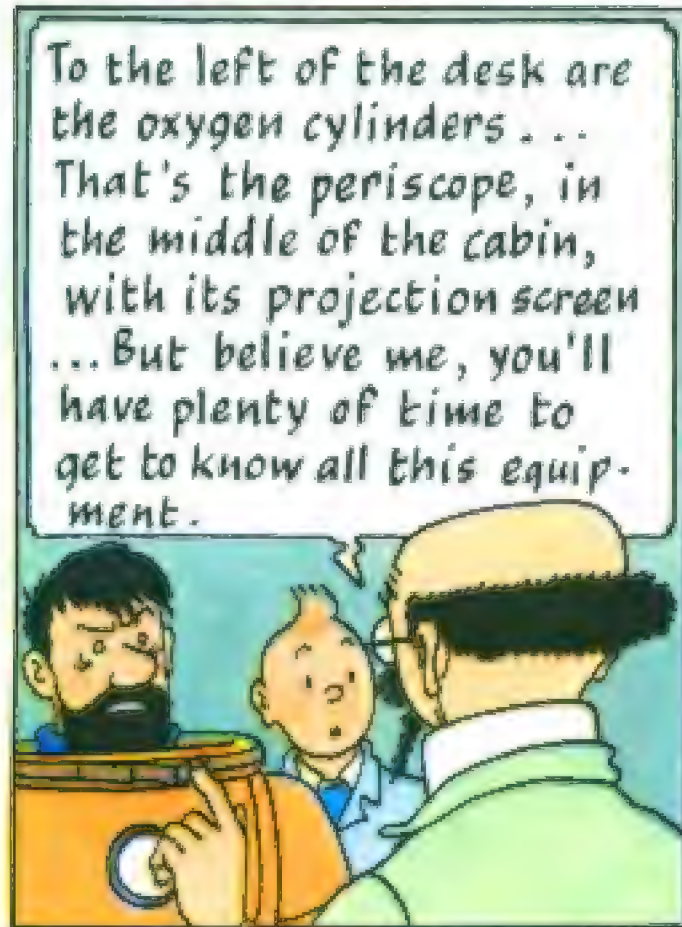


Well, what do you think of it?... You can't call this acting the goat, eh?

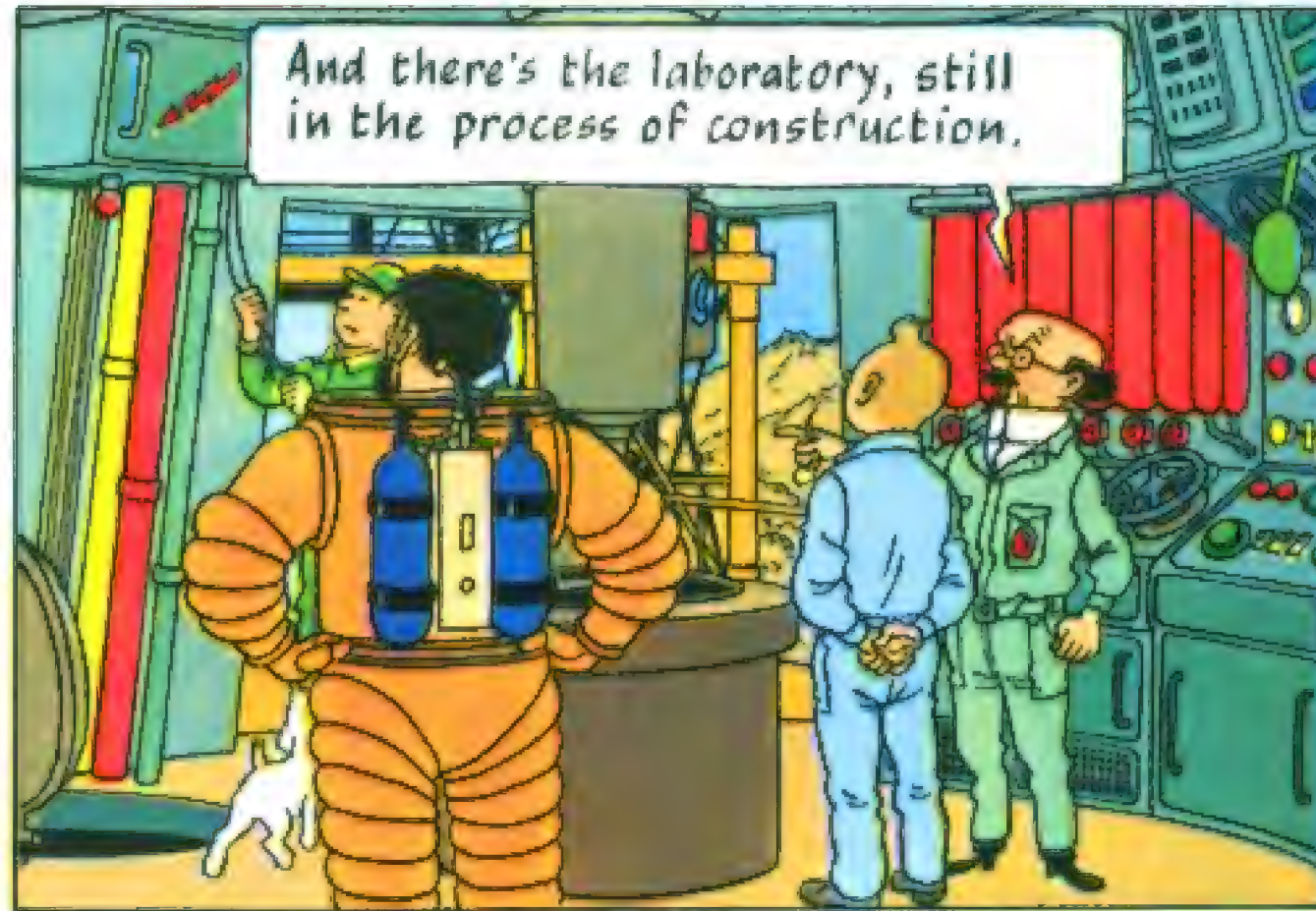
Fantastic!... Er... what are all these bits and pieces for?



All these bits and pieces, sir, are instruments for navigation and control. On the main instrument desk are the controls for the nuclear motor, the auxiliary engine, radar, wireless, television, automatic air purifier, etc...



To the left of the desk are the oxygen cylinders... That's the periscope, in the middle of the cabin, with its projection screen... But believe me, you'll have plenty of time to get to know all this equipment.

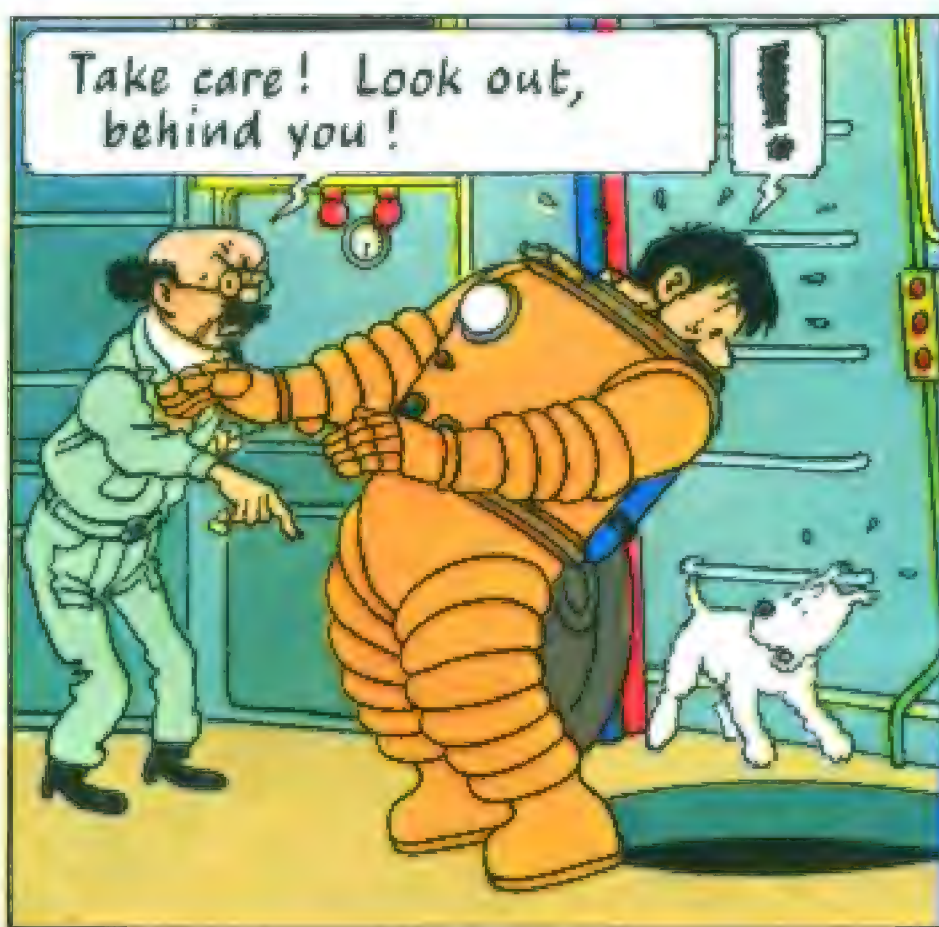


And there's the laboratory, still in the process of construction.

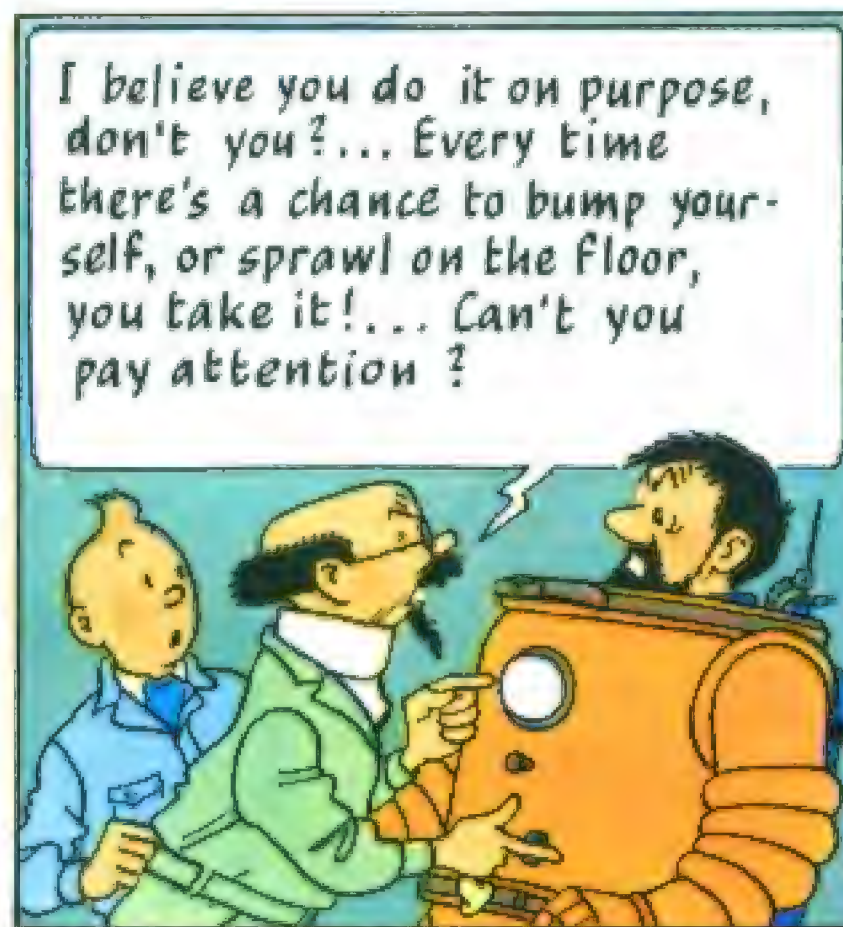


Amazing!... Astonishing!...

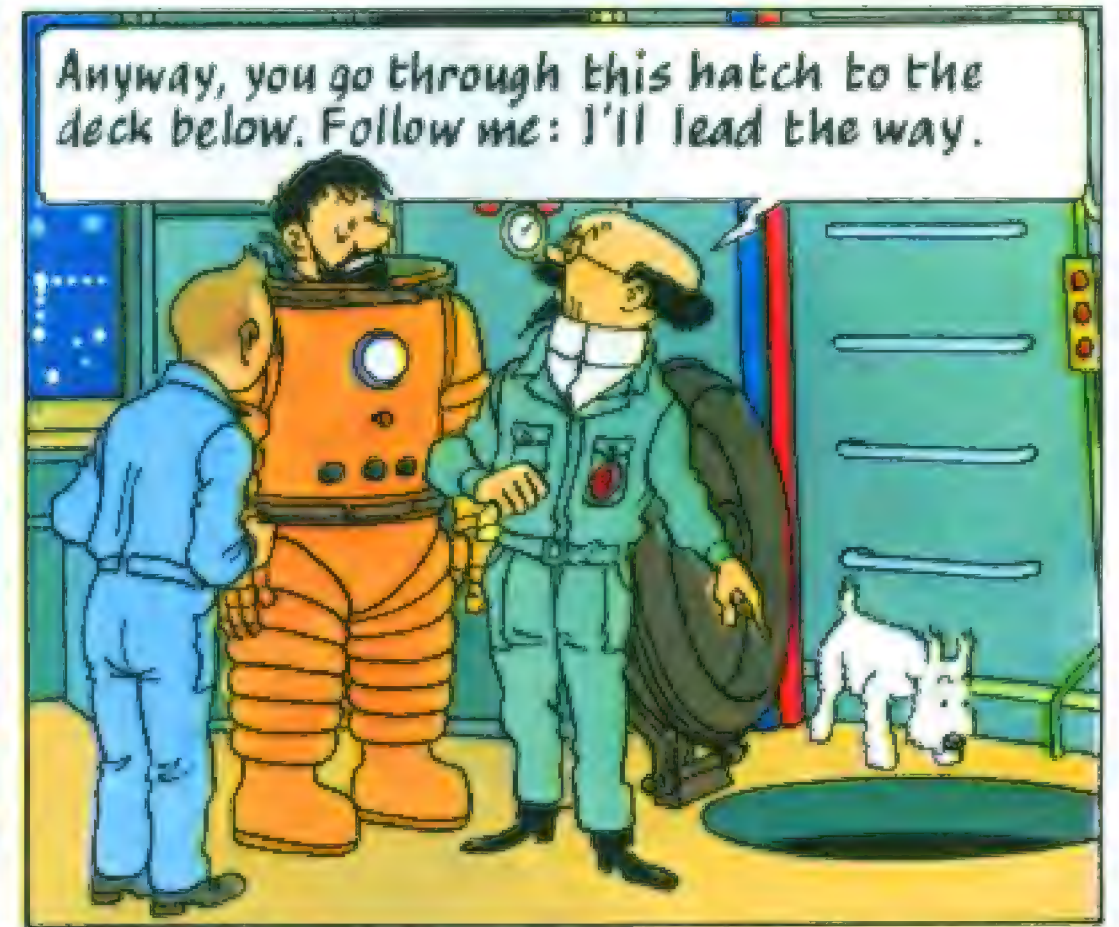
Will he?... Won't he?...



Take care! Look out, behind you!



I believe you do it on purpose, don't you?... Every time there's a chance to bump yourself, or sprawl on the floor, you take it!... Can't you pay attention?



Anyway, you go through this hatch to the deck below. Follow me: I'll lead the way.



And mind out! There's another hatchway to the left of the ladder...

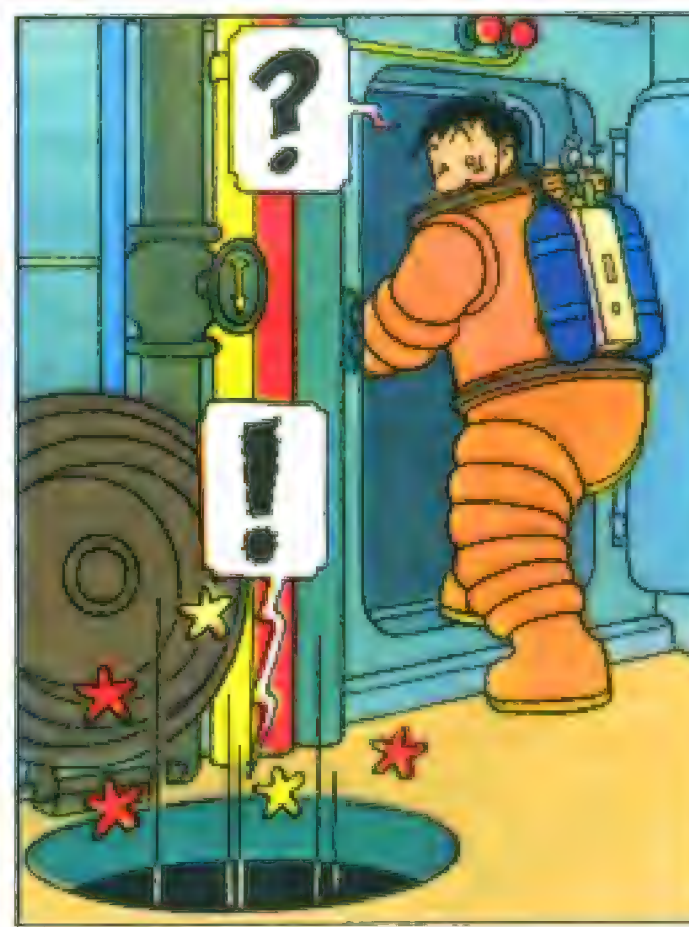
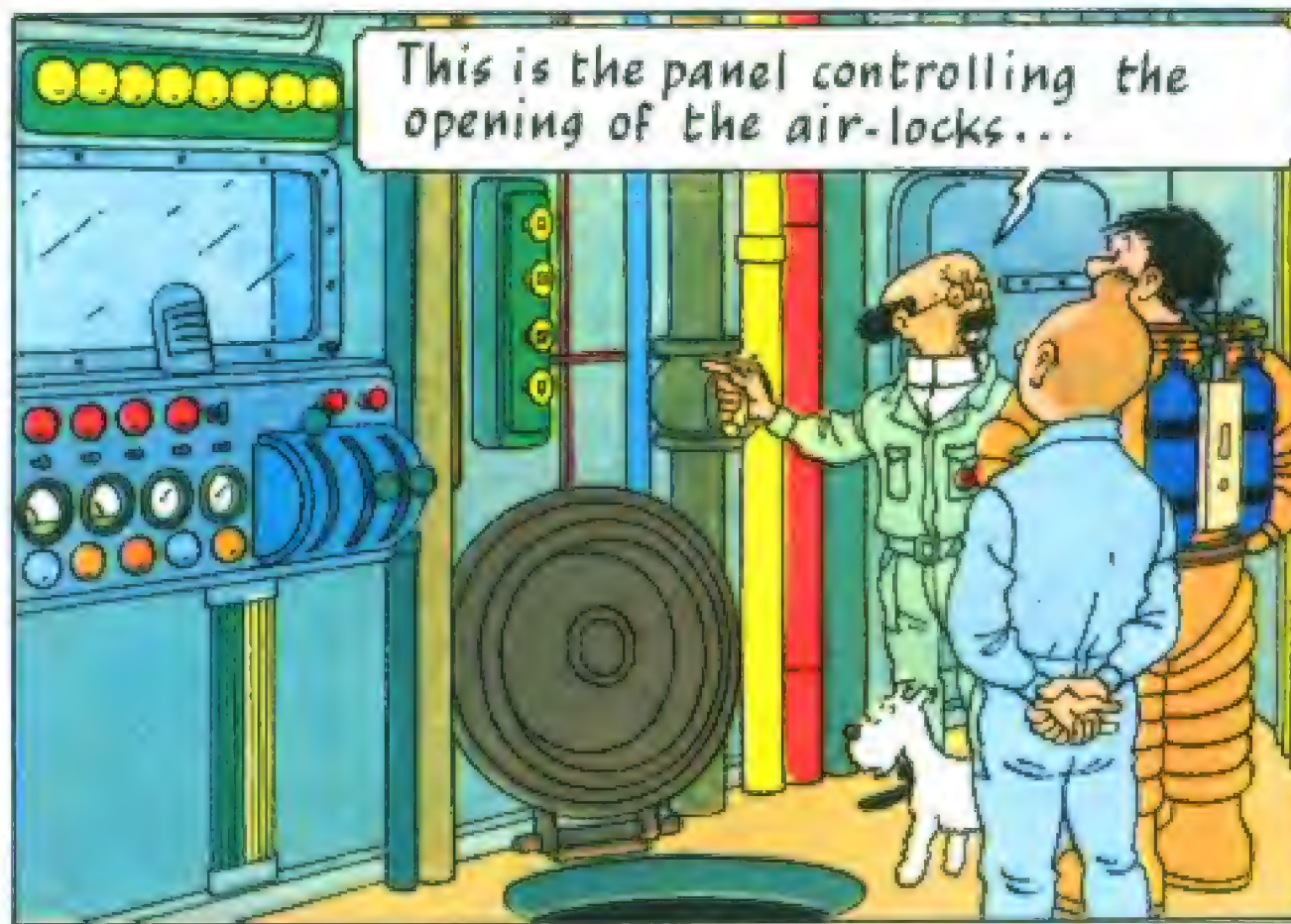
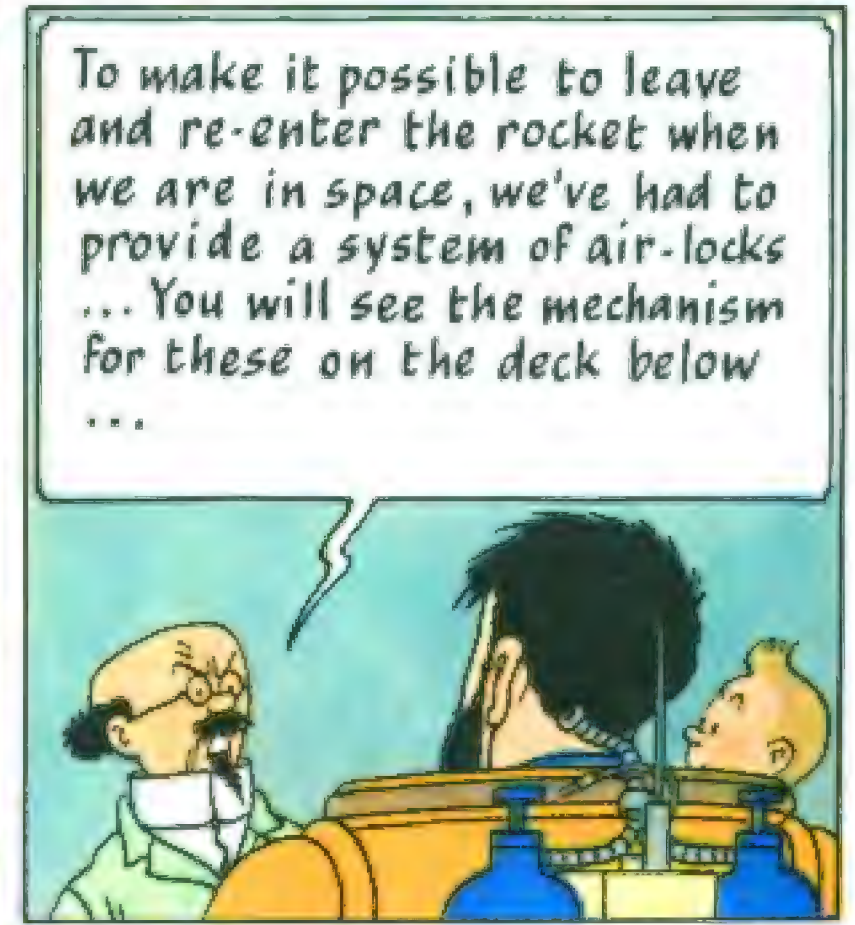
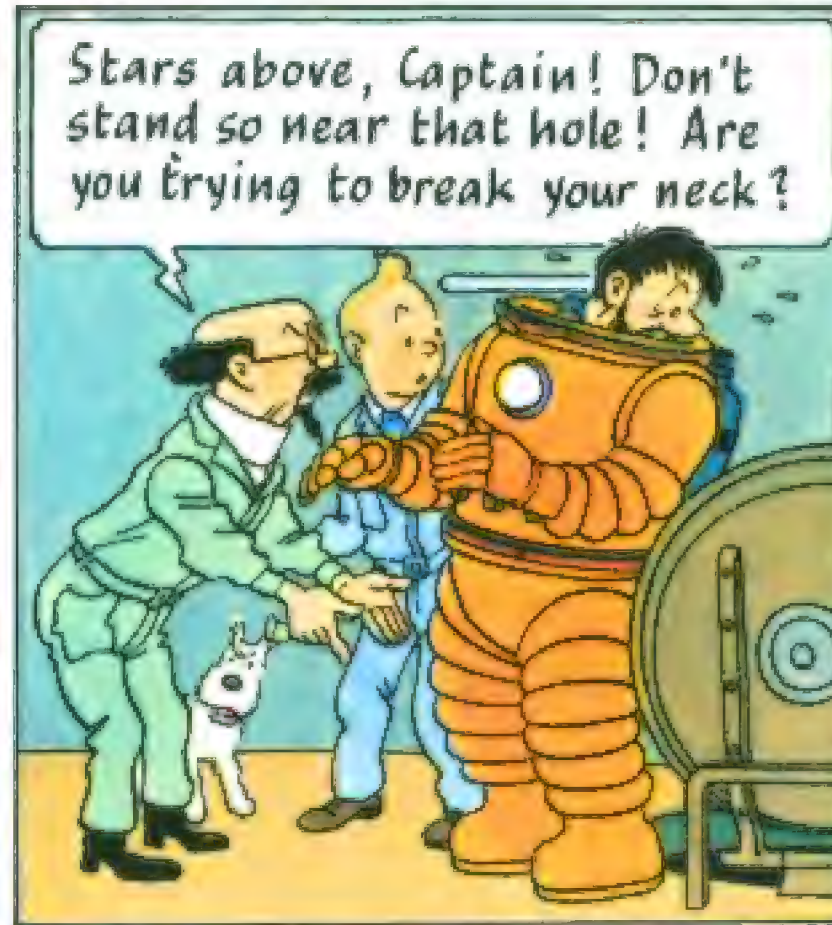
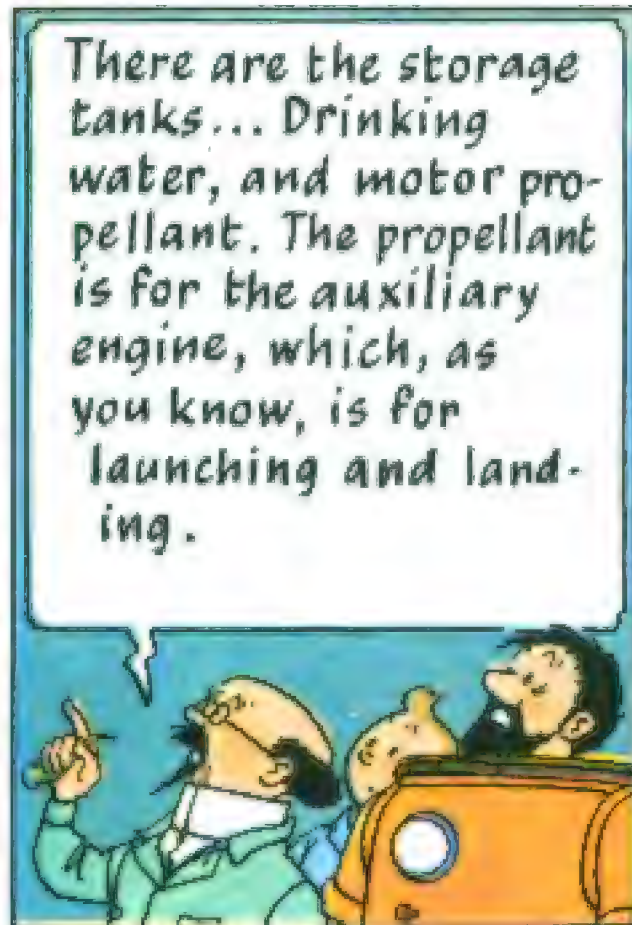
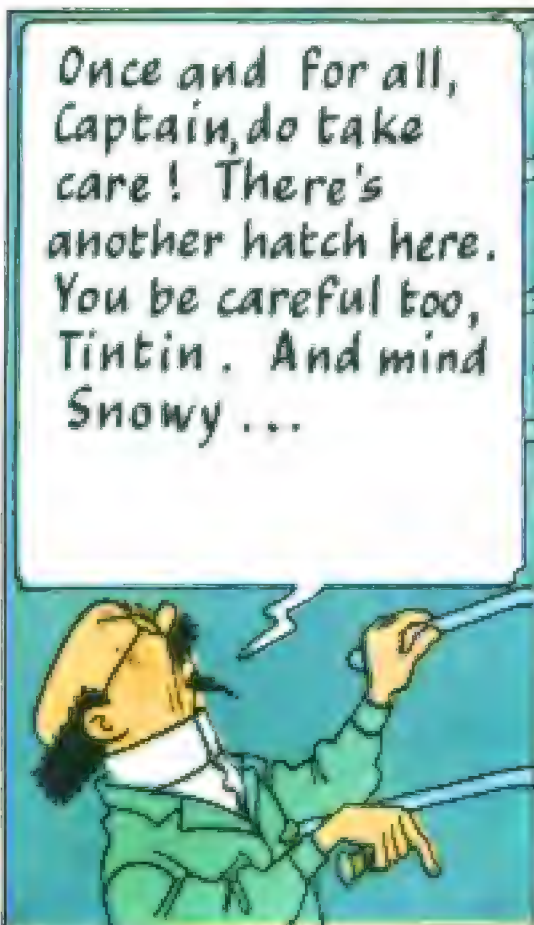
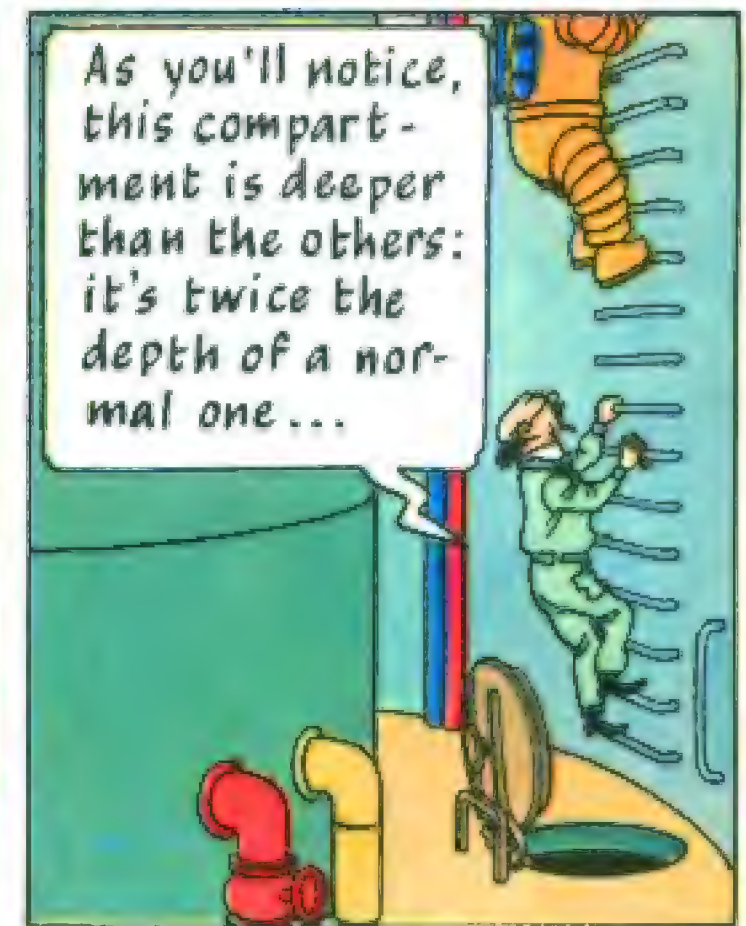
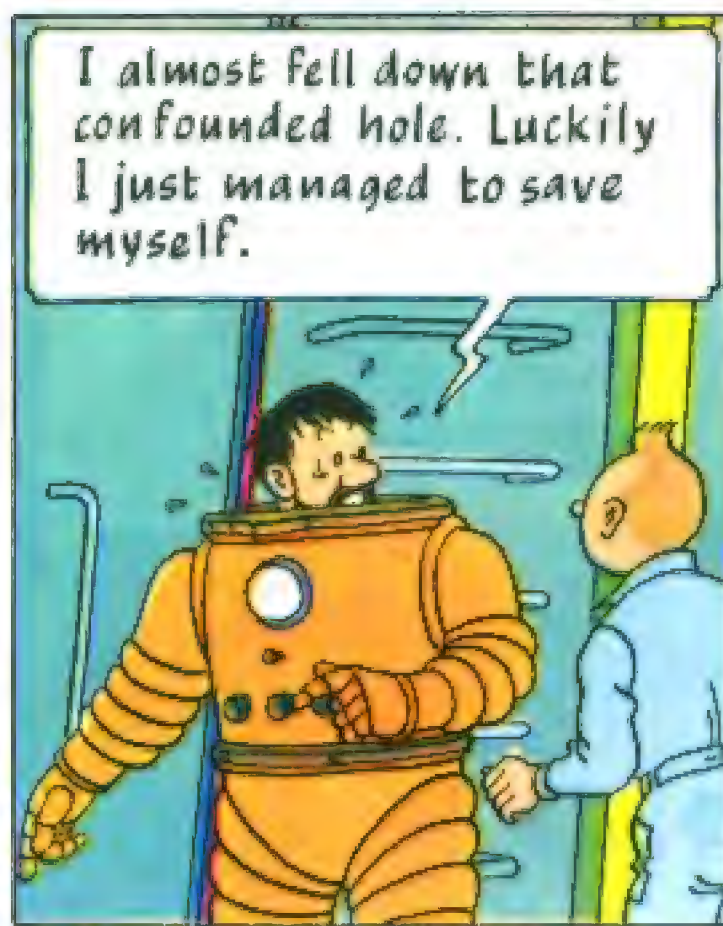
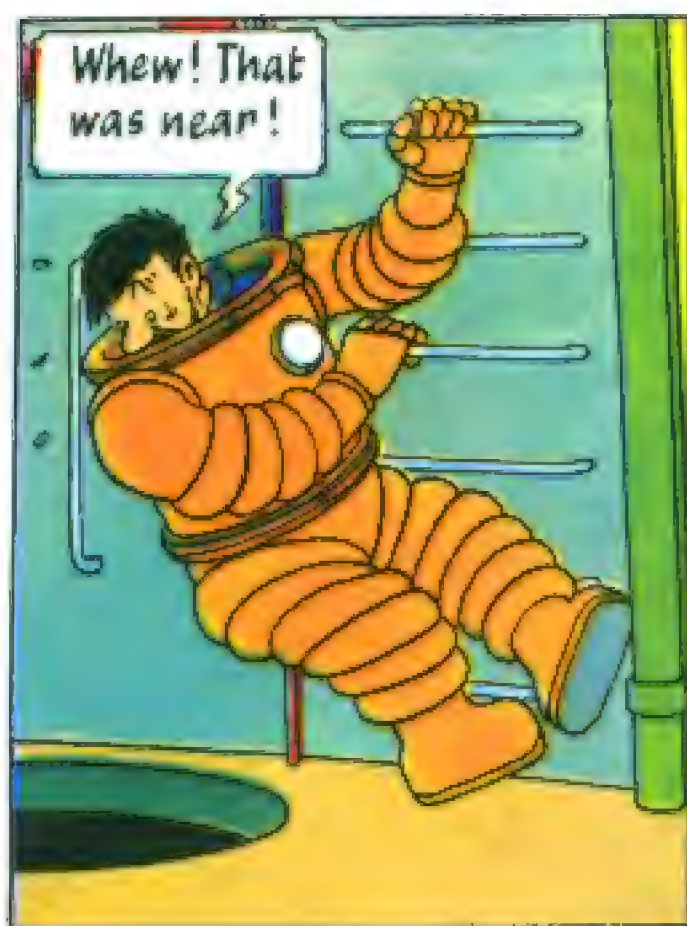


We are now in the living quarters. This will be our bedroom, kitchen, and dining room, all in one.



And there are the bunks we lie on when...

Blistering barnacles!





Good heavens!
Poor Professor Cal-
culus!... No bones
broken, I hope.

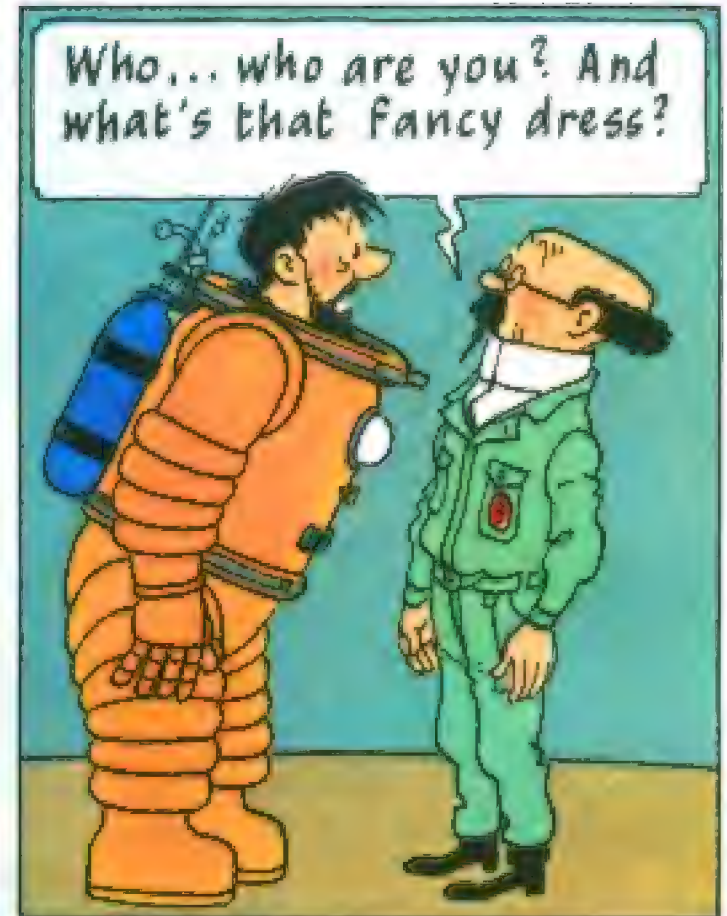


Blistering barnacles!
What's happened?

Here are your
glasses...
Are you all
right?



Before you start preach-
ing at others to be
careful, you'd do better
to watch your own feet,
sea-gherkin! You're
lucky to be still in
one piece!



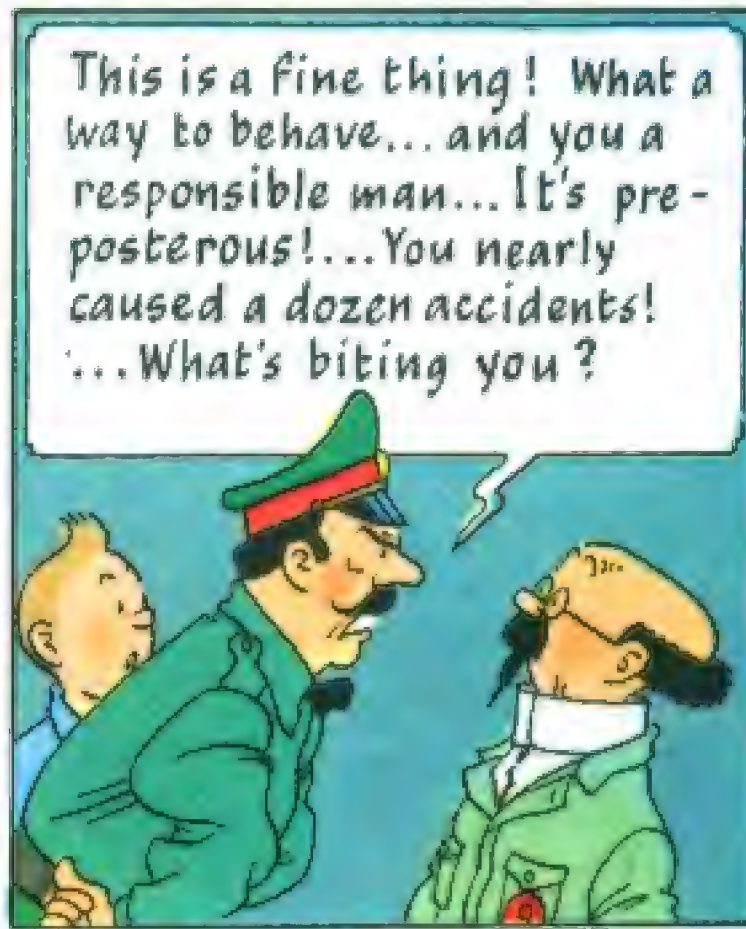
Who... who are you? And
what's that fancy dress?



Fancy dress?... Look here,
don't begin acting the...
er... I mean, don't try
pulling my leg! We've
had enough of that!
...



Ah, I've found
you at last,
Professor.



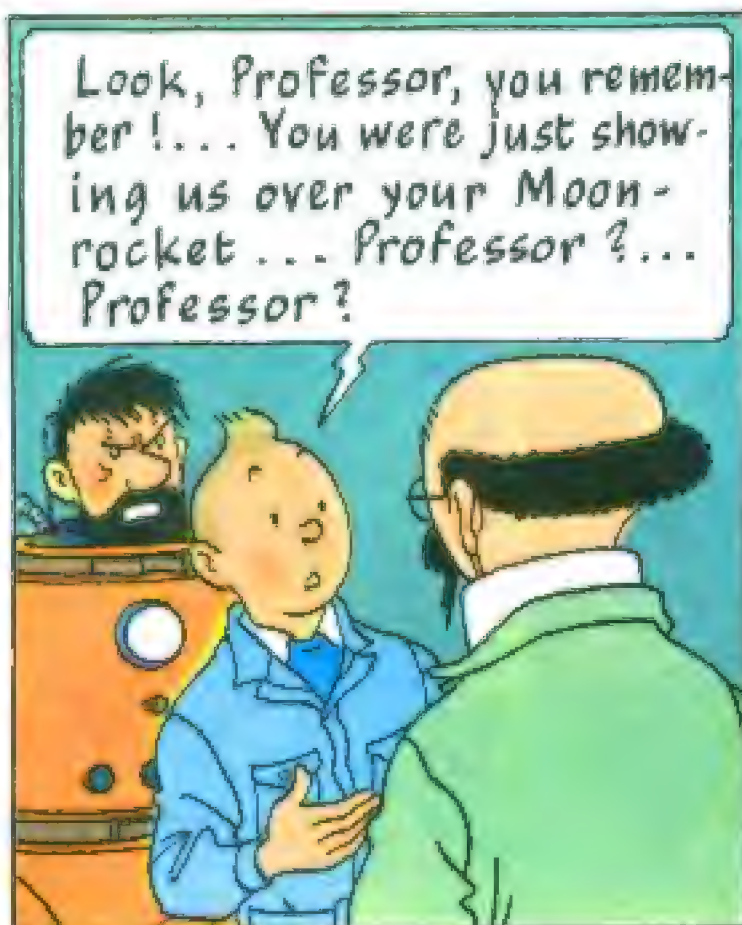
This is a fine thing! What a
way to behave... and you a
responsible man... It's pre-
posterous!... You nearly
caused a dozen accidents!
...What's biting you?



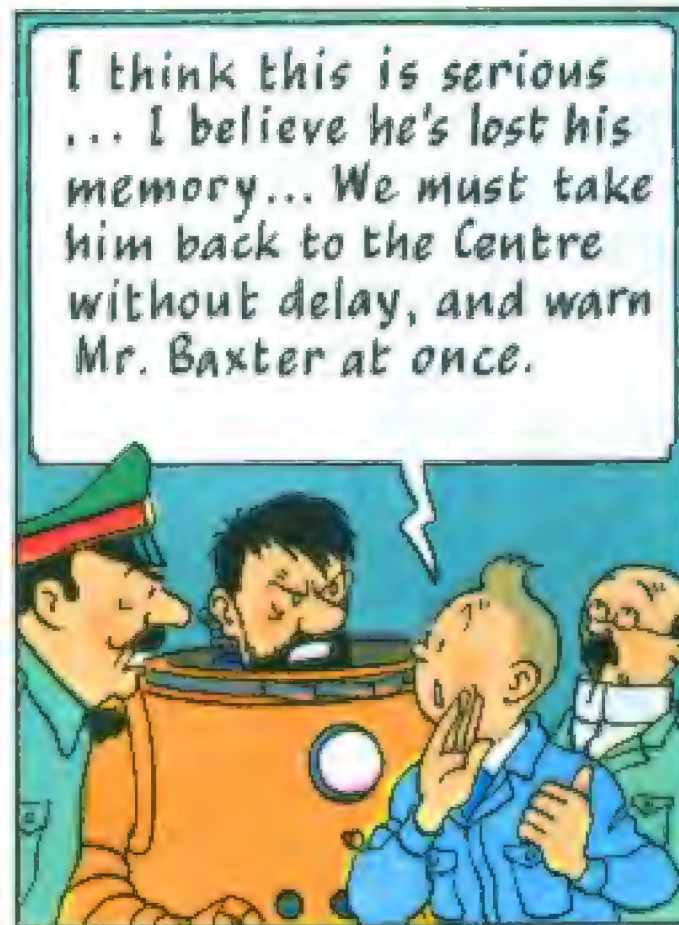
I... er... I don't understand
... What... what do you want?
... Where am I?



Where are you?... Billions
of blue blistering barnacles,
you know as well as we do
where you are, you
anacoluthon!



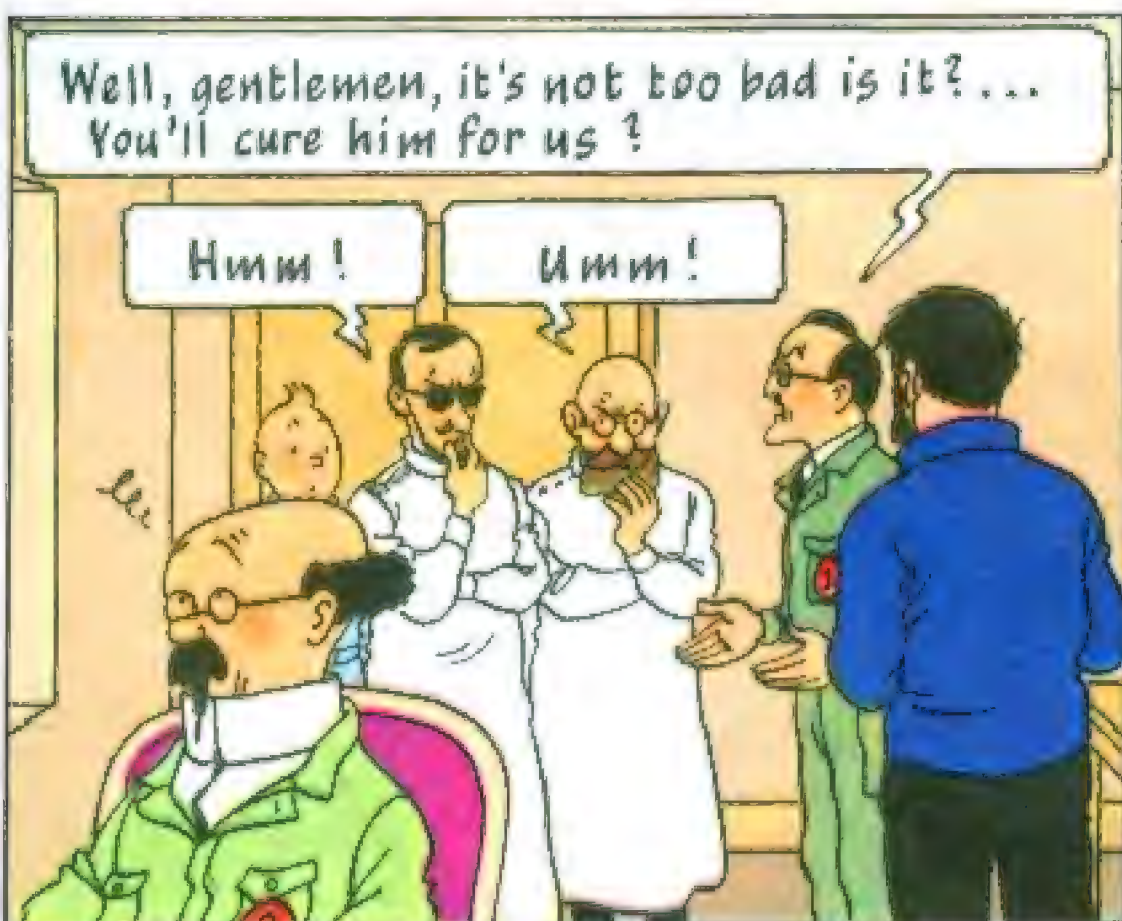
Look, Professor, you remem-
ber!... You were just show-
ing us over your Moon-
rocket... Professor?...
Professor?



I think this is serious
... I believe he's lost his
memory... We must take
him back to the Centre
without delay, and warn
Mr. Baxter at once.



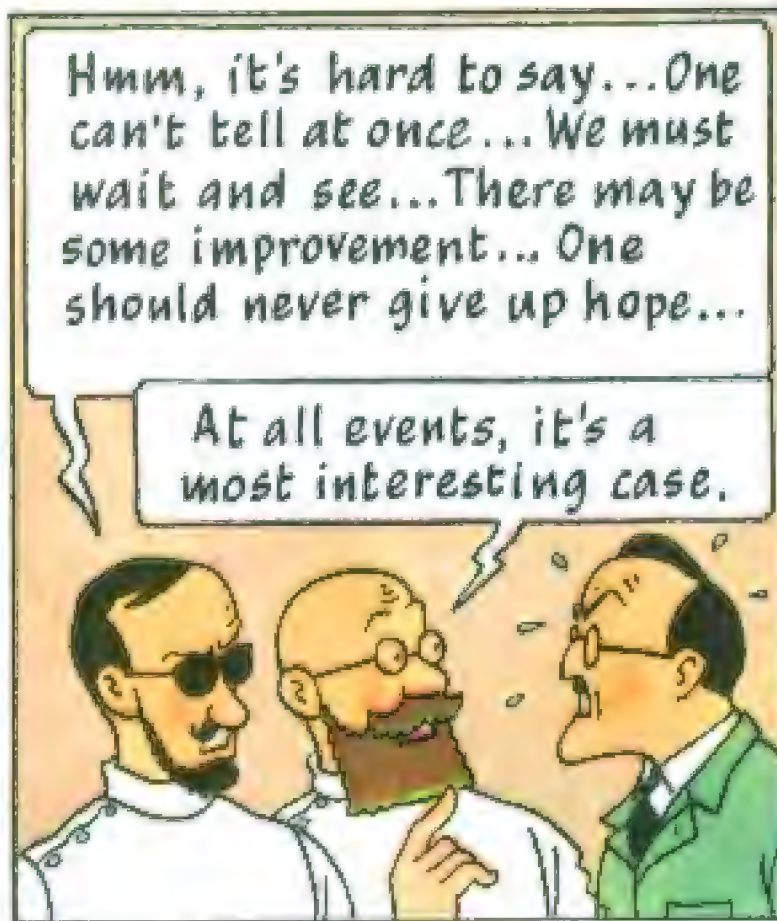
Calculus?... Amnesia?
I'm afraid so...
The doctors are
examining him
now.



Well, gentlemen, it's not too bad is it?...
You'll cure him for us?

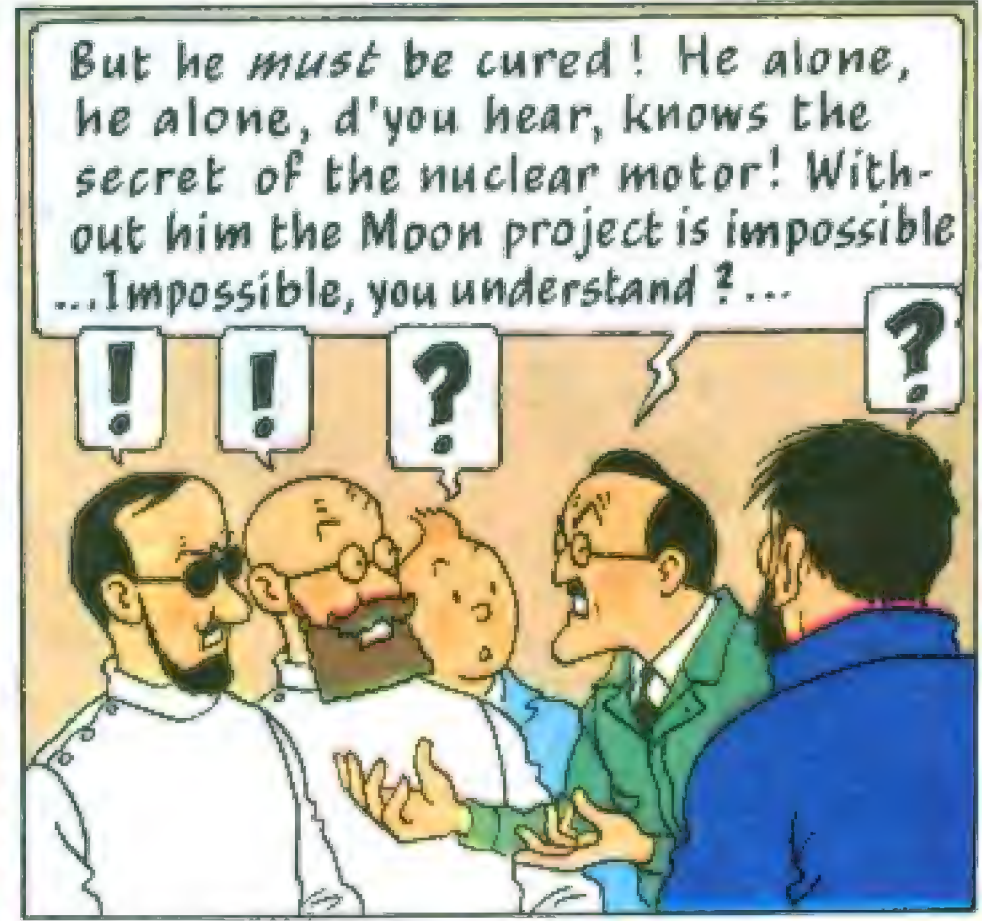
Hmm!

Hmm!

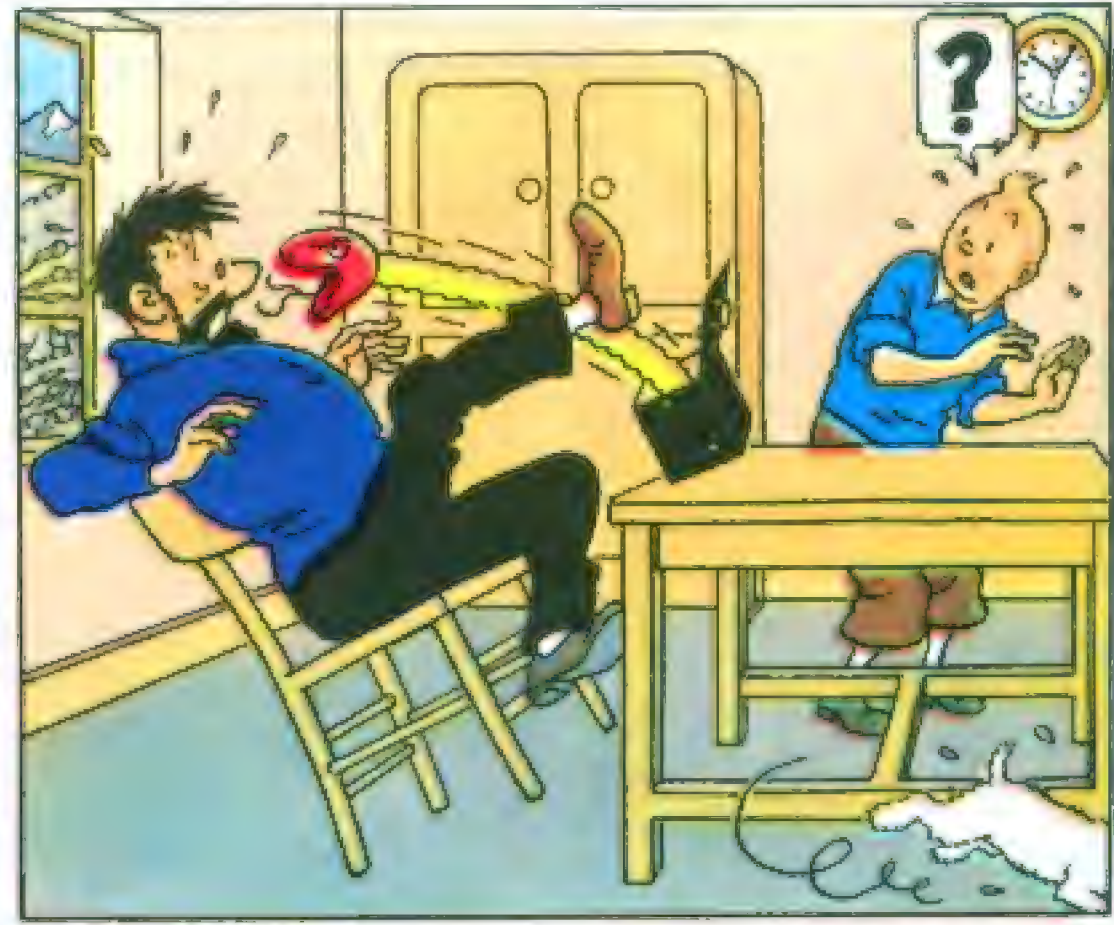
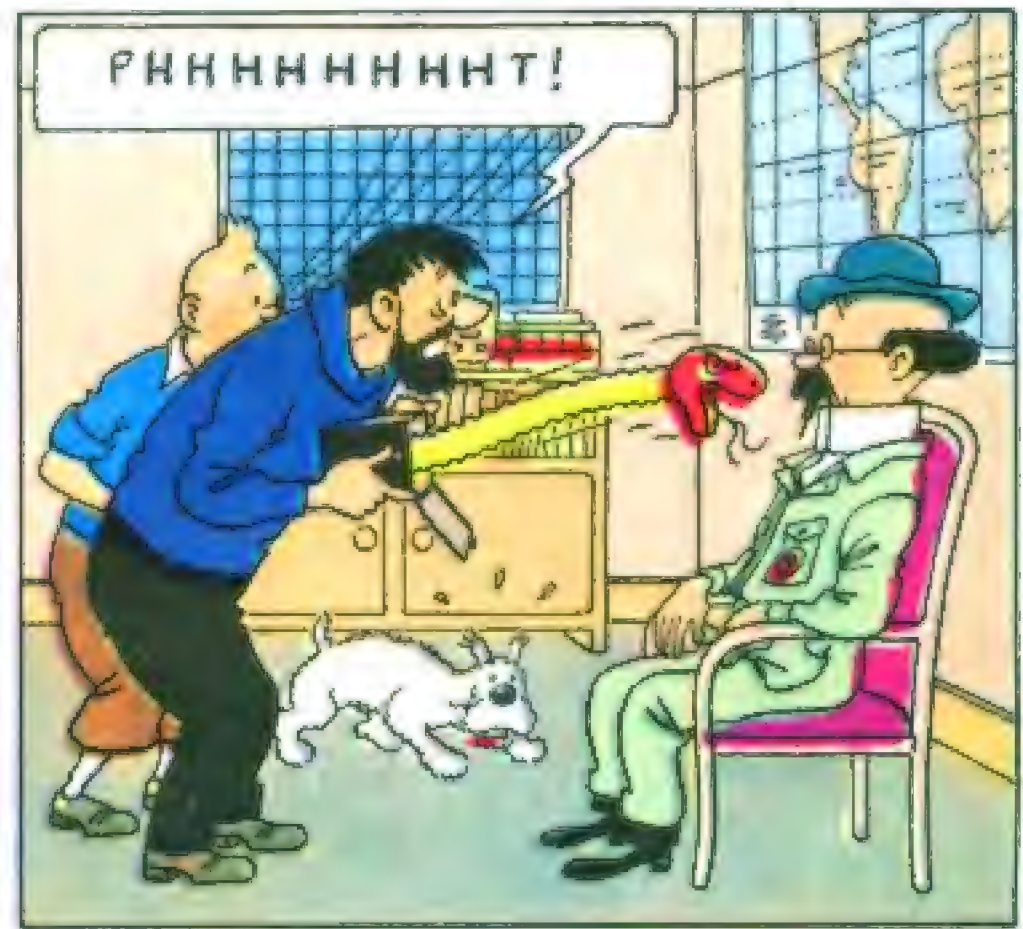
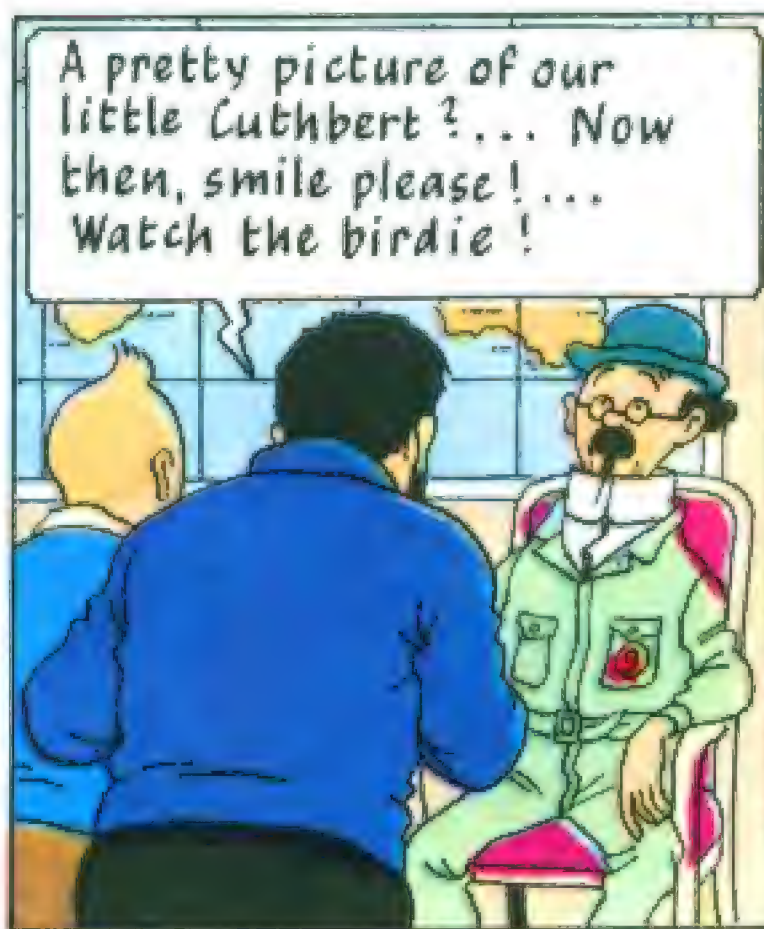
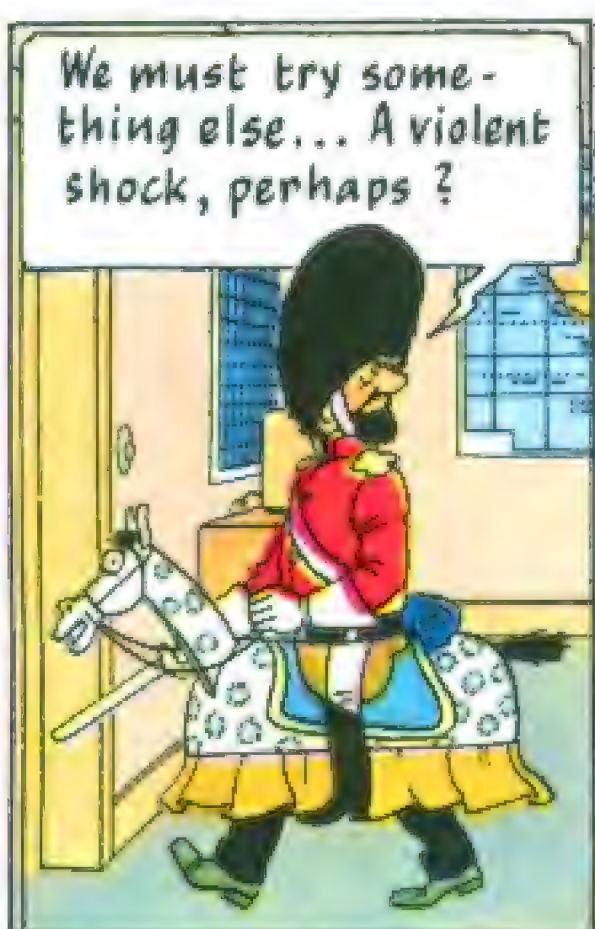
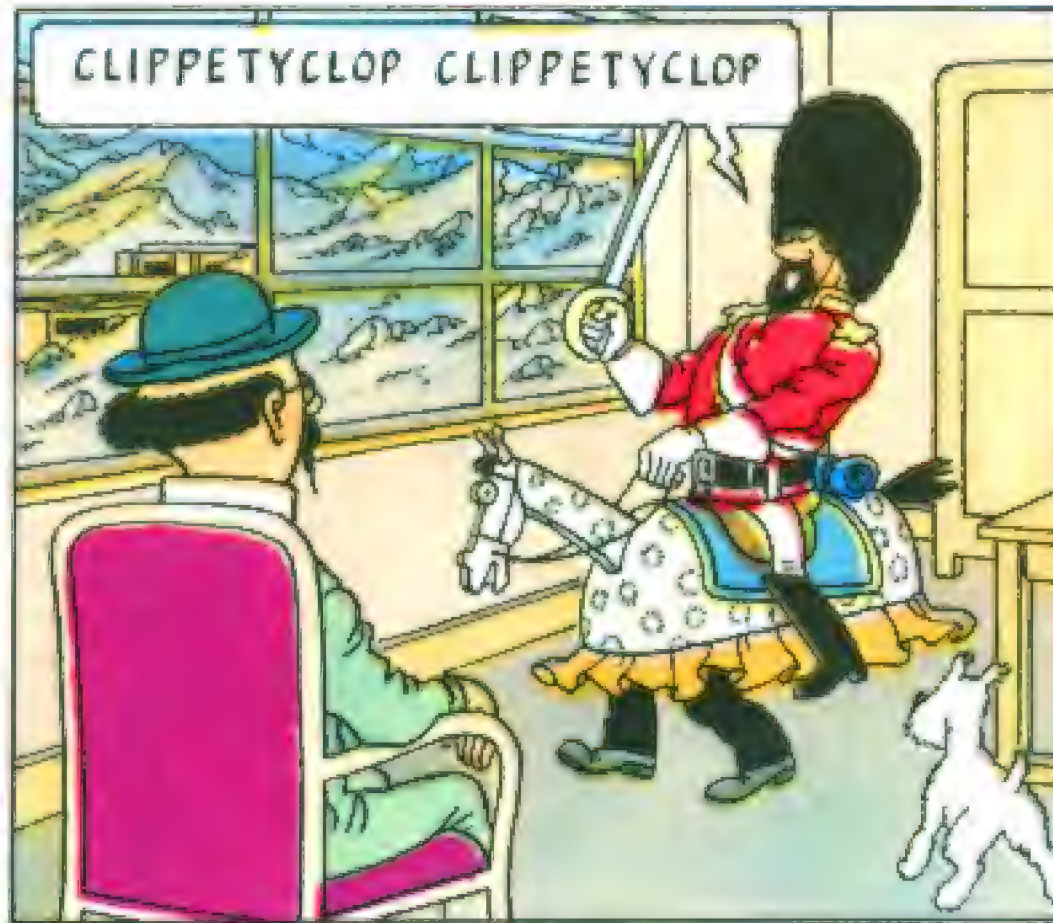
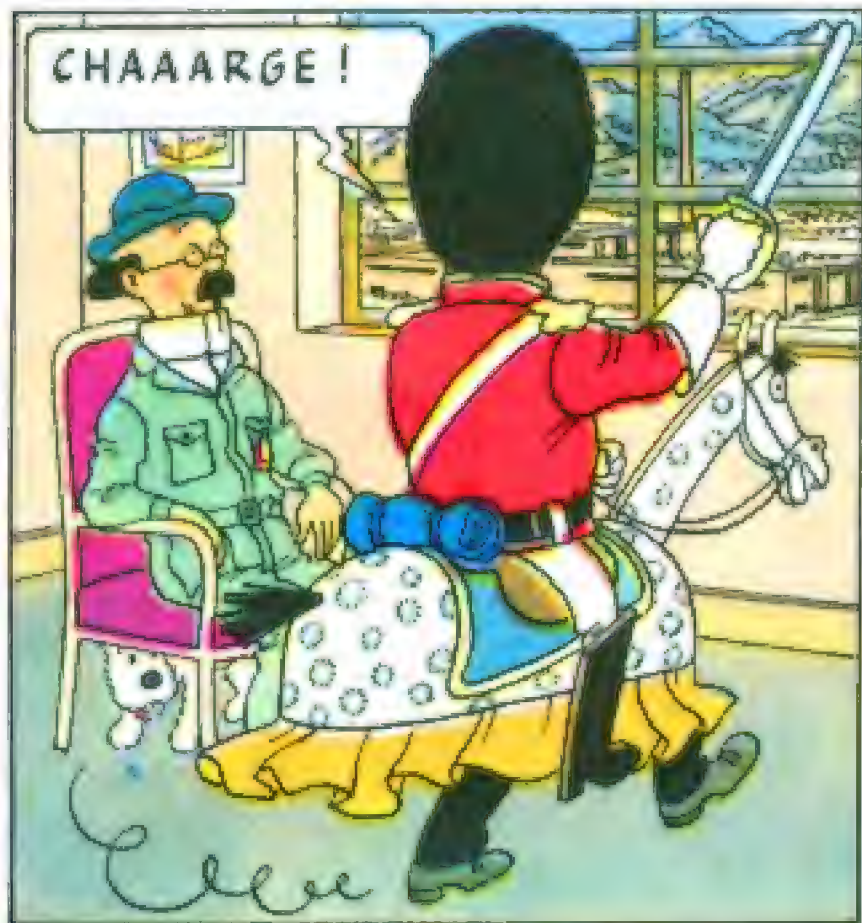
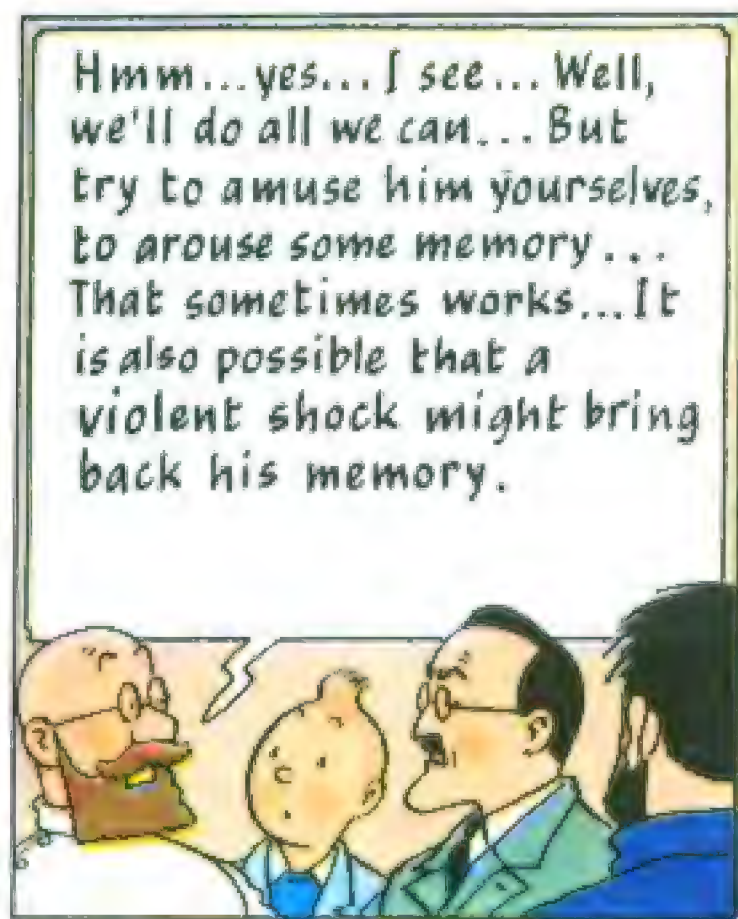


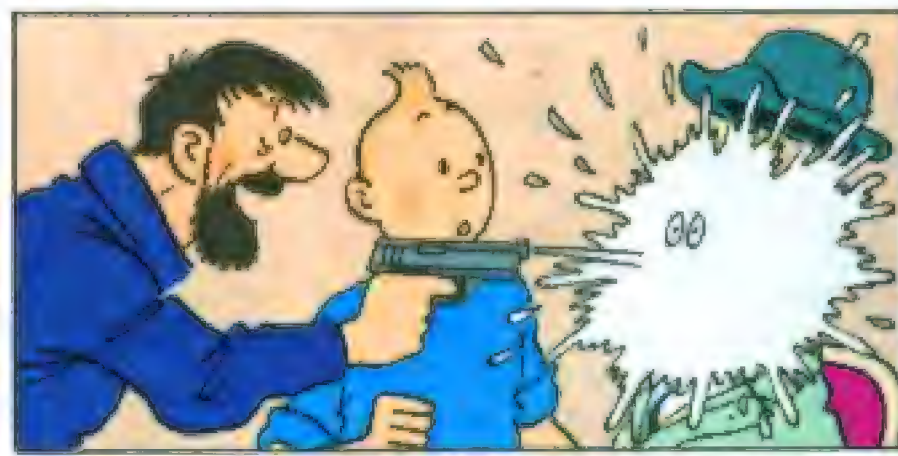
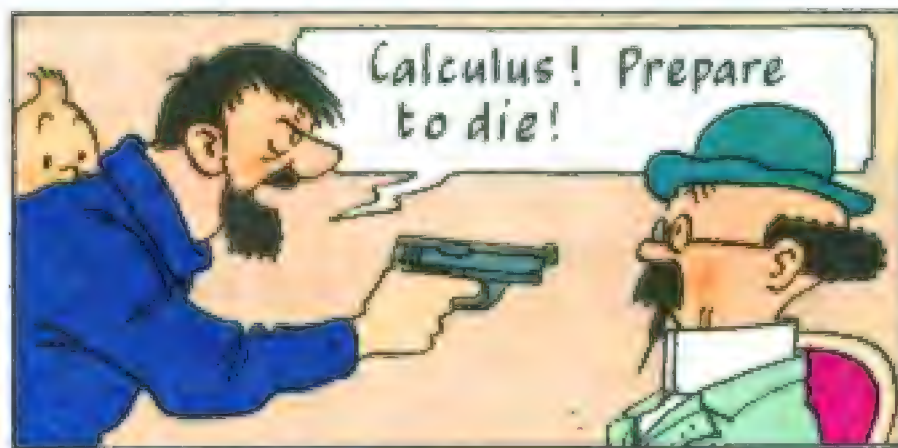
Hmm, it's hard to say... One
can't tell at once... We must
wait and see... There may be
some improvement... One
should never give up hope...

At all events, it's a
most interesting case.



But he must be cured! He alone,
he alone, d'you hear, knows the
secret of the nuclear motor! With-
out him the Moon project is impossible
... Impossible, you understand?...
! ! ?





The same evening...

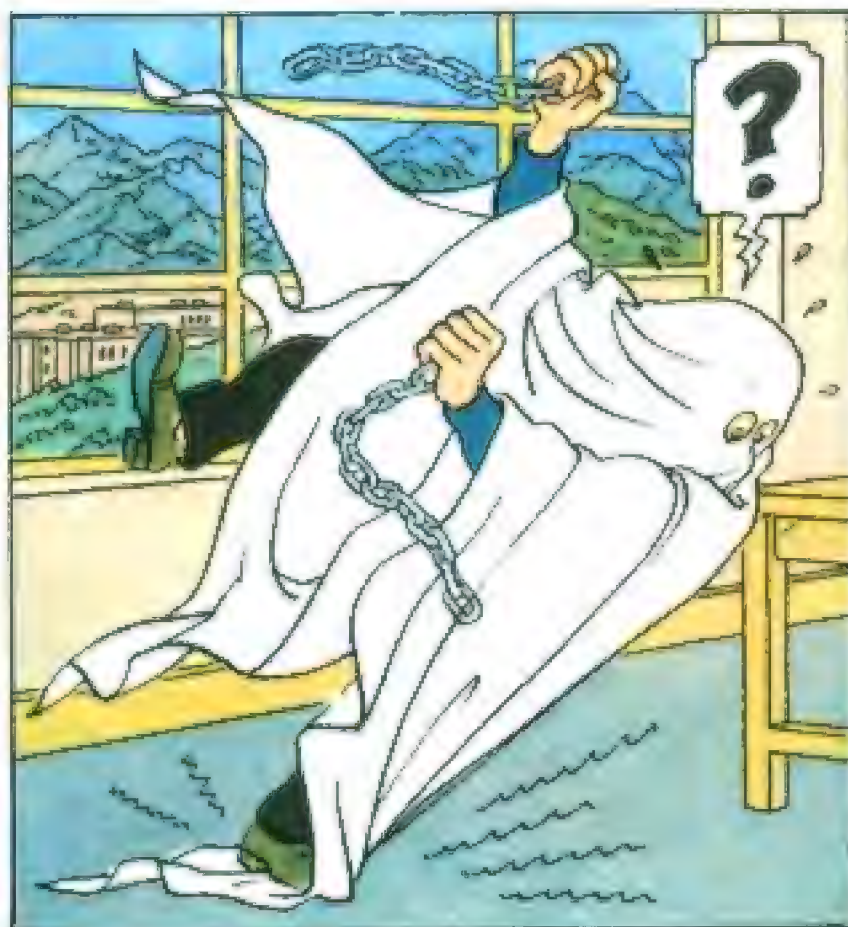
So he needs a shock, eh?... Well this time he'll get one, blistering barnacles!



Whoooo!... Whoooo!... Beware, Cuthbert, I am a gho-o-ost!



Ho-ho-ho! Shake in your sho-o-oes! I have come for your soul!



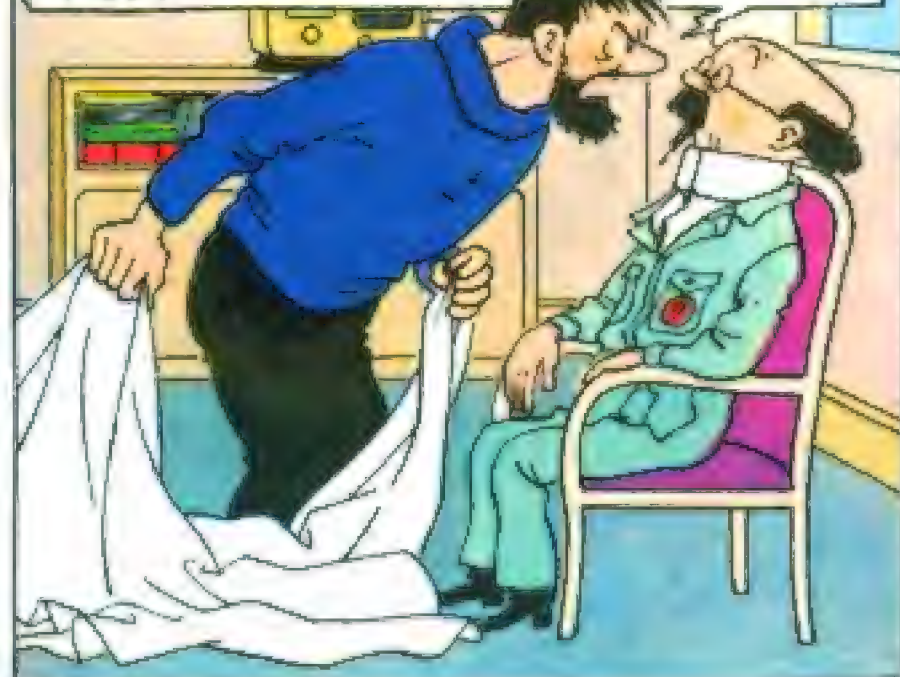
Ten thousand thundering typhoons!



Blistering barnacles!... What possessed me to dress myself up as a ghost?



And he just sits there looking at me, the jelly-fish! You couldn't be frightened, could you? You moth-eaten marmot!



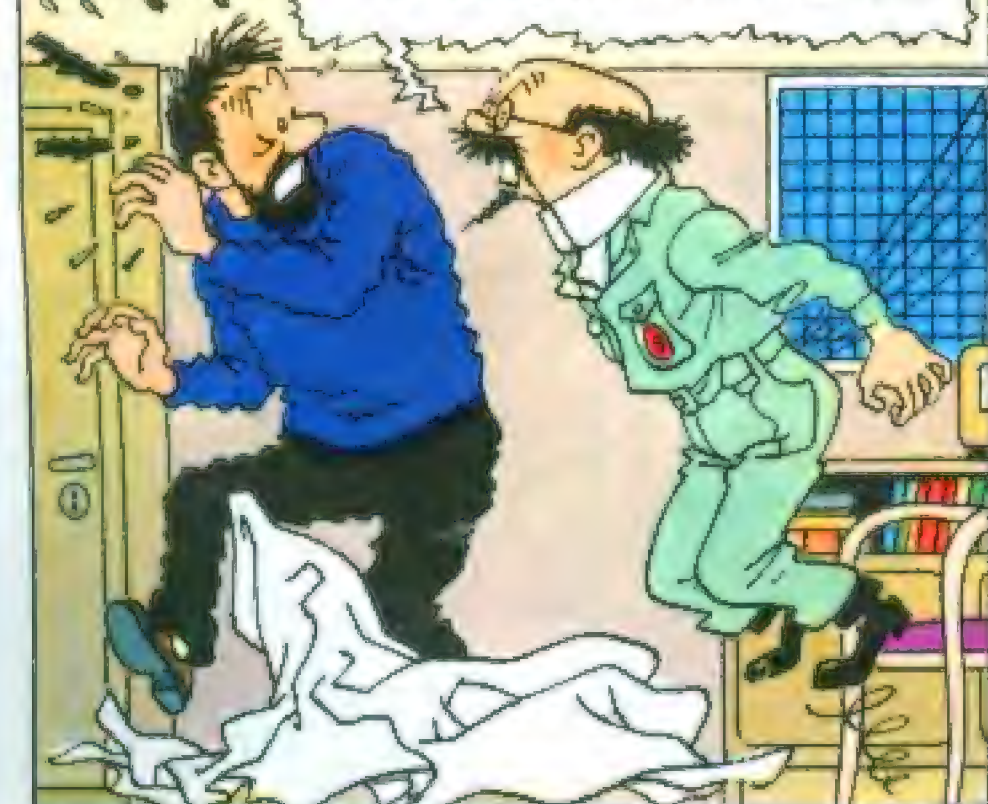
I suppose you think I'm enjoying myself, acting the goat!



You won't catch me trying to cure loss of memory again!



A GOAT?... ME!...

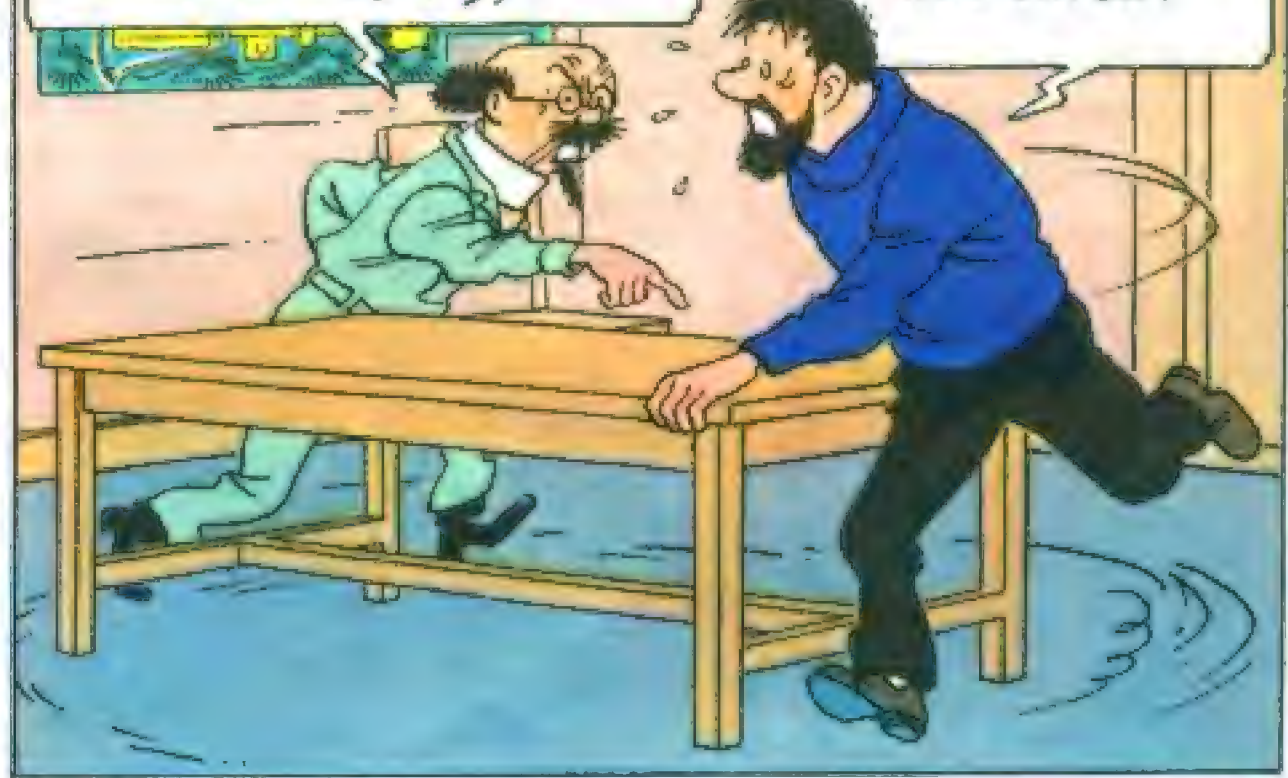


A goat!... A goat!... You dare call me a goat! ...This is too much! You're not getting away with that!

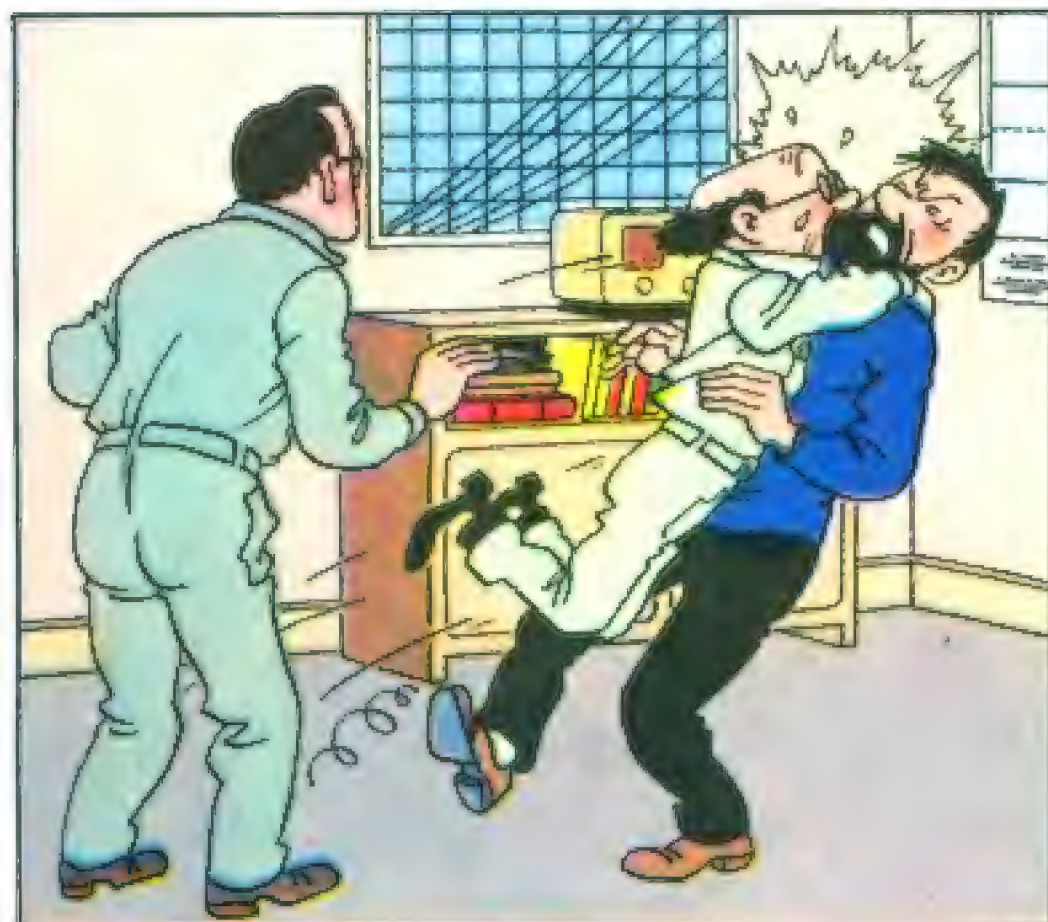


An apology! I demand an immediate apology!

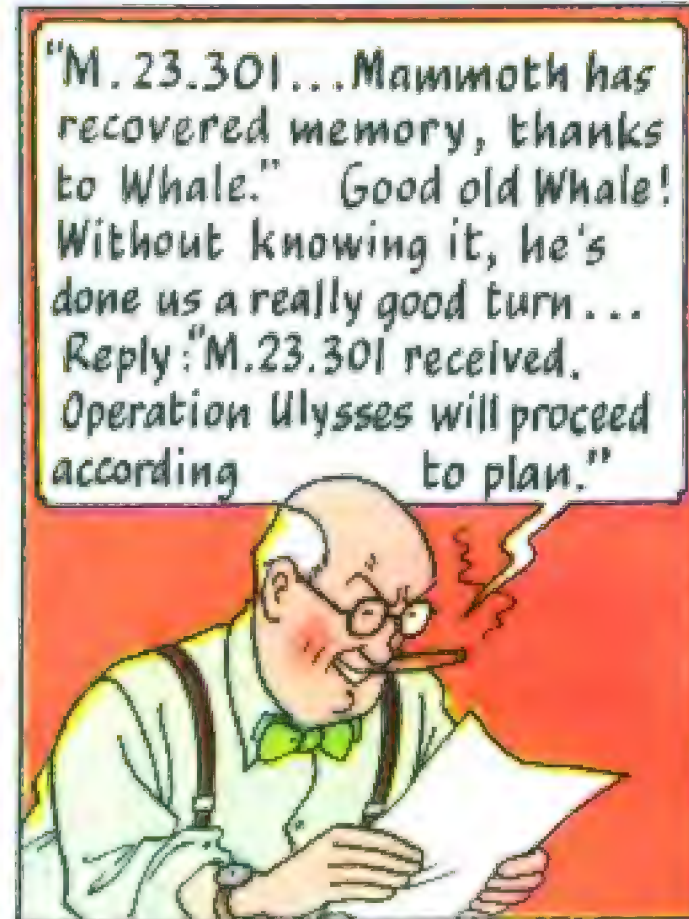
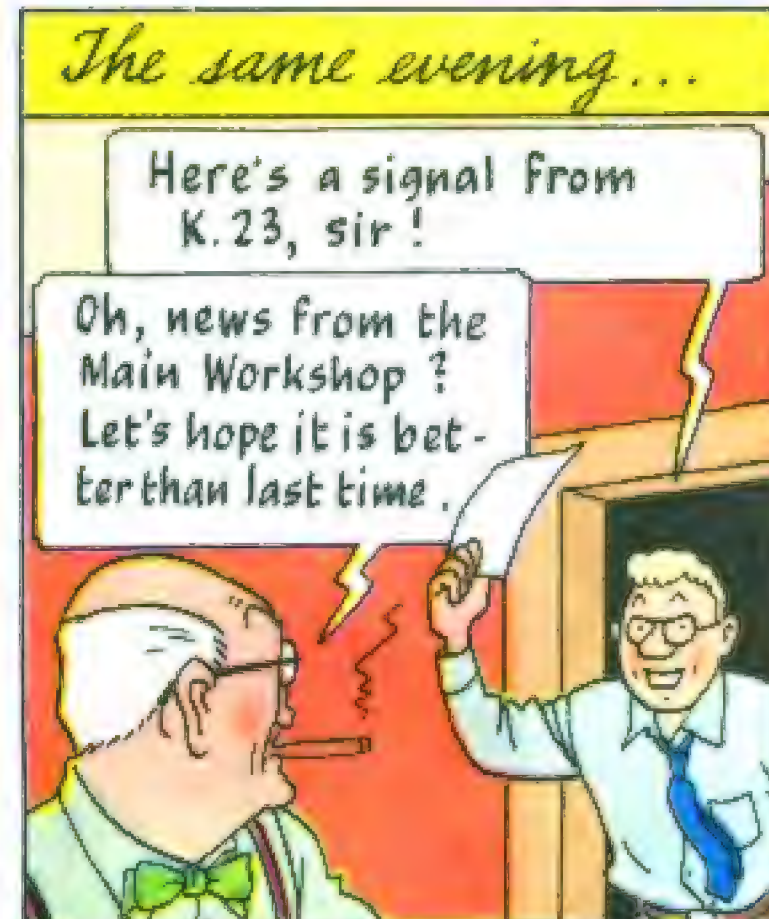
Help!... Help!... He's cured!

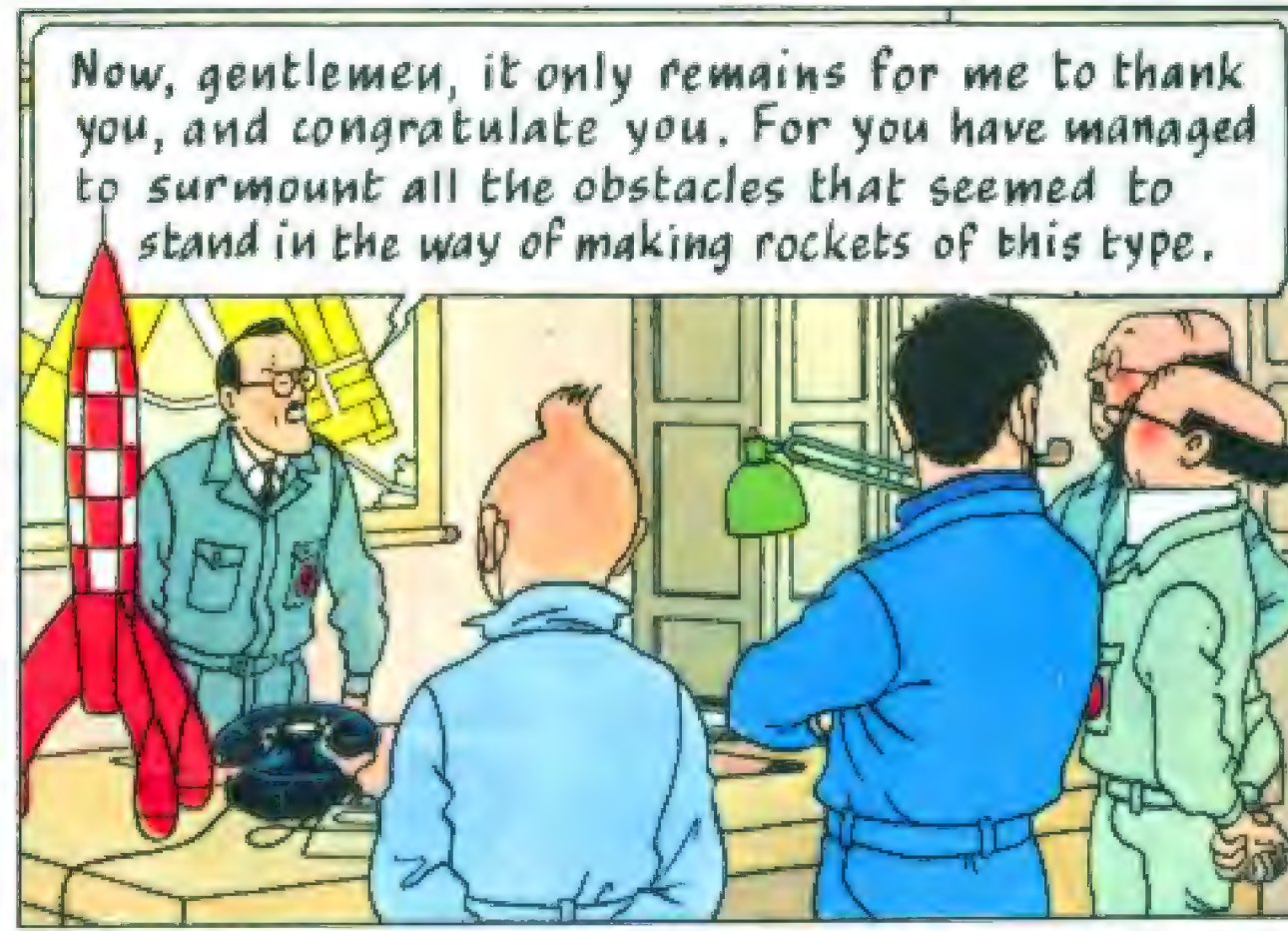
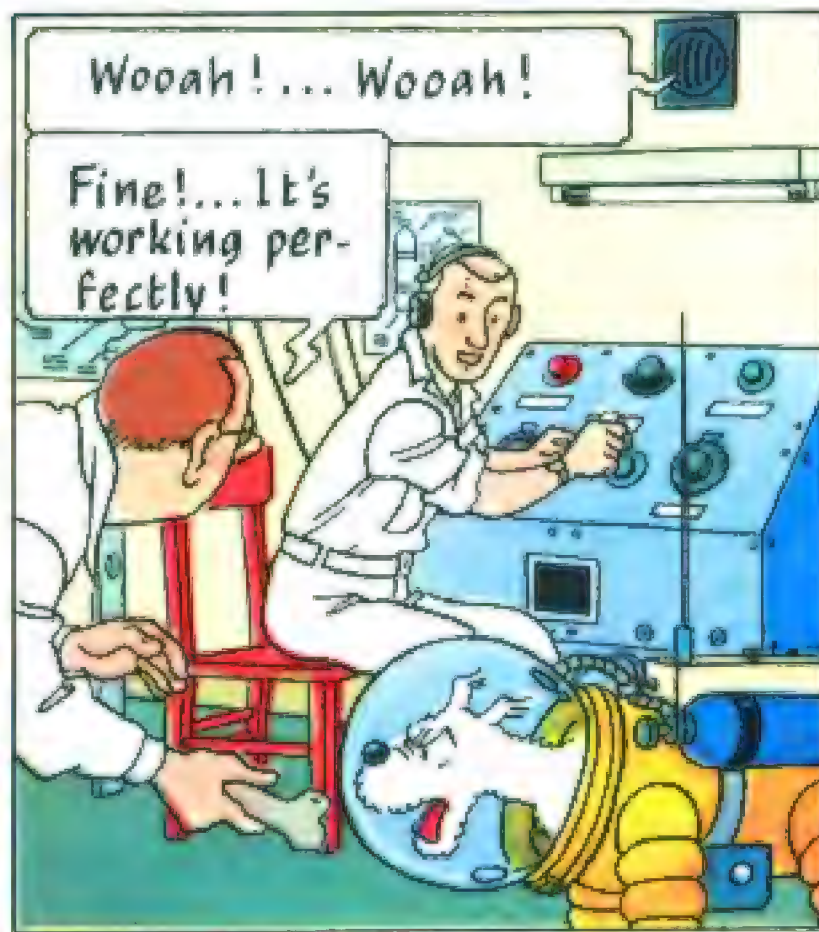
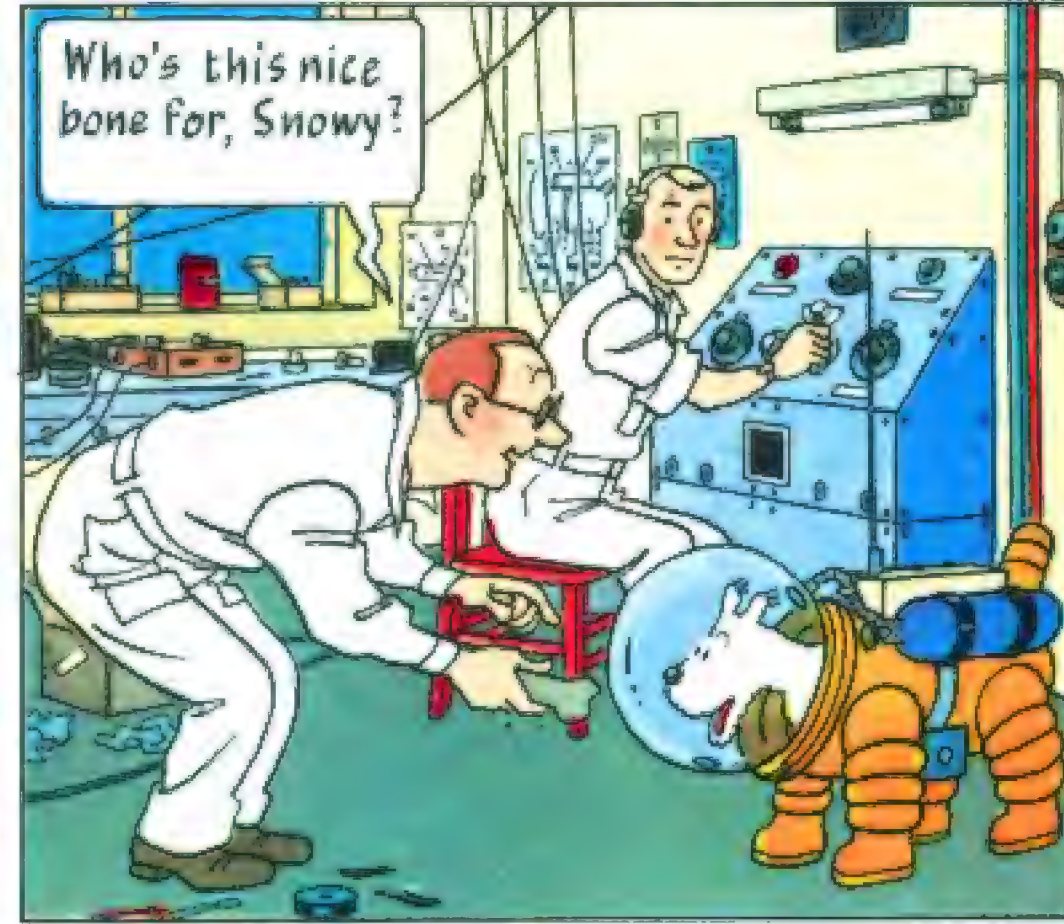
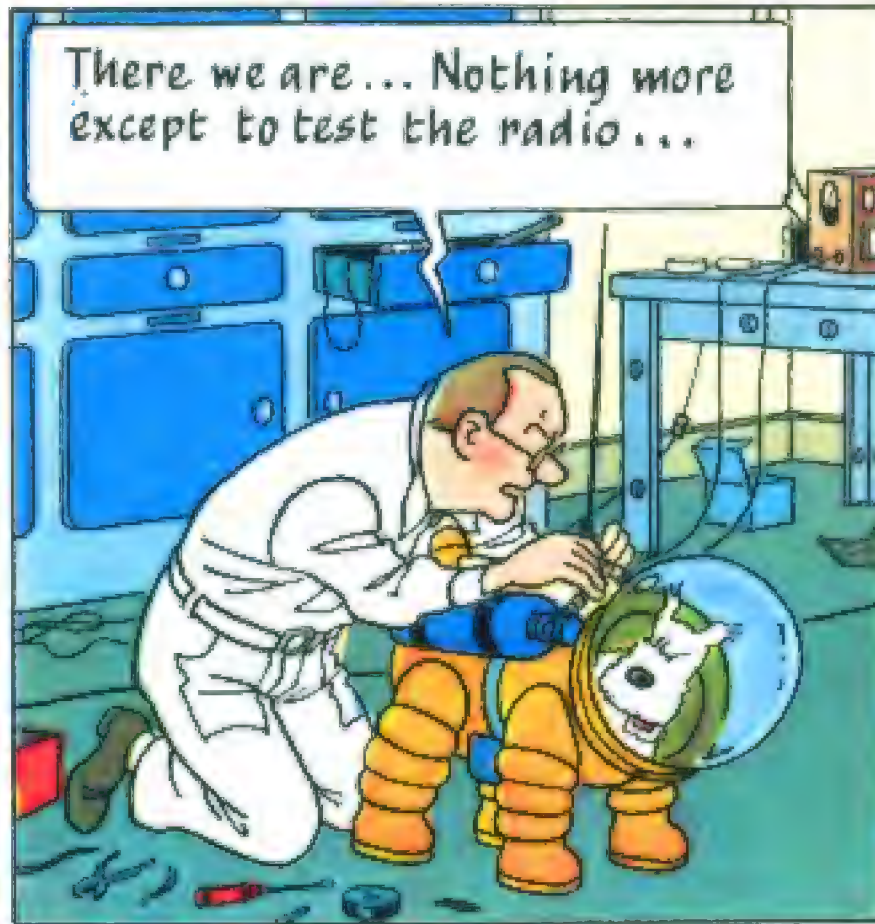
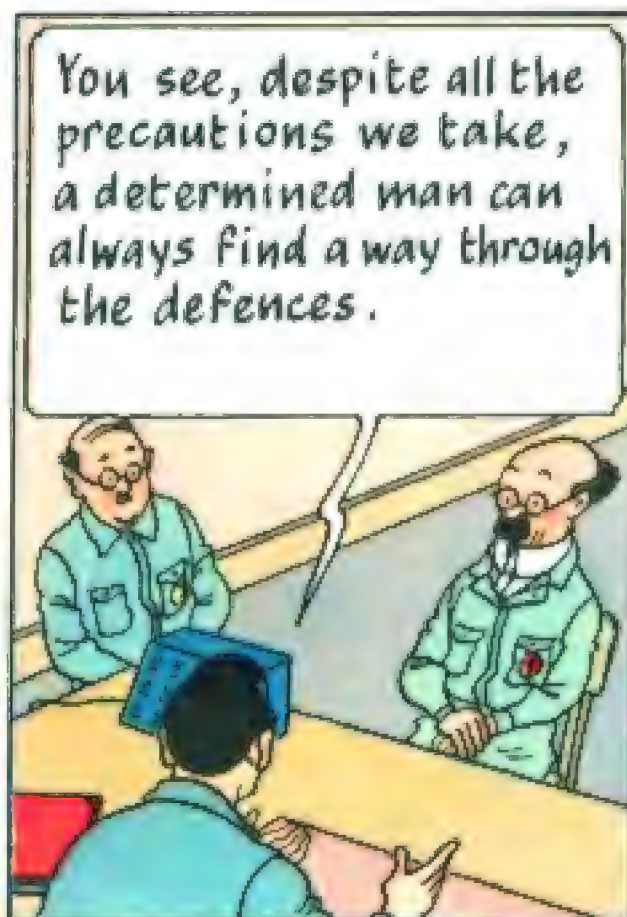


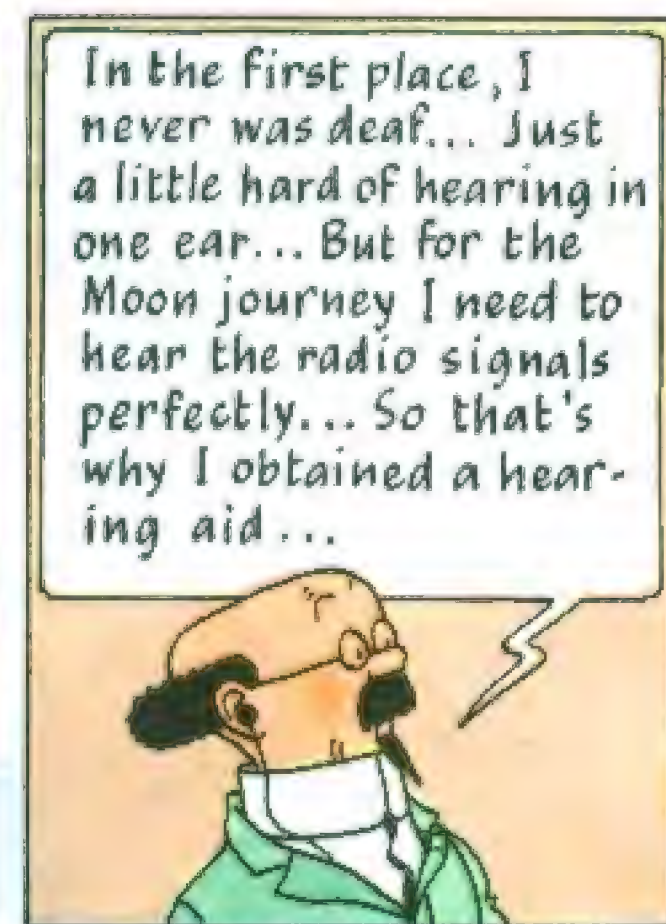
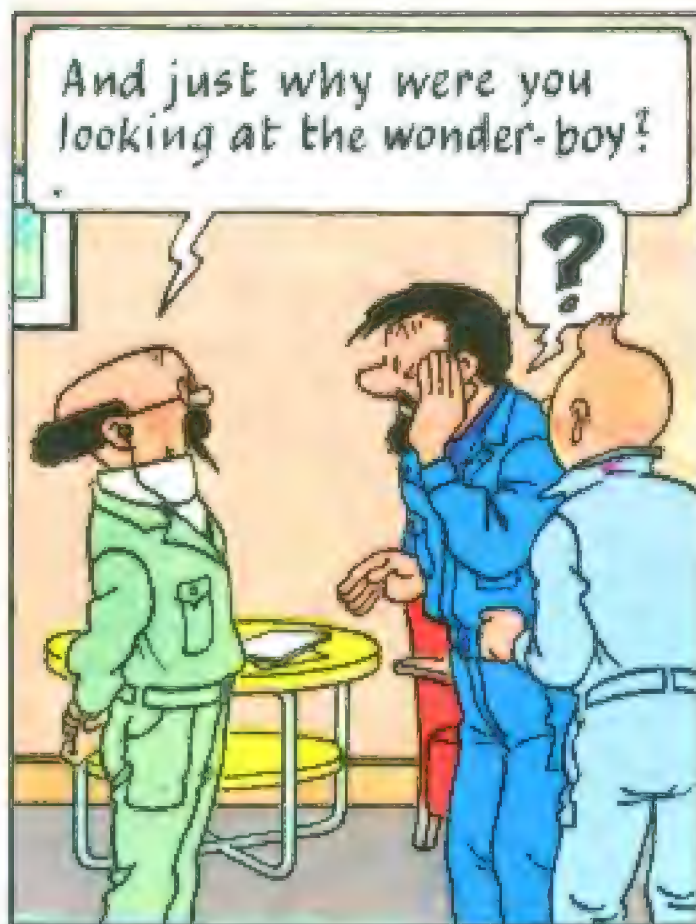
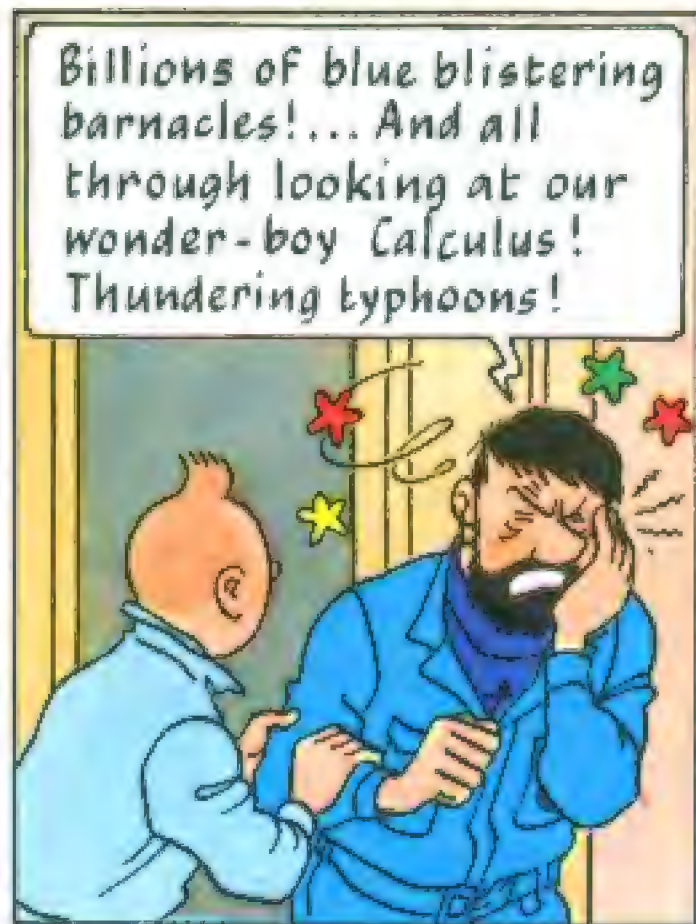
A few minutes later...



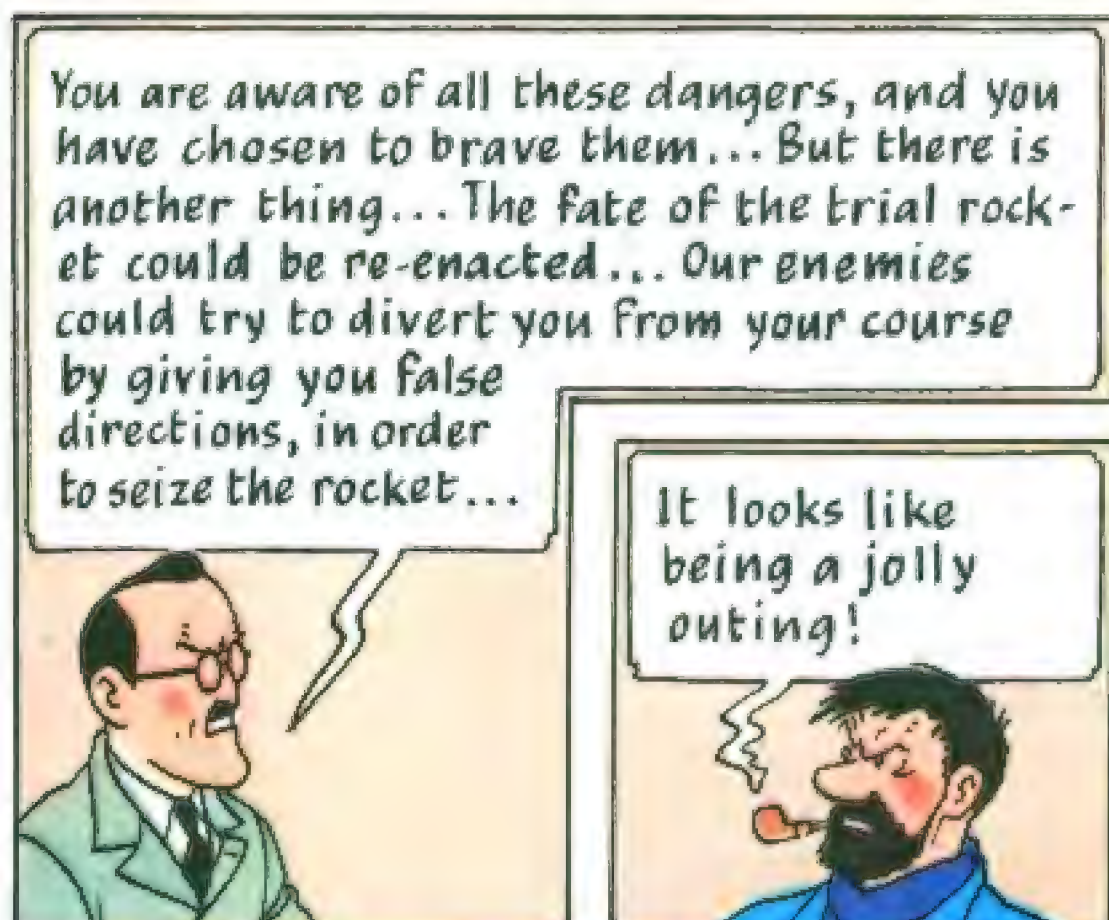
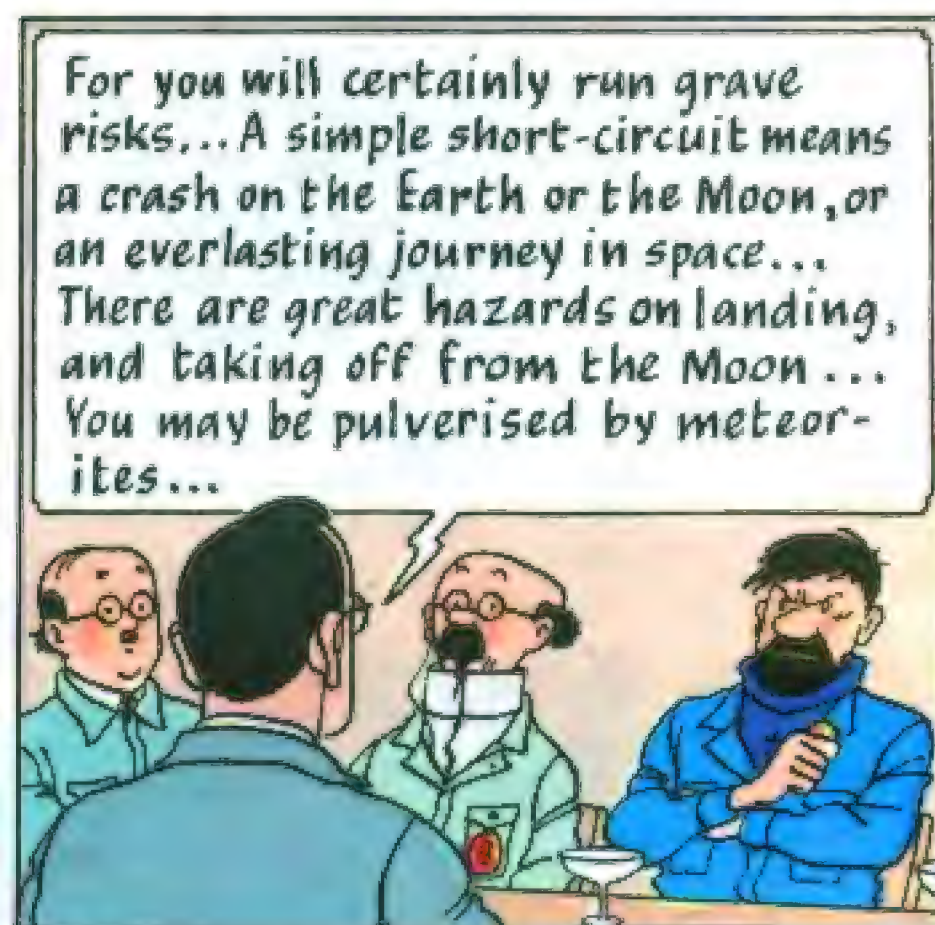
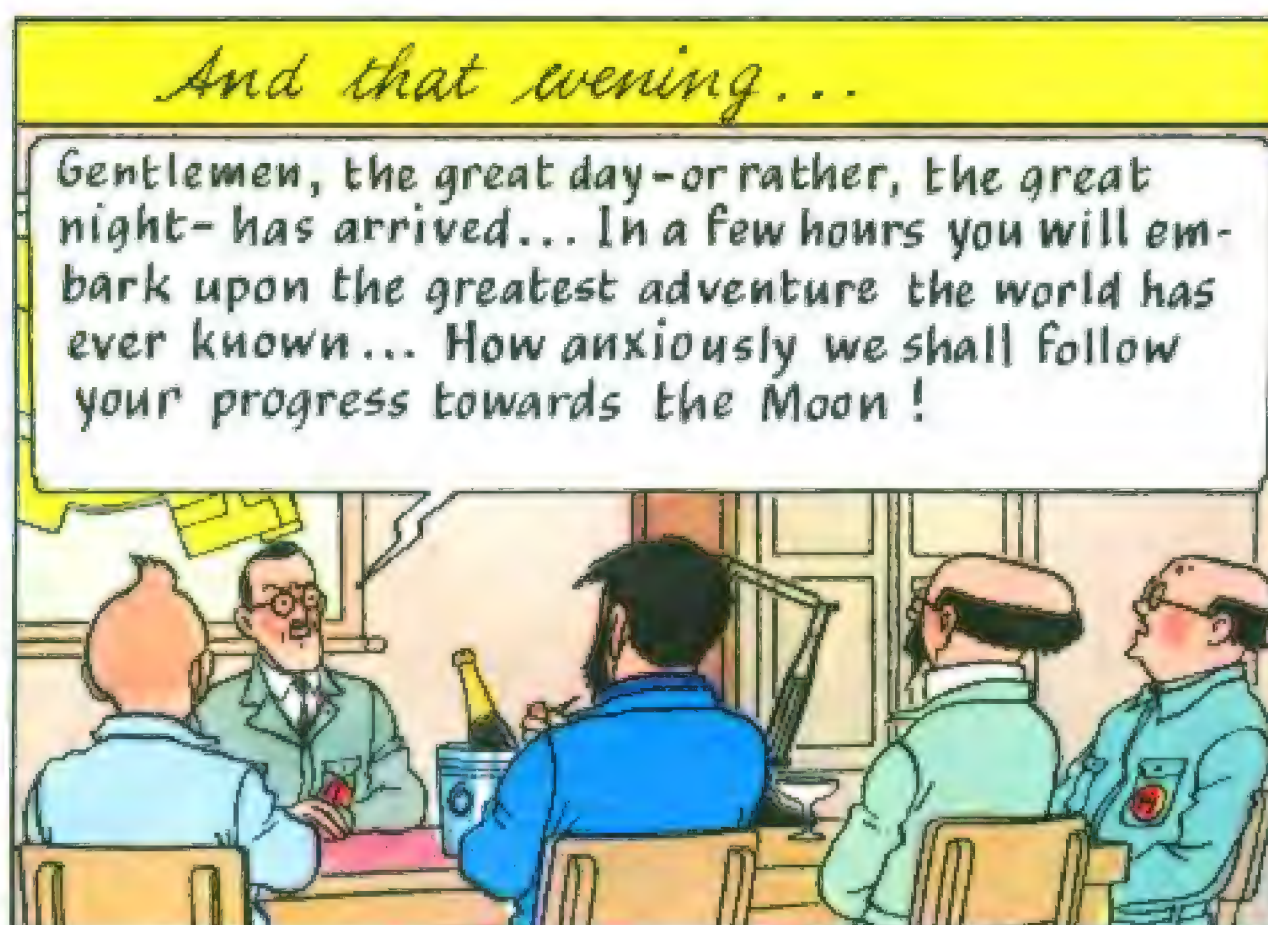
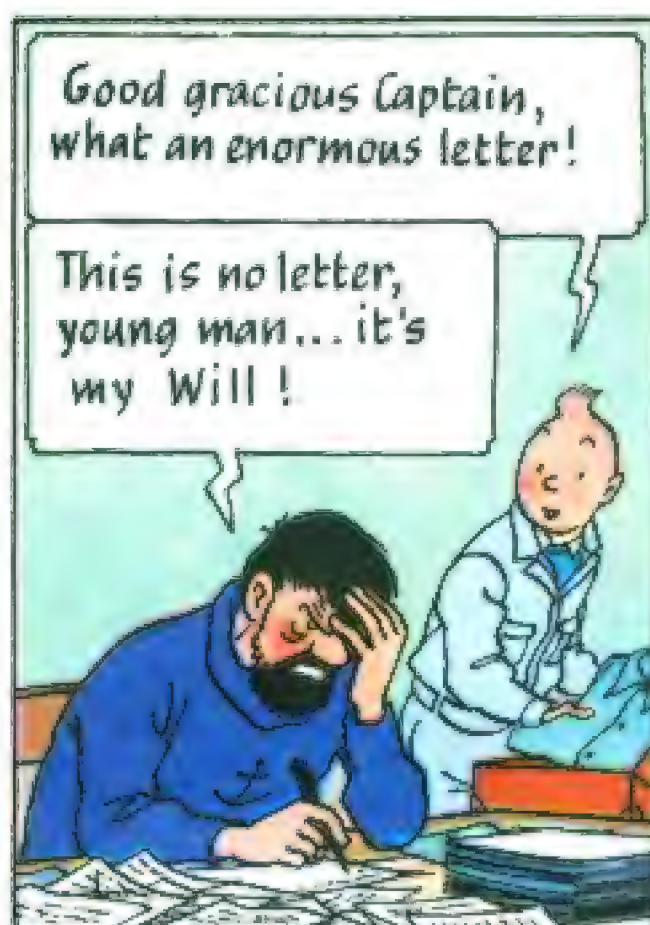
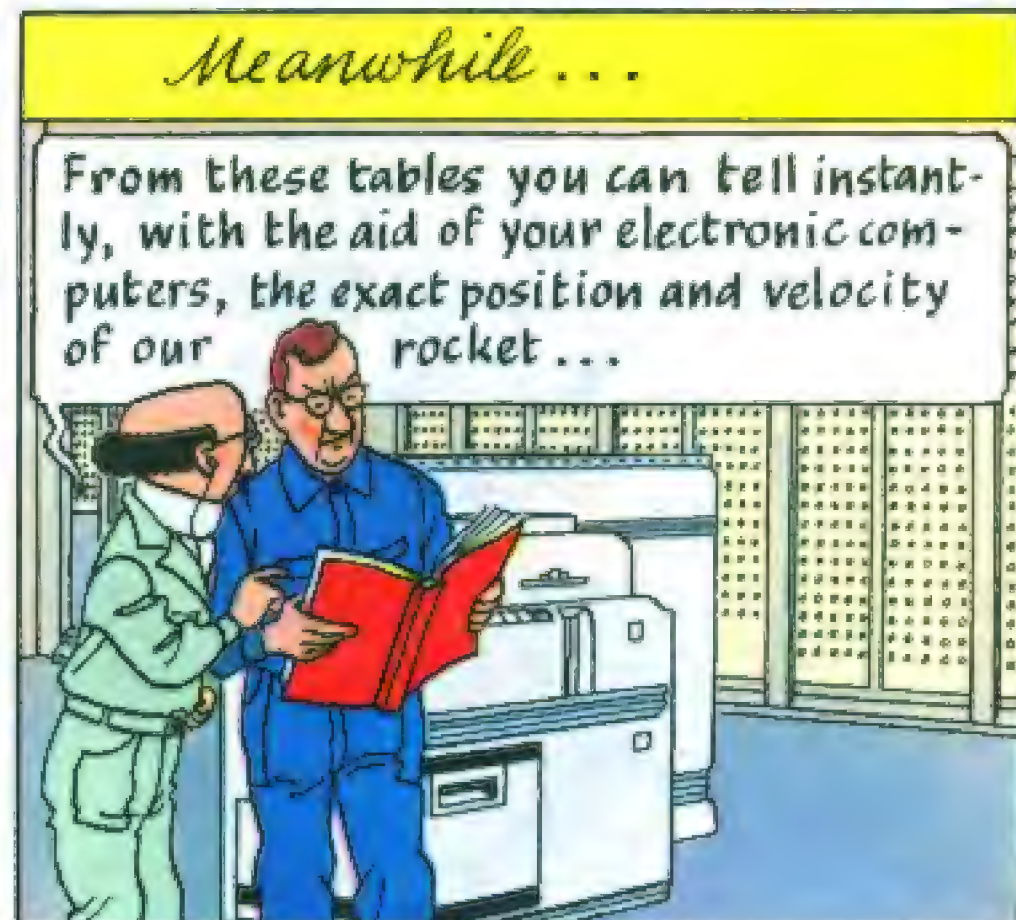
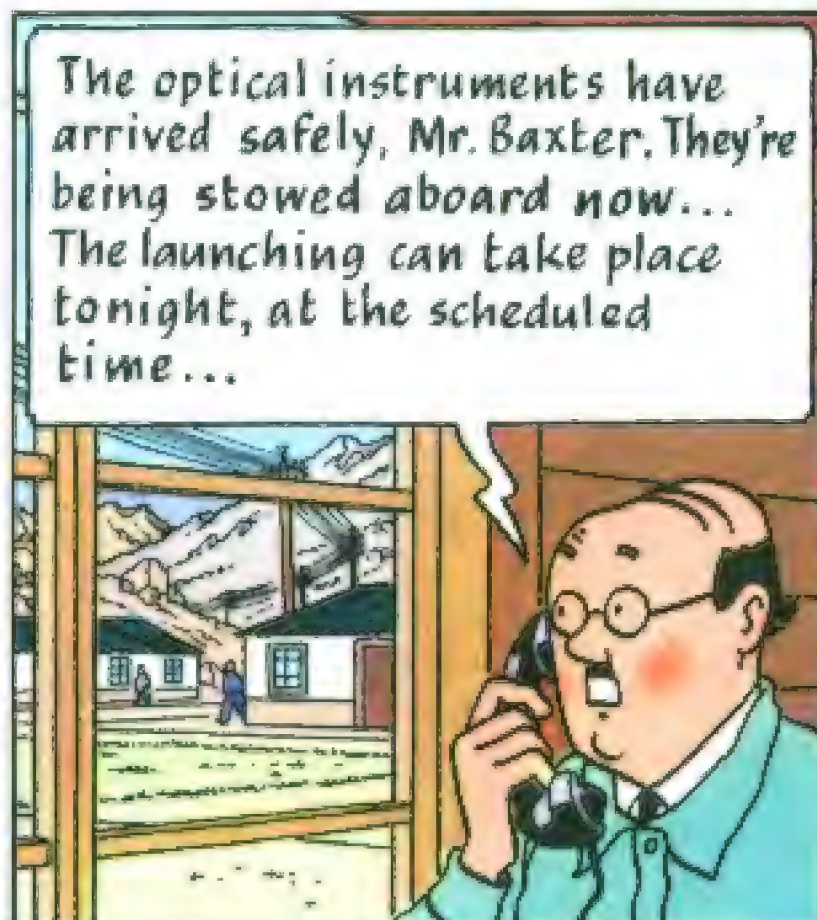
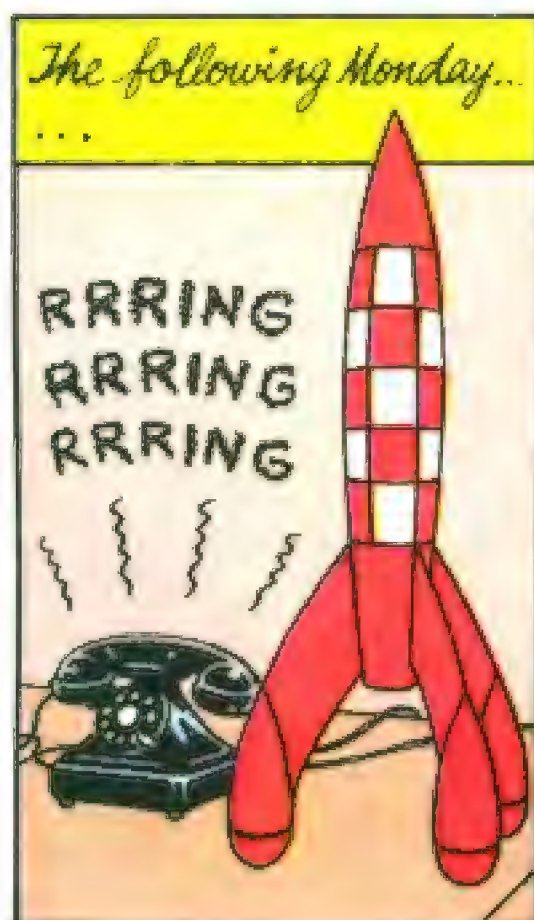
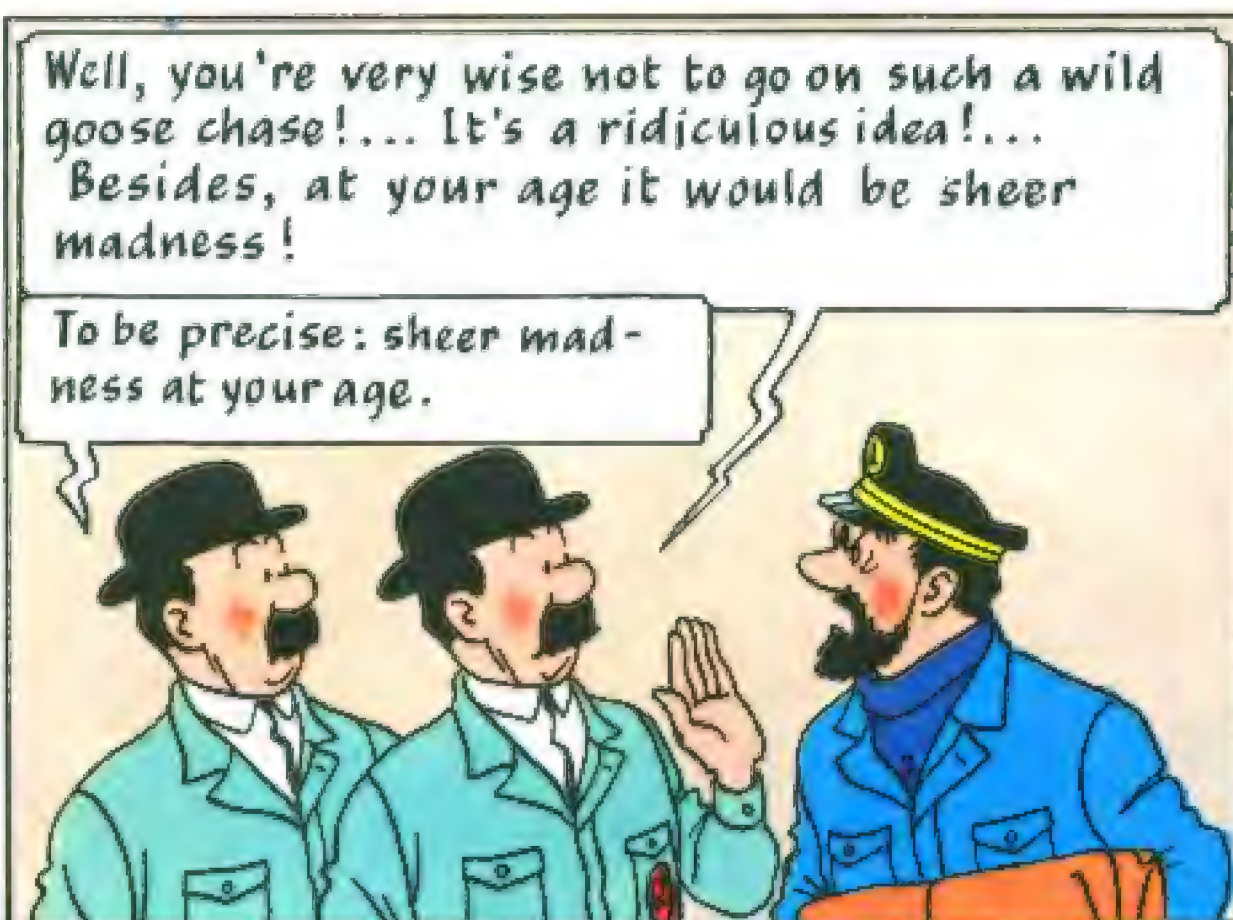
The same evening...

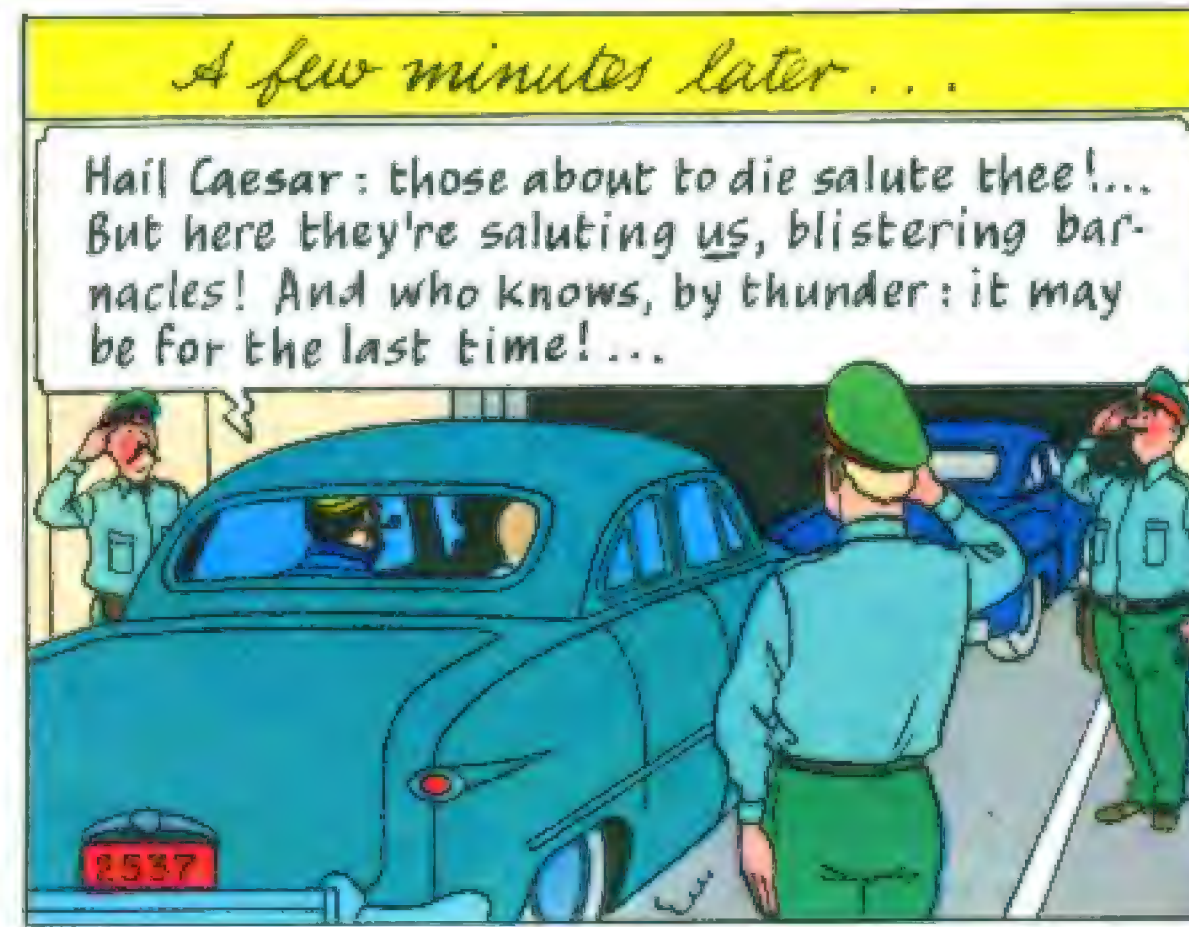
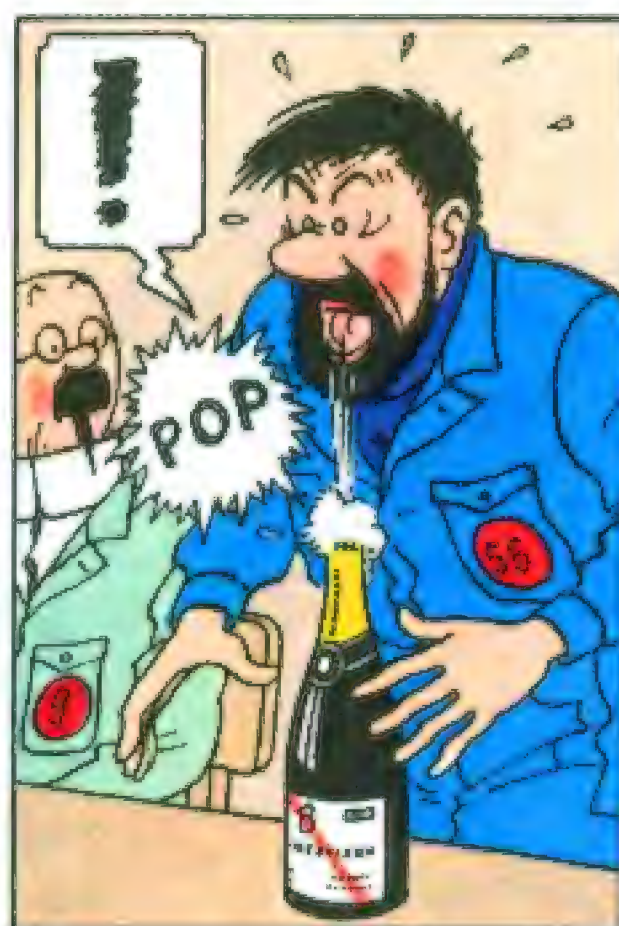


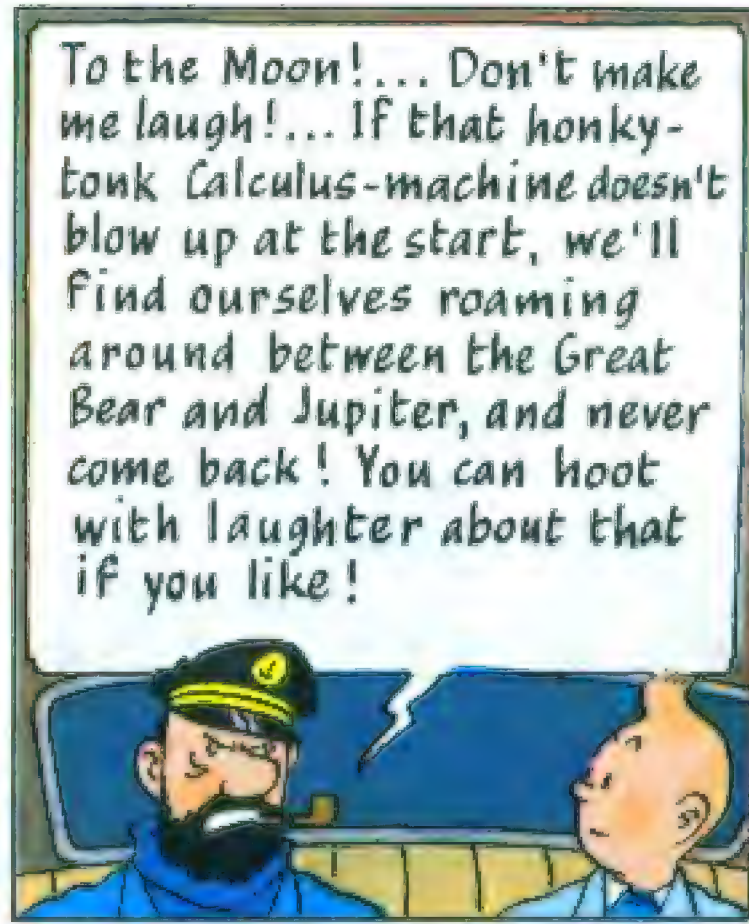












Gentlemen, the time has come for us to part. As soon as you are inside the rocket, I shall go to one of the shelters to watch the launching. Afterwards, I shall return to the Centre, and resume contact with you by radio.



Goodbye, Captain. I am delighted that a sailor should be one of the first men to set foot on the Moon!

It would have been all the same to me if a piccolo-player had gone!



Goodbye, my young friend. My good wishes go with you! I'm sorry not to be among you...



Look, Mr. Baxter, if you really mean it, I'd be happy to give up my place...

Thank you, Captain, that is most kind. But I would not ask you to make such a sacrifice!



Goodbye, Wolff, and good luck. You know my regard for you... I look to you to stand by the Professor.

Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I shall not fail you.



As for you, my dear Professor—your skill is our best guarantee of success!

Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I can only say this: we will get to the Moon or perish!



Come along. The lift is waiting for us.



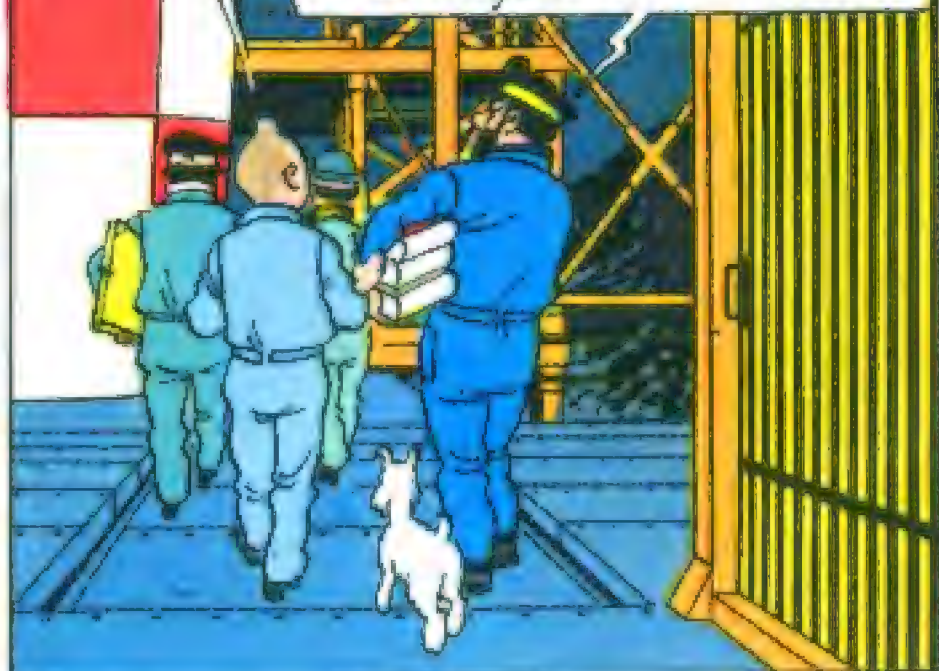
Goodness, Captain! You're going to do some reading...

Yes, I want to improve myself...



Would you like some help?

No, thanks. I can manage.



In you go, gentlemen!

Between ourselves, Snowy my boy, I'm in a blue funk!



Farewell, Earth!



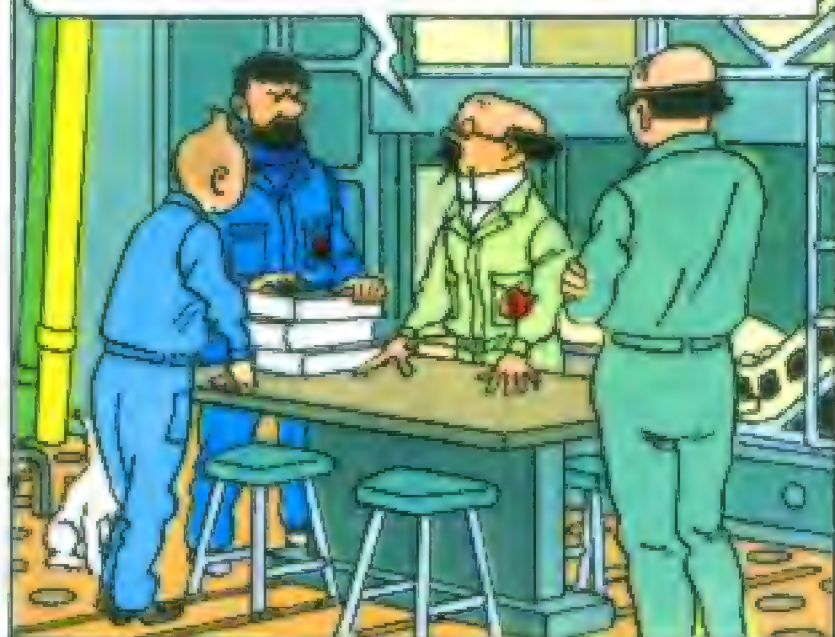
SLAM



The die is cast!... There they are, inside what could well become their tomb!



Now, I think we'd better run over it again. We all lie down on our bunks. I would remind you...



... that this is the best position during the initial acceleration. Although everything has been done to make this acceleration gradual, it is possible-even probable-that we shall black out. I assure you there's no need to be unduly worried. Naturally one can never tell, but...



During this first phase of the ascent- I don't know how long it will last-the rocket will be automatically controlled. Afterwards, when we have regained consciousness, we will go up to the control deck and take over for ourselves.



Now, every man to his post for equipment checks.

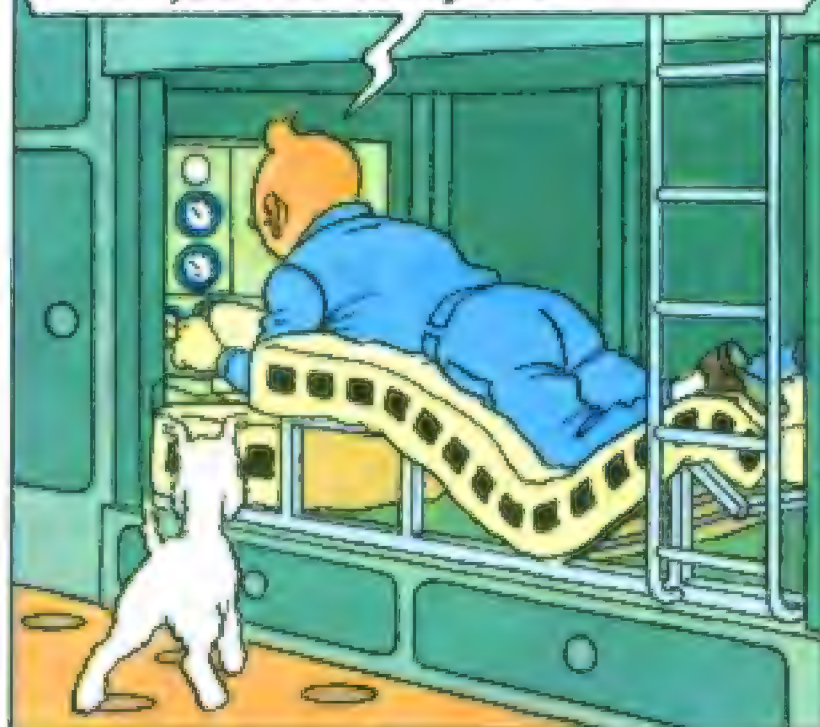


Tintin, you establish radio contact with Earth.

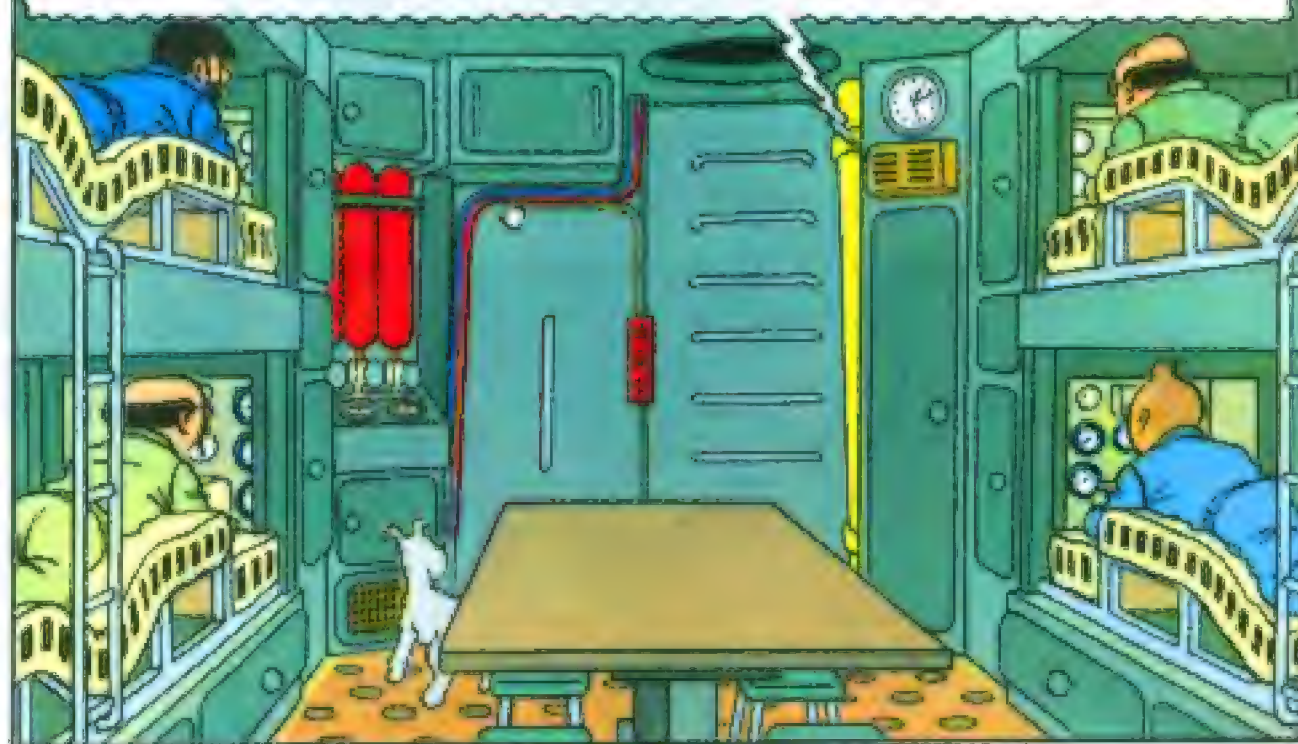


Right.

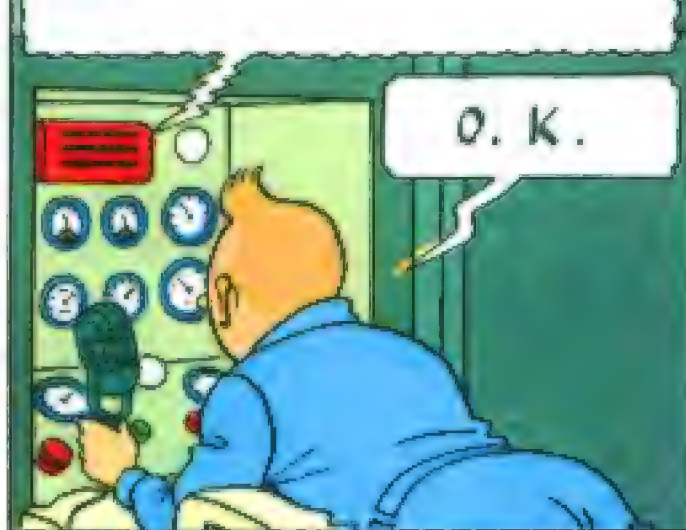
Moon-Rocket calling Earth...
Moon-Rocket calling Earth...
Are you receiving me?



Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Receiving you loud and clear... We are removing the gantries...



Earth to Moon-Rocket...
Gantries removed... We
are clearing the launching
site...



O. K.

Attention please: clear the
launching site!... I repeat:
clear the launching site!

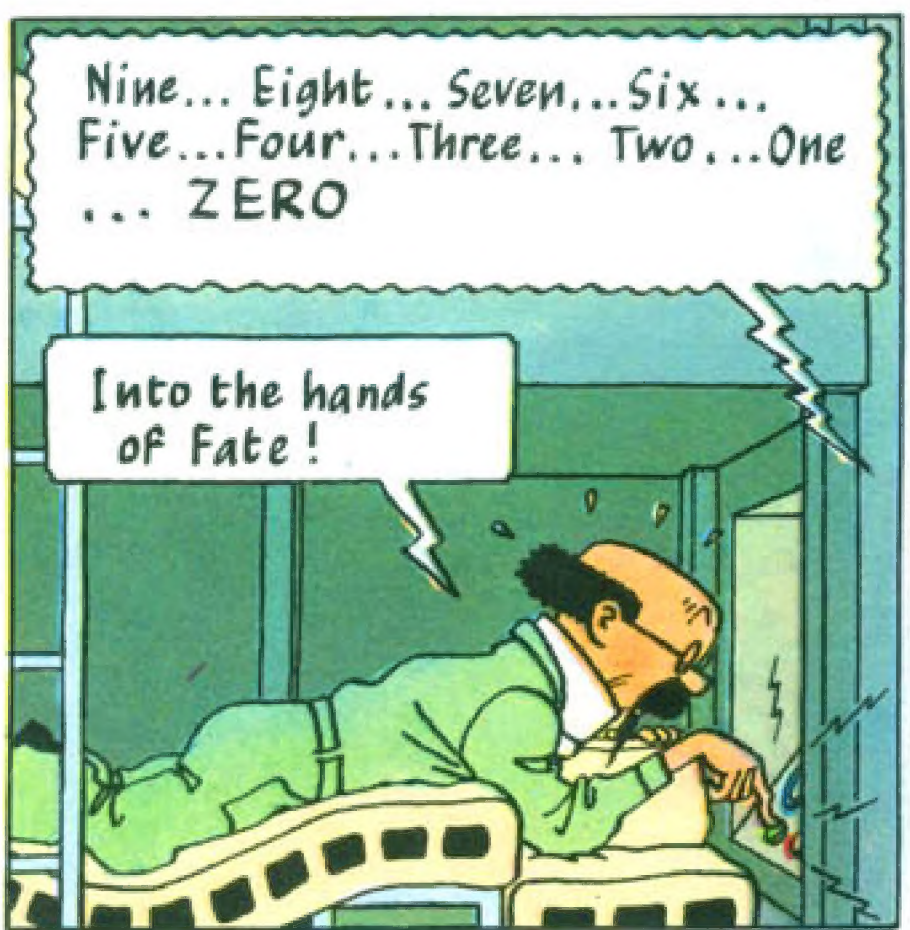
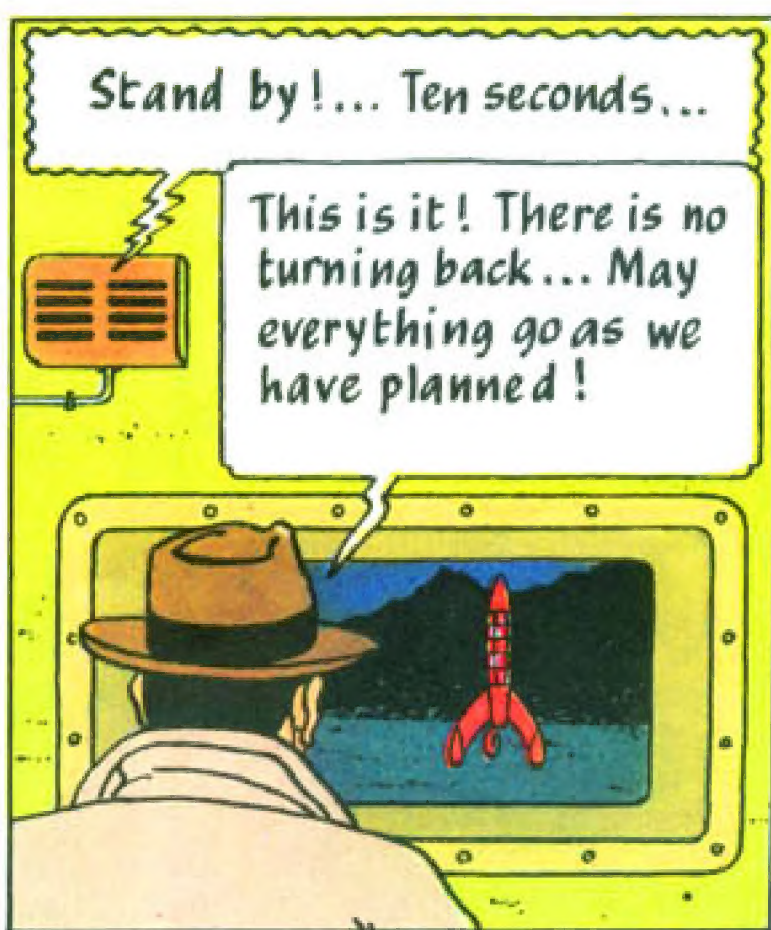
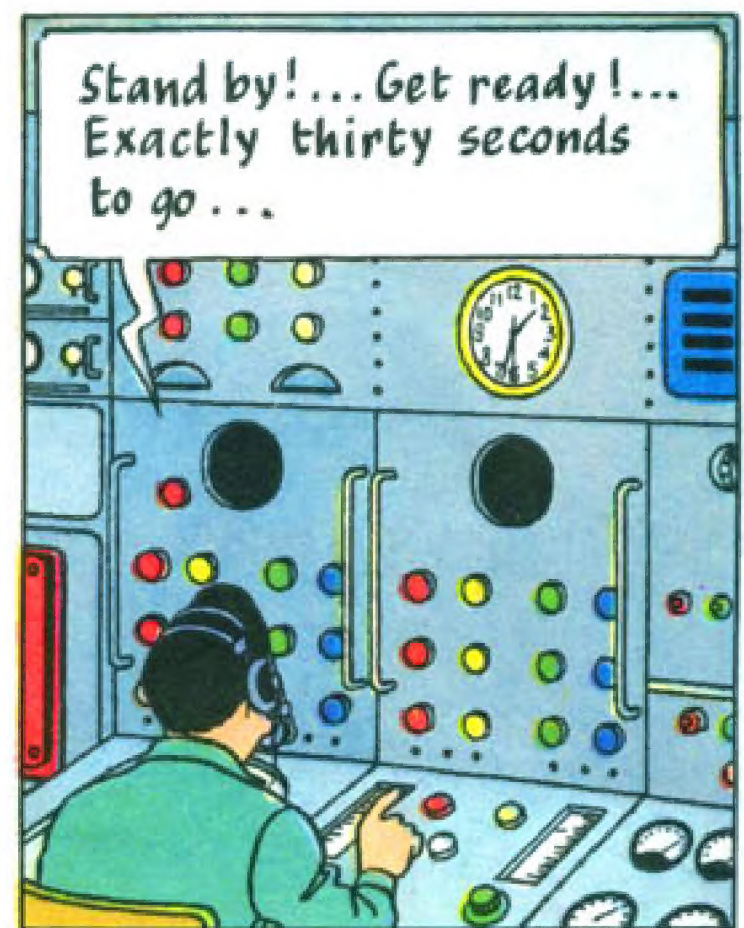
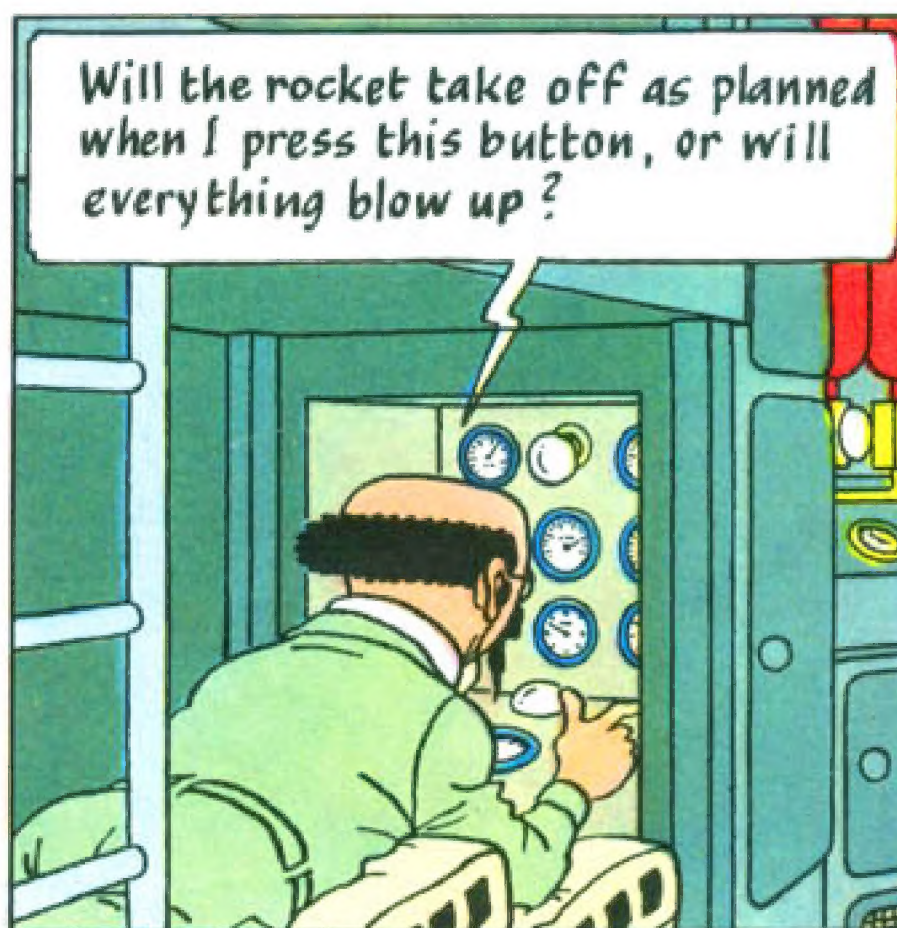
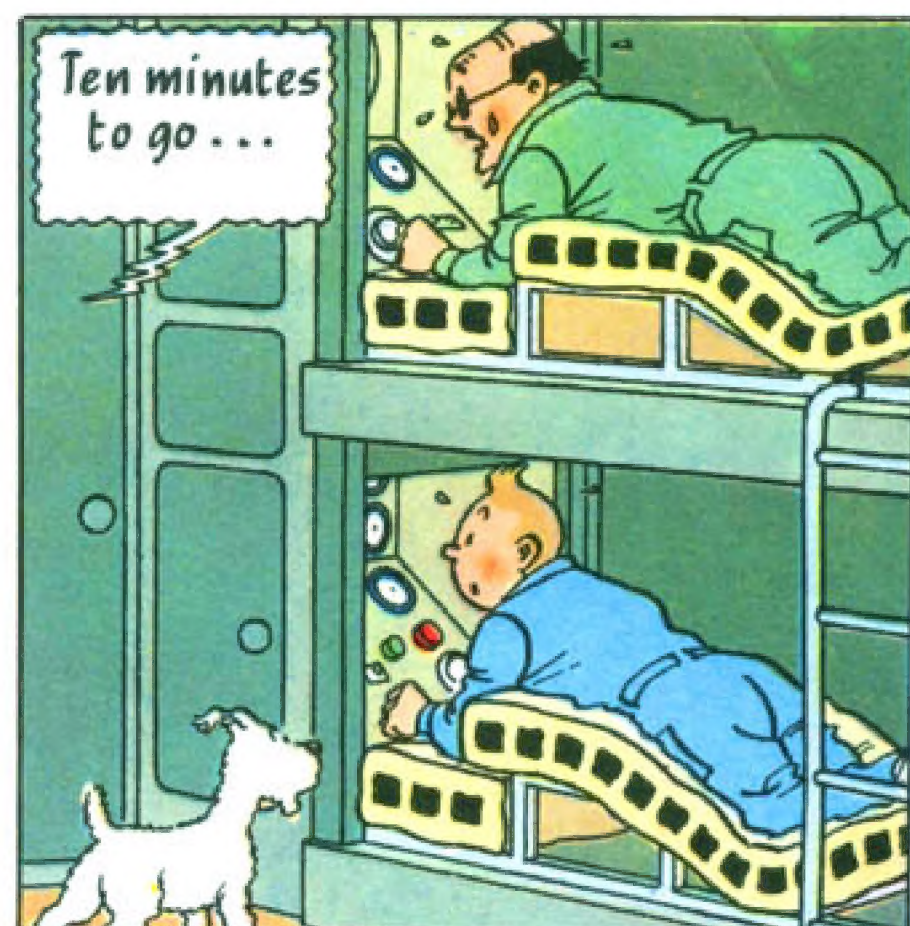
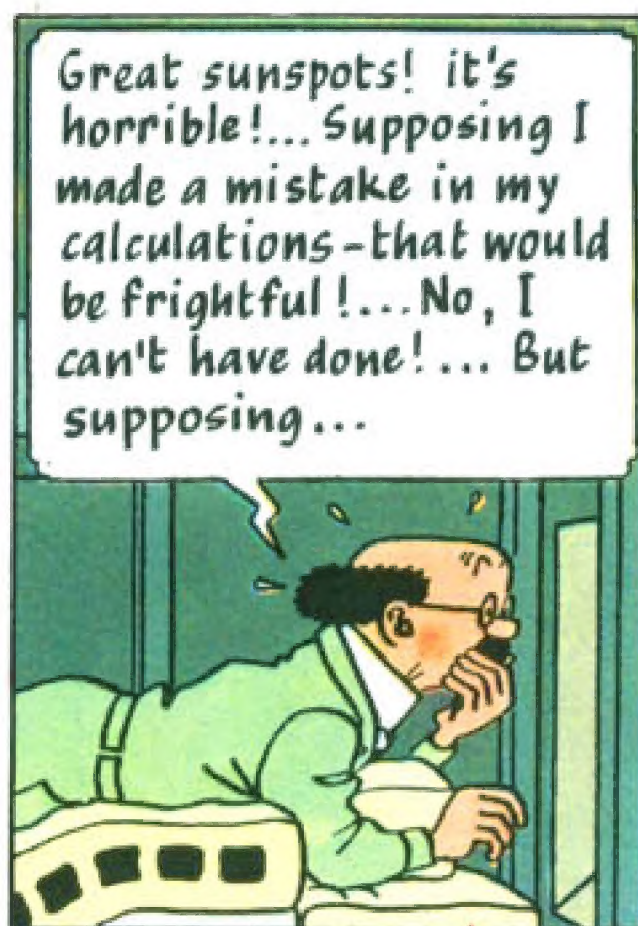
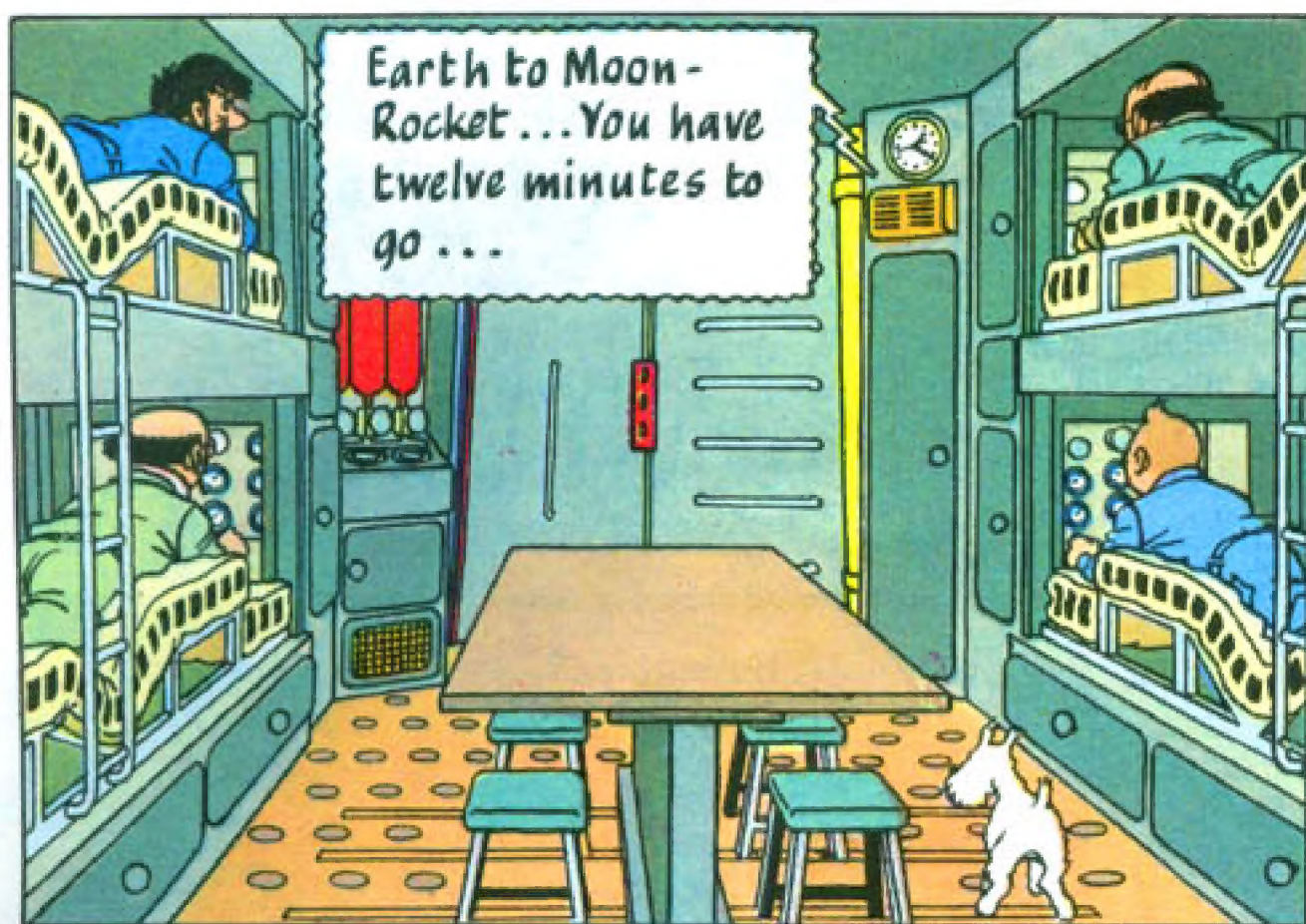


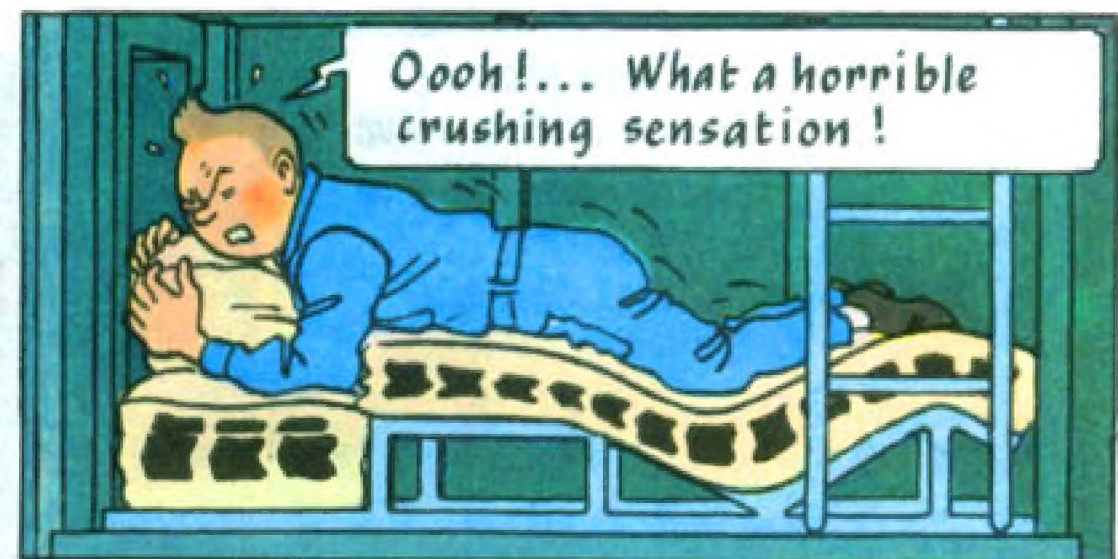
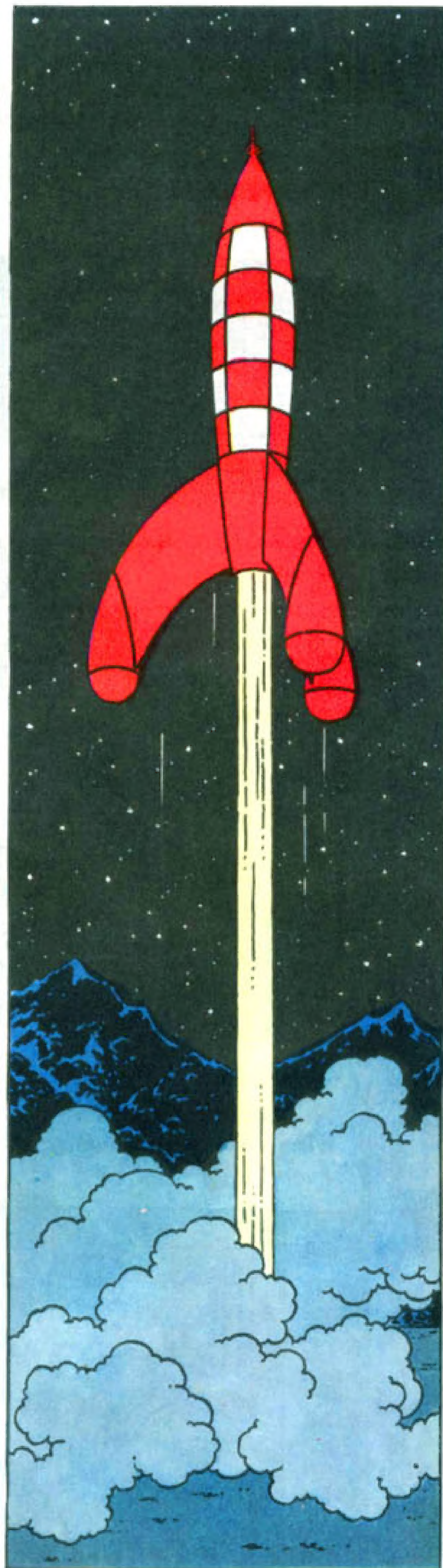
Earth to Moon-Rocket...
The site is clear... Twenty-
eight minutes to go... Are
you ready?...



Moon-Rocket
ready for
launching!







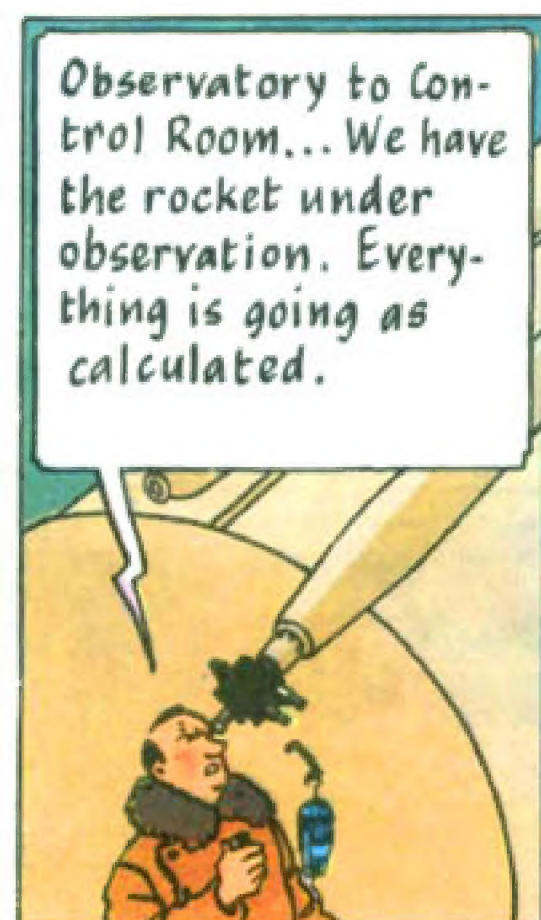
Oooh!... What a horrible crushing sensation!



Blistering barnacles!... It's like having an elephant on my back!



There they go!... They'll probably have blacked out... Now back to the Control Room...



Observatory to Control Room... We have the rocket under observation. Everything is going as calculated.

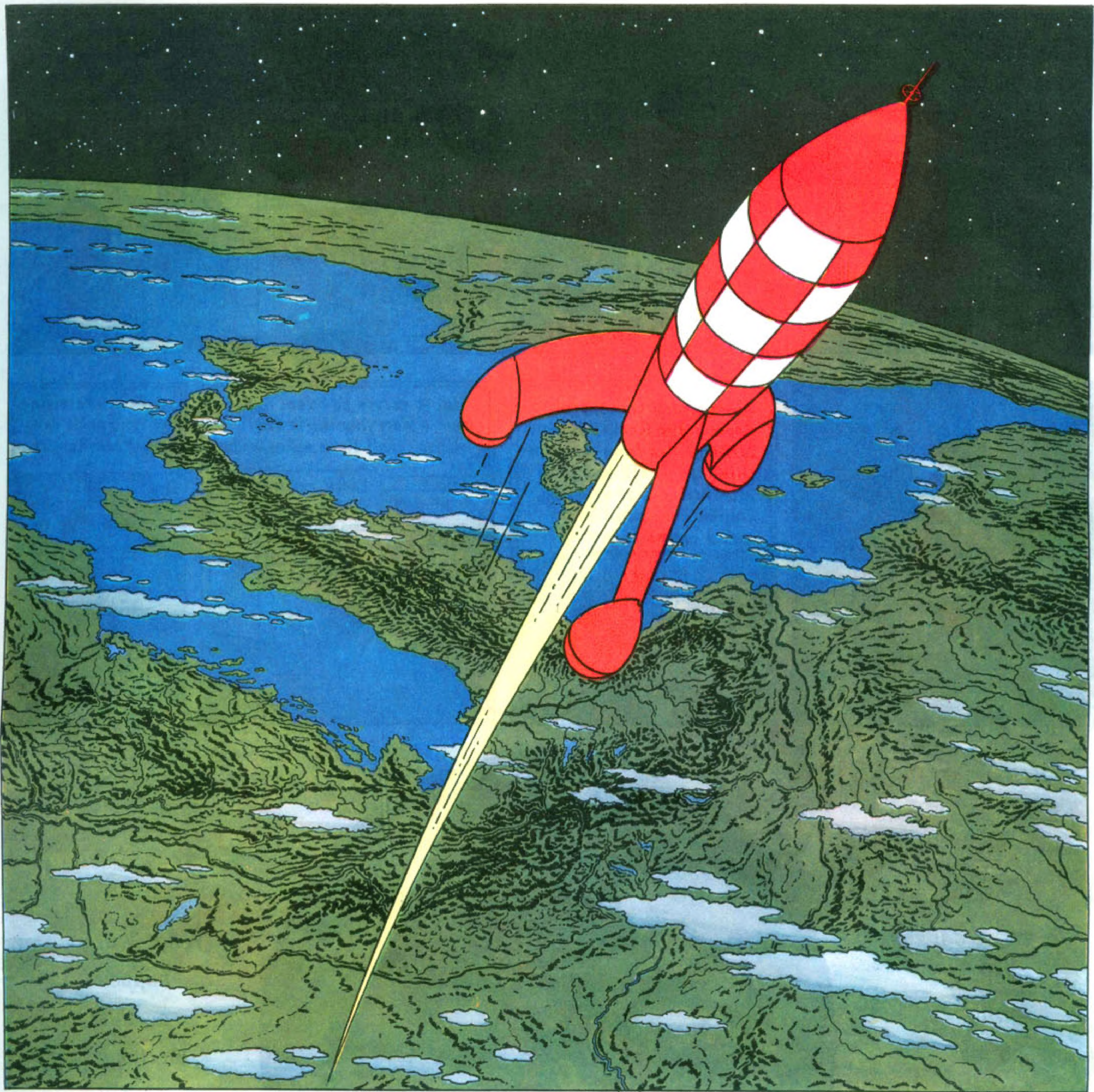


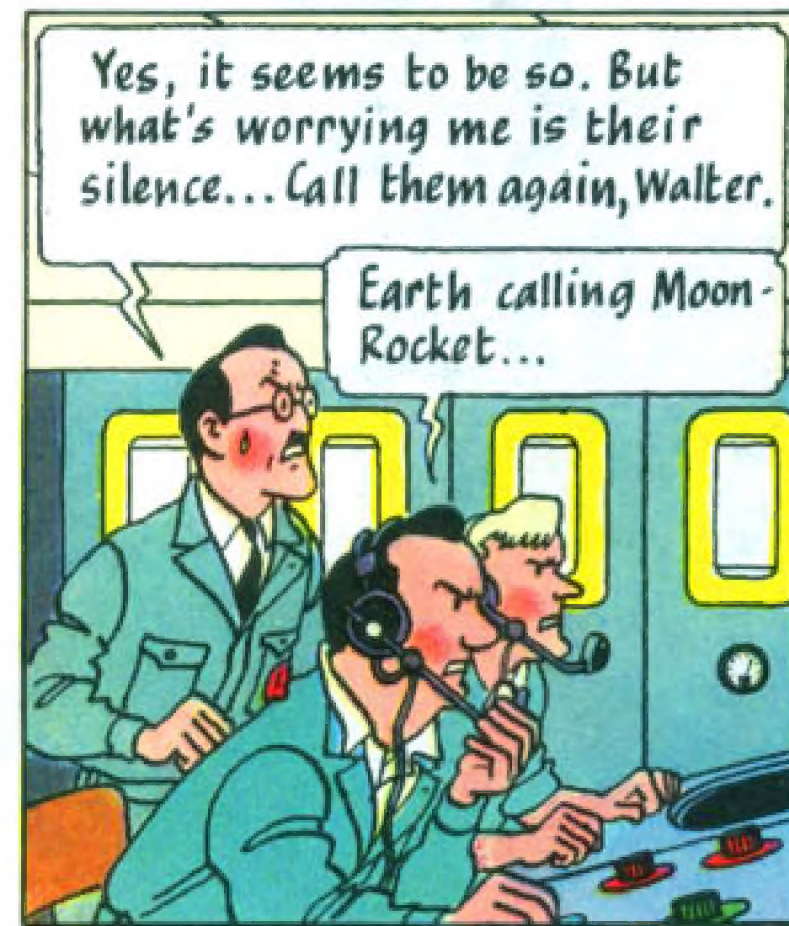
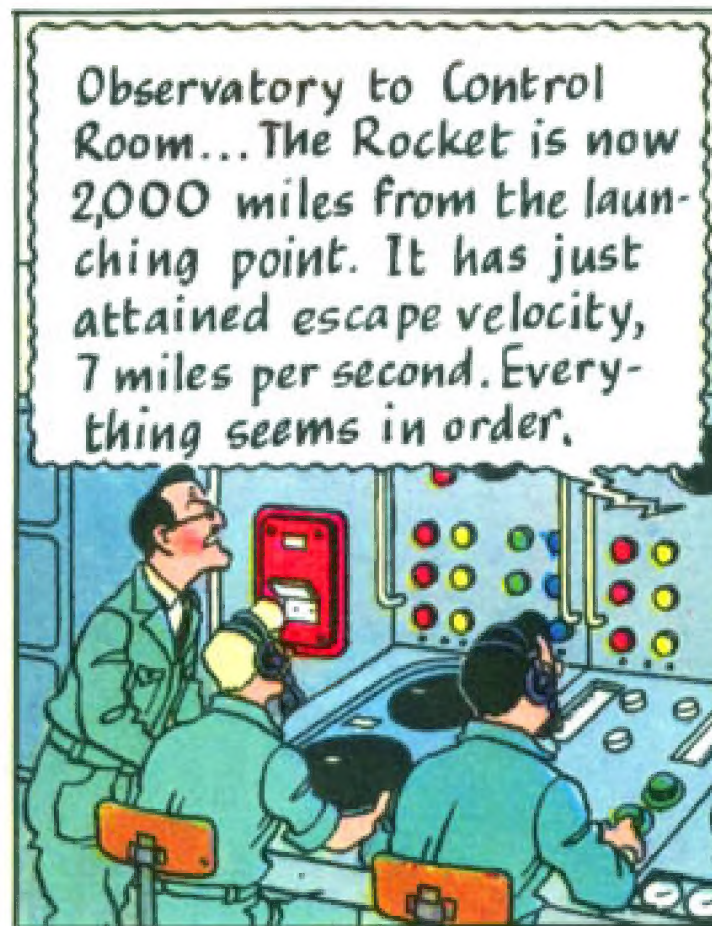
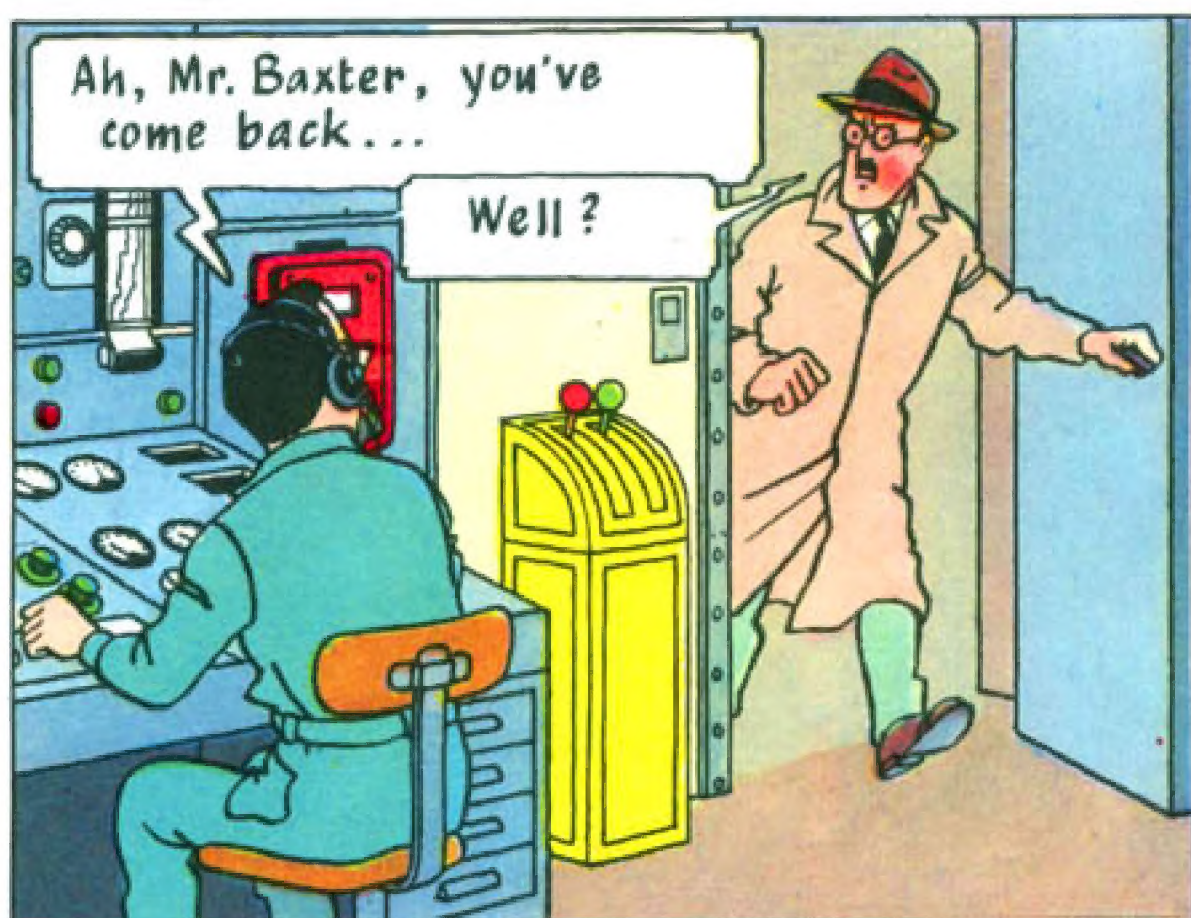
Observatory to Control Room... The rocket is now 500 miles from the Earth. The nuclear motor has just taken over automatically from the auxiliary engine.

Right. We'll try to make contact with the rocket.



Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Are you receiving me?... Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Are you receiving me?





What dangers await Tintin and his friends on the Moon?



What will happen on this perilous journey into space?

Will they ever return to Earth? You can join in the rest of their great adventure when you read

EXPLORERS ON THE MOON